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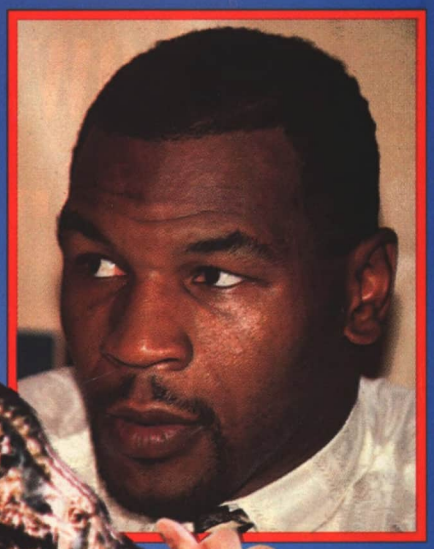

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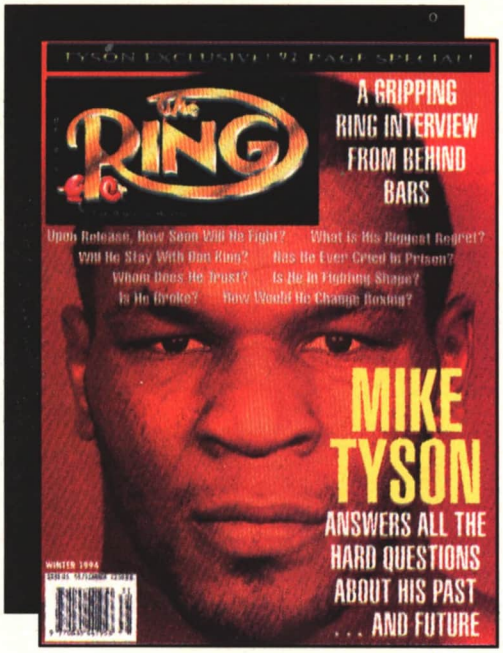

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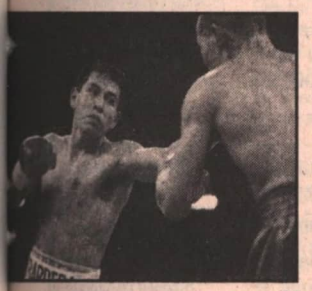

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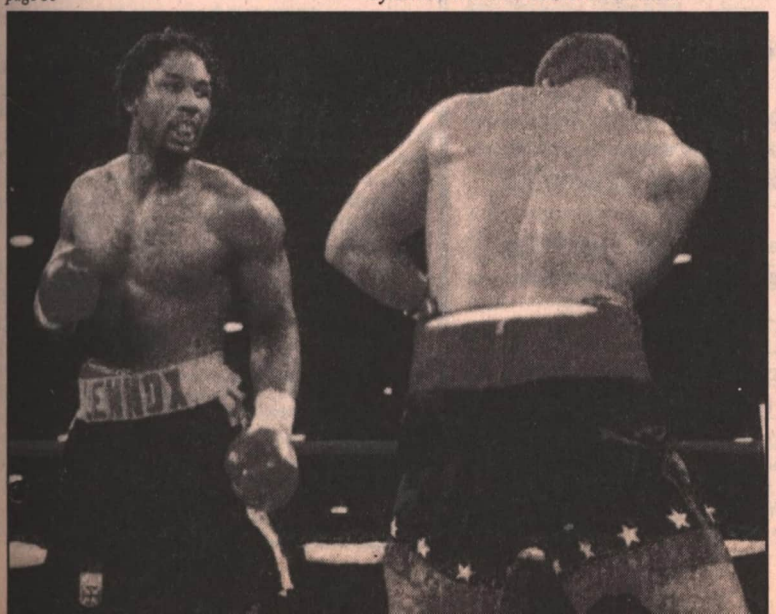

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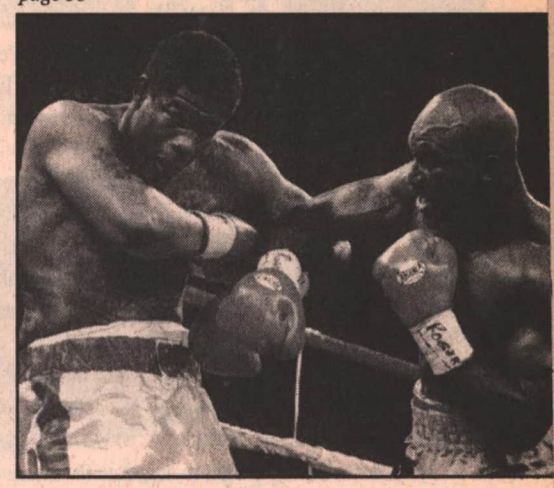

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RINGSIDE

From deep inside our Perception Is Reality file: Mike Tyson has fought 129 utterly insignificant seconds in 4½ years. Maybe it's time to cut back a bit because the less he fights, the more he wins.

Tyson won when White Nope Axel Schulz stripped George Foreman of his credibility, then won again when the IBF stripped Foreman of his championship belt. He won when his former kayo victim, Frank Bruno, further cheapened the heavyweight title by dethroning his former sparring partner, WBC champion Oliver McCall. He won when the IBF decided a portion of the greatest prize in sports should belong to either Schulz or a South African pretender named Frans Botha. And most recently, he won on November 4, when Riddick Bowe knocked out Evander Holyfield. Bowe looked lousy, which made Tyson look good.

Tyson doesn't have to fight to dominate the division. (If only they'd pay him $10-million for just hanging out.) Before its pay-per-view telecast of Bowe-Holyfield III, TVKO spent a lot of time and dollars telling us that its programming competition, Tyson-Buster Mathis Jr., was an inferior product. That bout, of course, was canceled when "Iron Mike" pulled out with a broken thumb. But during a broadcast that was paced like a Wagner opera, TVKO couldn't help itself from repeatedly referring to Tyson.

After Bowe scored his off-the-floor kayo victory, the first phone call made by his manager, Rock Newman, was to Don King regarding a fight with you-know-who. And there's even been talk of a Holyfield-Tyson fight. Better too late than never, the thinking goes.

In the Jersy Kozinski novel *Pinball*, Goddard is a rock icon whose popularity continues to soar despite—or because of—the fact that he's a virtual recluse. In fact, no one, including his father, knows what he looks like. Tyson has become the Goddard of boxing. A public appearance here, an abbreviated open workout there ("Look, Mike's hitting the heavybag!"), an almost comical win over Peter McNeeley, and that's more than enough. But more than enough for what? More than enough to prove he's capable of regaining his status of baddest man on the planet? More than enough to prove he's once again the best heavyweight in the world? No, just more than enough to make us want more.

Let's just hope that in the next few months, we don't have to think real hard to try to remember what Tyson looks like.

When Lennox Lewis butchered Tommy Morrison, how many of us said, "Yeah, but *Tyson* would have fought him differently"? And when Holyfield downed Bowe, then failed to follow up, how many of us said, "*Tyson* never would've let him survive like that"? Tyson, you see, is both evasive and pervasive.

Ironically, there are those who believe Tyson will never fight again. I wouldn't bet on that. But despite what I saw on November 4, I wouldn't bet on him to beat Bowe, either.

More of a mystery than ever, Tyson has managed to strengthen his hold on fight fans. Whether he reemerges with a bang or disappears with a whimper, he not only holds all the chips, but has the whole deck in his hands, too.

Steve Farhood
Editor-in-Chief

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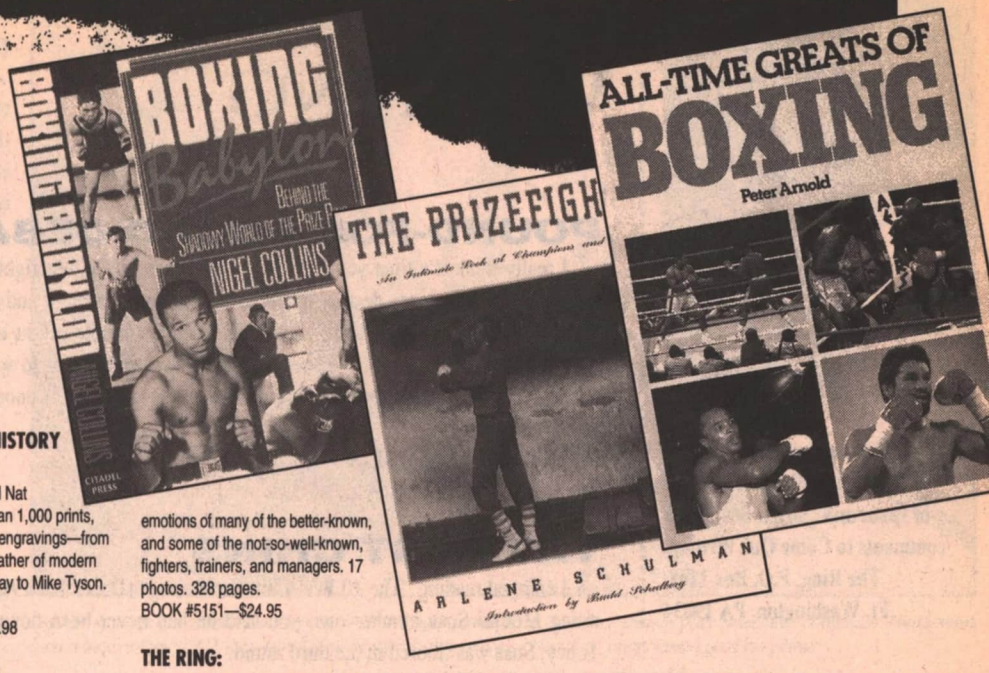

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POUND-FOR-POUND DEBATE

I really think it's time you recognize Roy Jones as the best fighter, pound-for-pound, in the world. I just finished watching Jones destroy Tony Thornton, and I'm more and more impressed with him every time he fights. Granted, Thornton wasn't the greatest super middleweight out there, but who has your number-one ranked fighter, Pernell Whitaker, recently faced that makes him so special? Whitaker's unimpressive showing against Gary Jacobs vs. Jones' inspired stoppage of Thornton is enough to convince me that Jones is the best fighter in boxing.

ROBERT E. McLAUGHLIN
Bakersfield, CA

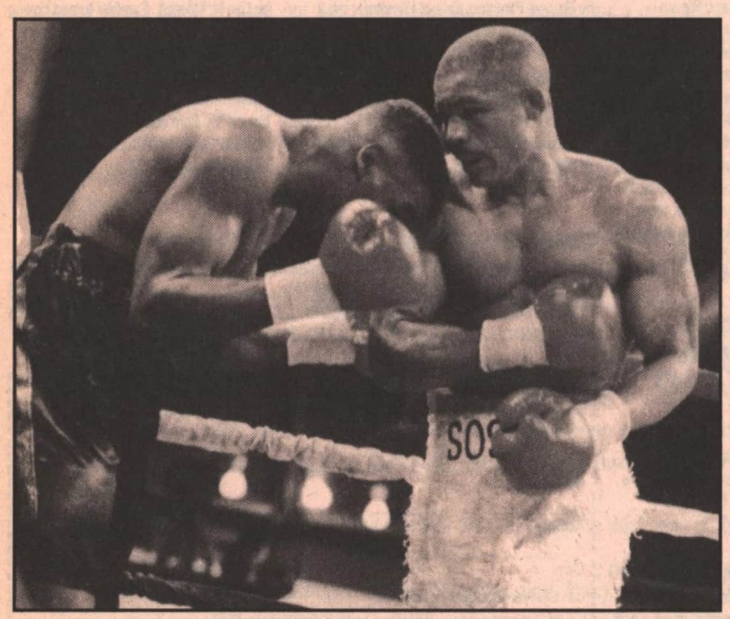
THE BEST CHINS

I enjoyed reading "The 10 Best Chins In Boxing" (December 1995), but I believe there were two errors. In rating Merqui Sosa number one, you said he had never been down. In his January 1991 fight with James Toney, Sosa was floored in the third round.

You also stated Mike McCallum, ranked fourth, had been down only against Fabrice Tiozzo. McCallum had also been down in the fourth round of his May 1989 middleweight title fight vs. Herol Graham.

PAUL JEROME
Port Richey, FL

Editor's Note: Mr. Jerome is right. Sosa was indeed dropped by Toney, and McCallum did get knocked down in the fourth round of his fight with Graham. We apologize for the mistakes.



In a pair of brawls with Prince Charles Williams, light heavyweight Merqui Sosa reestablished the fact that he possesses one of the best chins in boxing. At middleweight, however, the New Yorker was floored by James Toney.

ROMERO IS OVERRATED

Is Danny Romero deserving of the attention and high ranking given to him by THE RING? Right after Romero won the title, you rated him above Thai champion Saen Sow Ploenchit. I think this was because Romero was the first American flyweight champion in more than 60 years. Also, in "The Fights We'd Like To See" (October 1995), you placed Romero in two divisions, junior bantamweight and flyweight. How ridiculous! And you picked him to defeat Russian flyweight champion Yuri Arbachakov. That fight would be a nightmare for Romero.

I don't think you know much about Oriental boxers.

PAIROT ANURATPANICH
Bangkok, Thailand

THE BEST ITALIANS

I was a little surprised reading Brian Doogan's "Best Of A Nation" analysis of the top 10 Italian fighters of all-time (November 1995). I guess you will be a little surprised, too, to learn that a top-10 list compiled by the official magazine of the Italian boxing federation included only one fighter, Duilio Loi, that was included by Doogan. Also, Doogan's number-one fighter, Nino Benvenuti, did not make the federation's list at all.

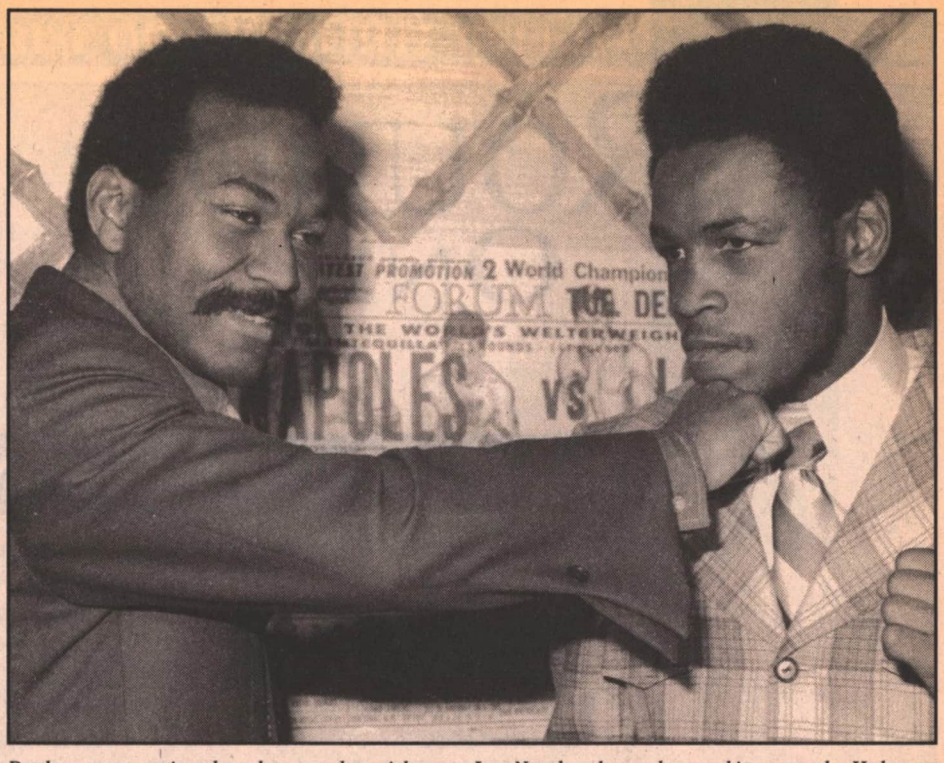
Doogan's list included only one fighter, Tiberio Mitri, who failed to win a world title. Winning a world title shouldn't be the only criteria. Italy had better boxers in the '30s, before it was a power in the world of boxing. Some of these fighters are not known in the USA because they never had the opportunity to fight there.

The boxing writers and experts here think Anacleto Locatelli was the best Italian boxer of all-time. He was active

from 1926 to 1947, and was twice European lightweight champion. He was very clever and had great talent. He fought in the USA from 1933 to '36, and defeated, among others, Jack (Kid) Berg and Izzy Jannazzo. He also lost an unfair decision to Tony Canzoneri.

Some other Italian fighters who deserve mention as being among the best: middleweights Mario Bosisio and Leone Jacovacci; welterweights Livio Minelli and Vittorio Venturi; lightweights Roberto Proietti, Enrico Venturi, and Carlo Orlandi; bantamweight and featherweight Gino Bondavalli; and flyweight Enrico Urbaniti. Italian experts consider only Loi and perhaps Bruno Arcari at their level.

VITTORIO PARISI
Milan, Italy



Do the experts consistently underrate welterweight great Jose Napoles, shown play-punching contender Hedgemon Lewis before their 1971 title fight? If so, it's probably because Napoles' reign lasted past his prime.

BATTLE OF THE LEGENDS

Does your panel of experts really believe Luis Rodriguez would have prevailed over the greatest welterweight champion of all-time, Jose "Mantequilla" Napoles ("Battle Of The Legends," December 1995)? If Angelo Dundee, Emile Griffith, and Hank Kaplan know so much about Napoles, let's see them try to name another welterweight champion who was still standing, at age 35, after 15 title fight victories against top-notch opposition.

Mantequilla was gifted with such uncanny accuracy that he could throw 10 punches and hit you with 9½. Surely, if Griffith and Nino Benvenuti were able to track down Rodriguez, Napoles would have done so as well.

There are too many analysts who recall Napoles only as an over-the-hill fighter. Remember, he had already peaked by the time he won the world title.

MIKE REVELES
San Diego, CA

LEWIS-MORRISON

Before the Lennox Lewis-Tommy Morrison fight on HBO, Larry Merchant said Lewis' right hand may be the hardest punch in the heavyweight division. What!?! What about Riddick Bowe's right hand, which is as hard, if not harder, than Lewis' right? And as for trainer Emanuel Steward's claim that no heavyweight can last eight rounds with Lewis, let's see Lewis last *two* rounds with Mike Tyson, or, for that matter, as many as eight with Bowe.

I've always been a Morrison fan and will continue to be. I know I can expect to see all the Tommy-bashing that always comes after he stumbles. Give him a break, guys. He was fighting a Lewis who was probably better than he had ever been.

BRAD ARMSTRONG
Bowling Green, KY

Photo by Bill Apter

Tommy Morrison was unable to work inside of Lennox Lewis' mammoth reach. However, the fans of "The Duke" remain loyal to their favorite fighter. He'll be back (again), they promise.

Morrison should go back to doing what he does best. He is a better slugger than boxer. He tried to box with Lewis. Instead, he should have just tried to hammer him and get it over with.

All the Morrison fans out there: Don't lose faith in "The Duke." He'll be back, bigger, stronger, and better than ever. Tommy Morrison will be heavyweight champion of the world before the year 2000.

JAMIE REED
Sidney, OH ■

ROUND ONE

EUBANK'S HAD ENOUGH

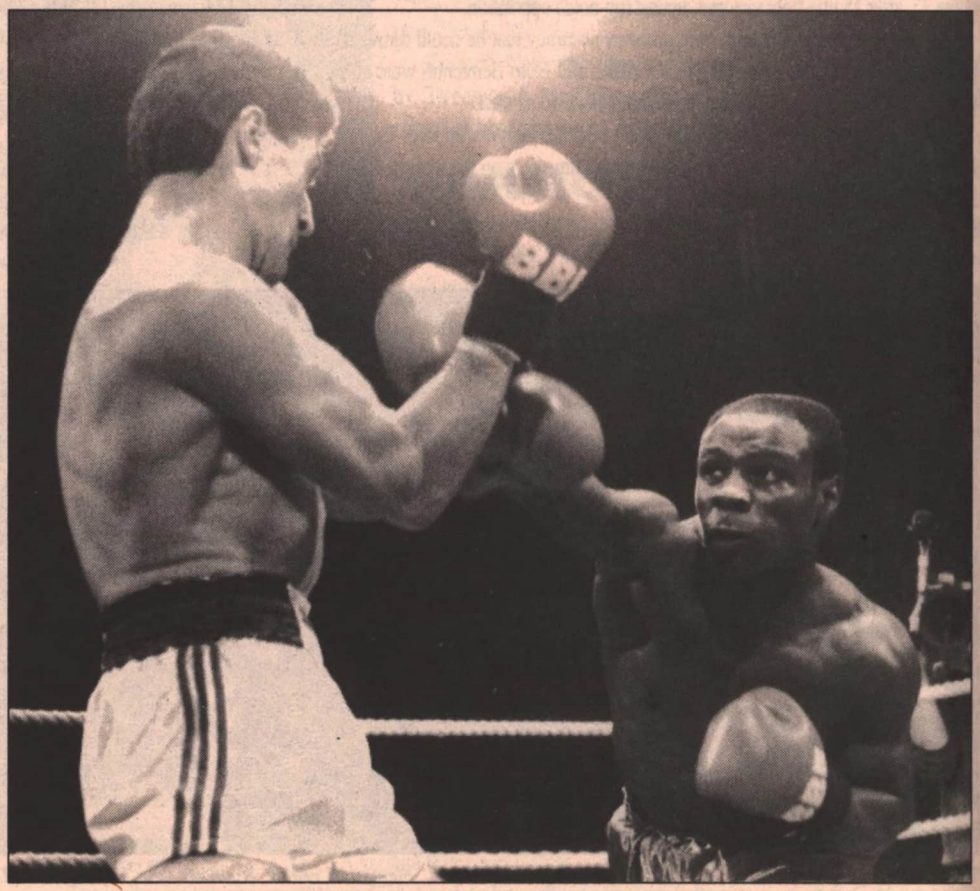
Super middleweight Chris Eubank has never been the conventional type, so it was only a mild surprise to learn of his retirement before the age of 30.

Among the most controversial fighters in British fight history, and also one of the best-paid, Eubank, 29, bid farewell one month after his second consecutive loss to Steve Collins.

"My almost continuous fight schedule and the difficulties making weight have taken their toll, and I need a long rest," Eubank said. "My opinions have been made known on numerous occasions, and a move to light heavyweight does not interest me. I have, therefore, decided to retire, almost at the pinnacle of my career."

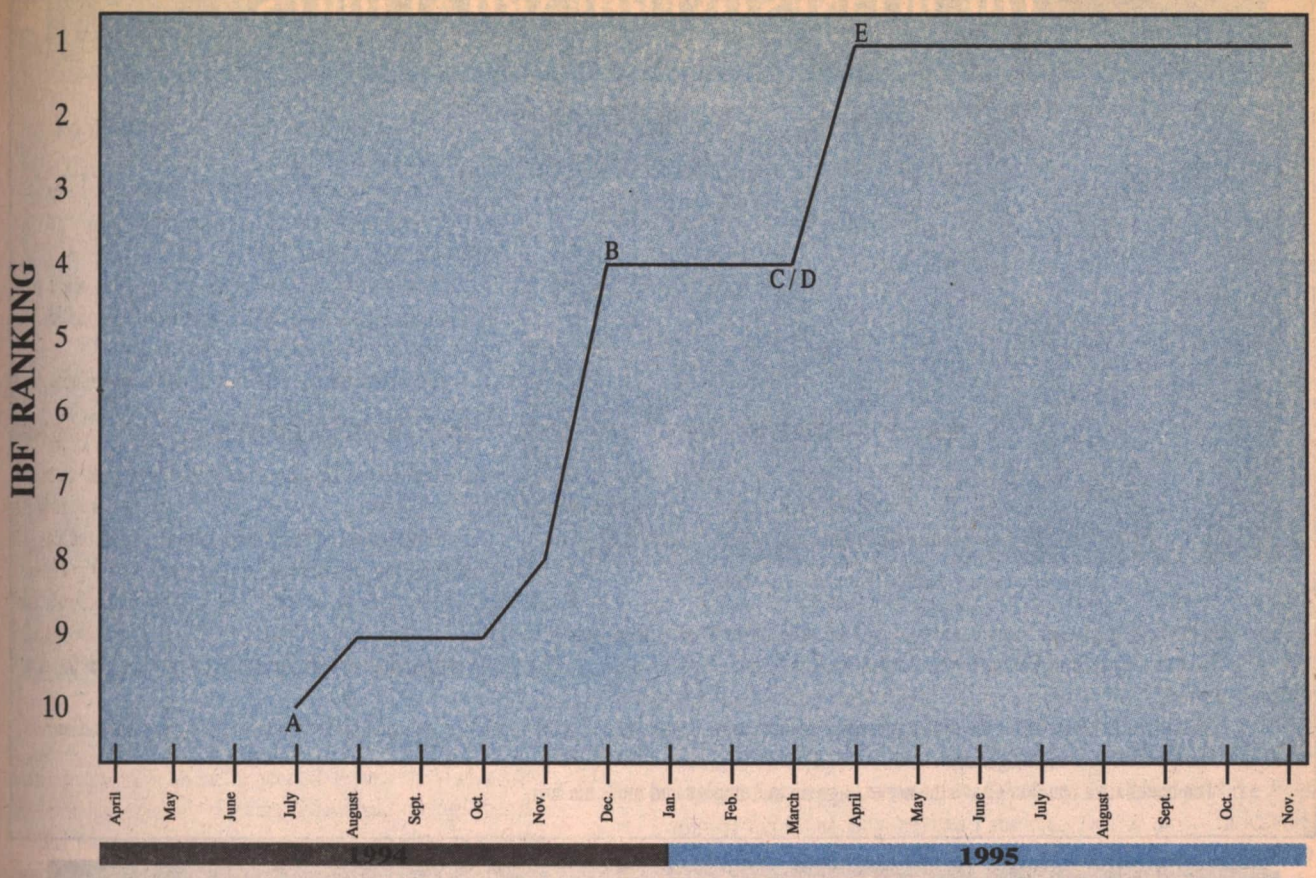
Whenever a boxer retires, of course, skepticism is recommended. That's especially true in the case of Eubank, who has made a career of playing mind games. Then again, as original as he is, maybe goodbye means *goodbye*. The British-based *Boxing News* seemed unconvinced, running the headline, "Eubank Calls It A Day ... For Now."

Eubank, whose nickname was "Simply The Best," defeated, among others, countrymen Michael Watson and Nigel Benn. He exits with a mark of 43-2-2 (21), and a unique place in British boxing history.



Eubank, unpredictable in the ring and out, guns for Hugo Corti

THE RISE OF "THE WHITE BUFFALO"



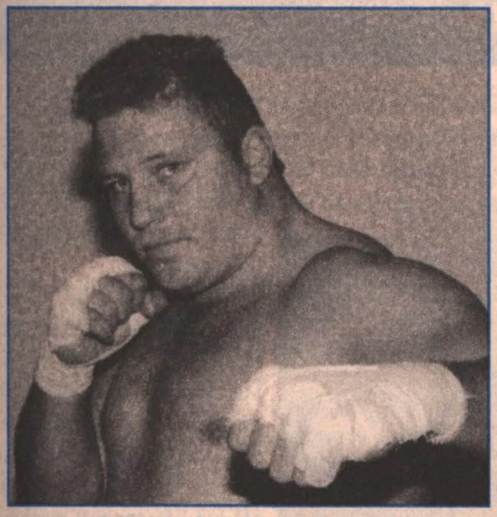


Photo by Jay Lash

Is Botha a deserving number one?

KEY

Jan. 16, 1993	KO 5 Billy Wright (12-2)
June 15, 1993	KO 2 Calvin Jones (13-6)
June 25, 1993	KO 4 Ron Godwin (record unavailable)
Oct. 1, 1993	KO 3 John Morton (10-27)
Oct. 30, 1993	KO 7 Craig Payne (11-4-1)
May 21, 1994	KO 1 Martin Foster (11-3-1)
A: July 2, 1994	KO 6 Phil Scott (13-3)
B: Dec. 17, 1994	KO 1 Ken Lakusta (22-22-1)
C: March 1, 1995	KO 1 Bill Corrigan (8-8-1)
D: March 17, 1995	KO 1 Brian Sargent (7-1)
E: April 8, 1995	W 8 Willie Jake (10-5-2)

By the time you read this, South Africa's Frans "The White Buffalo" Botha could be a heavyweight champion of the world. As we went to press, Botha, ranked first by the IBF, was scheduled to face Axel Schulz, ranked second, for that organization's vacant title.

Why was Botha, 35-0 (21), a limited heavyweight who has never beaten even a fringe contender, initially rated by the IBF? And how, in less than a year, did he advance from number 10 to number one? We asked IBF President Bob Lee for an explanation.

"Botha was rewarded for his activity and for his winning," said Lee. "There are other fighters people feel are better, but they were sitting on their hands. Botha has been one of the most active fighters in the division."

Added IBF Ratings Chairman Doug Beavers, "Botha originally went in as a cruiserweight after he beat Mike Hunter [in September 1992]. Then he went into the Intercontinental ratings, and eventually debuted at heavyweight at number 10 back in the IBF ratings. The bottom line is wins, losses, and activity. He's been quite active, while other guys, like Lennox Lewis and Michael Moorer, were coming off kayo losses.

"Trying to justify the ratings is bulls___, you know that. If he doesn't knock out the number-one contender, what can you say? In doing ratings, sometimes you eat the bear, sometimes he eats you."

A good analogy, but in this case, a White Buffalo would've been more appropriate.

THE 10 LINES OVERHEARD AT HBO'S NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY

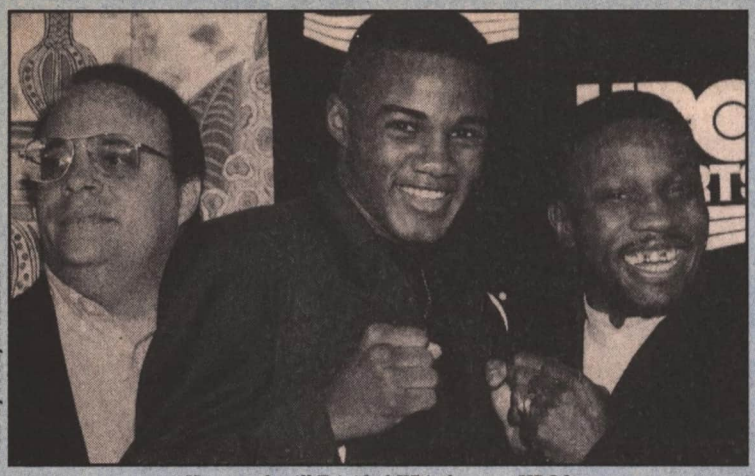


Photo by Teddy Blackburn

How much will Trinidad-Whitaker cost HBO?

10. "Old Lang Syne? Is he still fighting? Maybe we can get him for Moorer."

9. "Sure I invited Don. But I told him the party was at 1 Hogan Place. That's the address of the Manhattan DA's office! Ha ha ha ha!"

8. "Better make that a *double*-martini. I just heard Big George tell someone he looks forward to working on our boxing broadcasts for another 20 years!"

7. [Scanning the room] "Just think: A last-minute change of mind and this could all have been Mike's."

6. "I'd never say this to the boss, but you know what? Those movies on Showtime aren't all that bad."

5. "Sweet Pea wants *how* much for a fight with Trinidad?" [Begins choking on his paté]

4. "Yo, check out the guy talking to Riddick. Isn't that the same party hat Jorge Paez wore into the ring for the De La Hoya fight?"

3. "Now if we can somehow place a micro-camera in Lennox' trunks and use it during the infighting, we can get that Woody Allen shaking-camera effect."

2. "Seth is really pissed off. One of his assistants misunderstood him when he said he wanted only marquee fights, and the guy went out and signed *Merqui* Sosa to a multifight deal."

1. "Ten bucks says you don't have the nerve to go up to Lampley and muss his hair."

JAMES MURRAY, 1969-1995

The journey from ringside to gravesite softens the hearts of the hardest of men. And it causes those associated with "the hardest game" to examine the nature of the sport and wonder whether it can ever be worth the candle.

There was particular poignancy in the passing of young James Murray, who died on October 15 as a result of injuries sustained in a British bantamweight title fight against Drew Docherty two days earlier. An unassuming, almost unreachable lad, his dream was to earn enough cash from a career in the ring to ensure that his parents would never have to work again. This was the Scot's first big fight, and his first opportunity to become a major-league earner. It would never have even crossed his mind as he left his home the morning of the fight, saying, "See you later" to his mum and dad, that the cost of that dream would be his life.

Photo by Wattie Cheung/Allsport

Docherty jabs at Murray during their ill-fated bout

That night, at Glasgow's Hospitality Inn, Murray produced the performance of his career to be on the verge of lifting Docherty's title after 11 hard-fought rounds. But he had been cut on the bridge of the nose and over the eye in the first round, and these wounds had wept blood for the remainder of the fight. When he fell in the 12th, a pool of blood formed around his head, and a twitching left leg was an ominous sign.

As paramedics rushed to ringside, thugs began throwing chairs and glasses around the hall, and it escalated into a full-scale riot. Their hooliganism was a dishonor to the courage displayed only moments before by Murray, bravery that brought him to the brink of death.

As his lifeless body was transported to the Southern General Hospital in Glasgow, his mother, Margaret, was inconsolable, and her condition soon required the services of a doctor. But doctors could not save her son, and the decision to turn off his life-support machine was made early on the morning of October 15.

"I won't turn away from boxing," vowed Murray's father Kenny. "My fondest memories of Jimmy are of him in the ring after winning. I don't want to see boxing banned as a result of my son's death. It's in every fighter's blood. They need determination and heart, and our Jimmy had that."

His tragedy is perhaps that he had too much.

–Brian Doogan

A FINAL RESTING PLACE

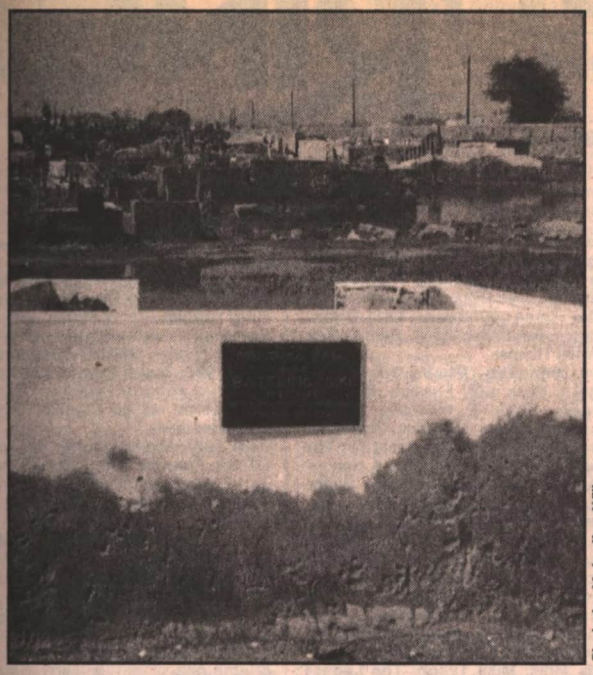


Photo by Valentine Wilber

Siki's final resting place

Louis Mbarrick Fall has returned to his birthplace of St. Louis, the northernmost city in his native Senegal. Former world light heavyweight champion and French hero Battling Siki is finally resting in peace.

Siki, who created his *nom de guerre* after deciding his surname wasn't appropriate for a professional boxer, had previously lay in Flushing Cemetery in Queens, New York. After 20 years of negotiating by the African Boxing Union, his remains were exhumed and returned to Senegal in 1993, and then reburied. In gold letters, his gravestone reads as follows:

MBARRICK FALL
ALIAS BATTLING SIKI
1st CHAMPION DU MONDE
AFRICAIN DU BOXE
1897-1925

Within the grave's open frame is a rounded mound of cement mixed with sea shells; the site is located less than 500 yards from the Atlantic Ocean.

Siki left Senegal for France between the ages of eight and 10. He was awarded the prestigious *Croix de Guerre* in World War I, and won the 175-pound crown by knocking out Georges Carpentier in 1922. Three years later, he was found shot to death on the streets of New York City.

–Valentine Wilber

THE PUNCHLINE

"For the money they paid us, Peter will let himself be knocked out by a pizza any time."

–Vinny Vecchione on criticism that a Pizza Hut commercial featuring his fighter, heavyweight Peter McNeeley, was degrading

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

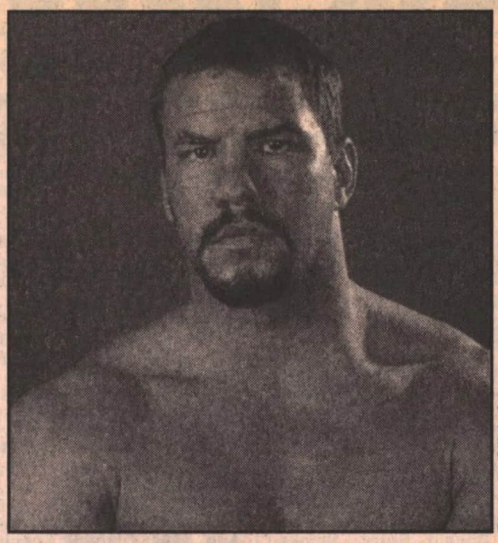


Photo by Bill Apter

Morrison: Charged with assault and battery

Delaware County (Oklahoma) prosecutors have filed two counts of misdemeanor assault and battery against **Tommy Morrison**, alleging the heavyweight punched the mother of his five-year-old son in the face and bit another woman's finger during an incident on October 15 near Morrison's hometown of Jay, Oklahoma. Morrison has denied the charges ... In Los Angeles, former world champion **Bobby Chacon** pleaded innocent to a felony narcotics charge for allegedly selling drugs out of his home in suburban Pacoima, California ... In Miami, Colombian junior lightweight **Fernando Caicedo** pleaded innocent to charges of possessing almost $150,000 in counterfeit U.S. currency. In 1992, Caicedo was stopped in a bid to dethrone then-IBF 130-pound champion **John-John Molina**.

AL KRATZER'S VIEW

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Sept. 1983: Exclusive: Sugar Ray Leonard Talks About His Past, Present, And Future. Plus: Hagler-Duran, Jaime Garza, Panama Lewis, Spinks-Muhammad, Bobo Olson, Mustafa Hamsho, Muniz-Chandler, Hearns-Sutherland.

Oct. 1983: Special Hagler-Duran Program. Plus: Best fighter poll, Jose Sulaiman, Milton McCrory, Camacho-Limon, DeLeon-Gordon, Hamsho-Benitez, who's who, Bill McNeese.

Nov. 1983: Gerrie Coetzee: The New Heavyweight Champ Sets His Sights On Holmes. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Murray Sutherland, James J. Braddock, Muhammad Ali.

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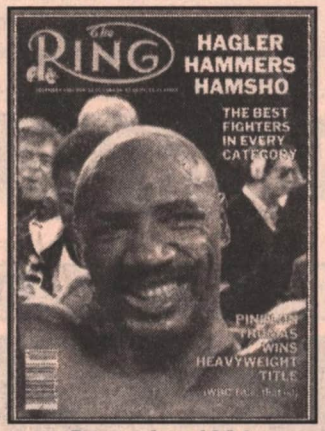

December 1984

Dec. 1984: Hagler Hammers Hamsho. Plus: Barry McGuigan, boxing's best, James Broad, Julian Jackson, Pinklon Thomas.

Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chaplin, McCallum-Minchillo.

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May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

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May 1986: Marvelous Marvin Tames The Beast. Plus: Hearns-Shuler, Mike Tyson, Bramble-Crawley, Sandoval-Canizales, Marvin Johnson, McGuigan-Cabrera, Arguello-Costello, Weaver-Williams.

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April 1987: Hagler-Leonard Souvenir Issue. Plus: Czyz, Orlando Canizales, Mugabi-Thomas, Biggs-Snipes, Chavez-LaPorte, Bonecrusher-Witherspoon II, Haugen-Paul.

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Nov. 1987: Tyson Wins Heavyweight Triple Crown. Plus: McCallum-Curry, Carlos Monzon interview, triple champions, Orlin & Terry Norris, Ramirez-Alli, Fenech-Richardson, Matthew Hilton.

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Jan. 1988: Darrin Van Horn-Million Dollar Baby? Plus: Evander Holyfield, Hill-Stewart, Juan Coggi, great hookers, AIDS.

Feb. 1988: Gold Outshines Glitter: Tate Tops Olajide. Plus: Tyson-Biggs, Kalambay-Barkley, Hearns-Roldan, fights we'd like to see.

March 1988: Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns: "Now I Own History." Plus: Rocky Lockridge & Roger Mayweather, Panama, Tony Burton, Chavez-Rosario, Gervacio-Espinoza, Vaca-Honeyghan.

April 1988: Evander Holyfield: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Special year-end awards, Holyfield-Qawi II, Foreman-Sekorski, Hill-Angulo.

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Nov. 1988: Donny Lalonde: "Sugar Ray is Out Of His Mind!" Plus: Hall of Fame selections (Carlos Ortiz, Joe Brown, Billy Graham, Cus D'Amato, Jimmy Jacobs), Nunn-Tate, Molinares-Starling, Honeyghan-Chung, '88 Olympians.

Jan. 1989: Meldrick Taylor: Philly Phenom. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Alex Wallau, Taylor-McGirt, Olympic results.

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Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

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Jan. 1990: Boxing's Bible Reborn At Age 68. Plus: Carlos Monzon, Mike Tyson, Leonard-Duran, Daniel Zaragoza, Nunn-Barkley, Whitaker-Ramirez, George Foreman (color).

Feb. 1990: Mike Tyson: Riddick Bowe & Ray Mercer Take Aim. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Gerry Cooney, Chuck Wepner, Antonio Esparragoza, Roman-Laciar.

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April 1990: Pernell Whitaker: Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Tiger Flowers, Duran-Leonard, Chavez-Taylor preview, Jorge Paez, Ali-Cooper.

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June 1990: Buster! How James Douglas Shocked The World. Plus: Michael Moorer, Camacho-Paez, Tommy Farr, Excuses, Dick Tiger, Ruben Olivares-Jeff Chandler.

July 1990: "I'm Hungrier Than Ever Before," By Evander Holyfield. Plus: James Toney, Buddy McGirt, Glenwood Brown, Aaron Davis, Michael Carbajal, Jorge Paez, Kid Gavilan, Mark Breland, Ali-Liston II (color).

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Sept. 1990: Marvin Hagler-Can He Resist The Irresistible Temptation? Plus: Thomas Hearns, Sanchez-Saddler, Paul Banke, puncher vs. chin, Beau Jack, Robinson-LaMotta (color).

Dec. 1990: Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Douglas-Holyfield preview, Julio Cesar Chavez, Joe Grim, Whitaker-Nazario, Rosi-Van Horn, Benny Leonard, Douglas-Tyson (color).

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July 1991: Tyson's Title Hopes: He Ain't What He Used To Be...But It's Not Gonna Matter. Plus: Eusebio Pedroza, Myung Woo Yuh, Willie Meehan, Hearns-Hill preview, computer junior welterweight tournament, Gomez-Fenech, controversial heavyweight finishes (color).

Aug. 1991: Foreman Gives Holyfield A Fight ... And The World A Thrill (color). Plus: Making weight, Harry Greb, Kevin Kelley, Louis-Conn I, Simon Brown-Blocker, Chavez-Duplessis, Sugar Ray Robinson.

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Dec. 1991: Evander Holyfield vs. Mike Tyson: Who Will Win And Why. Plus: Eddie Aliano, Jack Britton, Muhammad Ali, Pernell Whitaker, rating the 44 world champions, Marcel Cerdan, Henry Cooper, Ezzard Charles-Jersey Joe Walcott (color).

Jan. 1992: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Jerry Quarry, Julio Cesar Chavez, Mysterious Billy Smith, Joey Gamache, moving up in weight, Billy Conn-Michael Spinks, Joe Louis (color).

July 1992: Does Larry Holmes Deserve A Title Shot? Plus: Nelson-Fenech II, Tracy Patterson, Kelley-Dorsey, fat fighters, Buchanan-Camacho, Holmes-Ali (color).

Aug. 1992: Holyfield-Holmes Prefight. Holmes: "I See Me Takin' Holyfield Outta There." Plus: Iran Barkley, Herbie Hide, George Foreman, Tex Cobb, Carnival of Champions, Harry Greb, Haugen-Mancini, Oscar De La Hoya, Gene Tunney (color).

Sept. 1992: Chavez: Unbeaten At 80-0, But What If He Had To Face These Guys? Plus: Bobby Czyz, Genaro Hernandez, Norris-Taylor, Tommy Gibbons, Sugar Ray Leonard's career, Sugar Ray Robinson (color).

Oct. 1992: The Supreme Dream: The Heavyweight Hopes Of The Heavyweight Hopefuls. Plus: Kevin Kelley, All-Time Top 10: South Africa, Meldrick Taylor, Sharmba Mitchell, Bob Foster, Eder Jofre, Max Baer (color).

Feb. 1993: America's Tribute To The Brown Bomber: Joe Louis. Plus: Virgil Hill, Junior Jones, Roger Mayweather, Chicago boxing, Orlando Zulueta, Jose Napoles (color).

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April 1993: Riddick Bowe: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: "Grand Slam" fight card, Toney-Barkley preview, Morris East, Joe Louis-John Henry Lewis, All-Time Top 10: Argentina, Fighters of the Year (color).

June 1993: Riddick Bowe: The Man, By LeRoy Nieman. Plus: All-Time Top 10: Ireland, Paul Hodkinson, Ray Mercer, Toney-Barkley, Kennedy McKinney, LeRoy Nieman (color).

Aug. 1993: A Ring Exclusive: Julio Cesar Chavez Speaks Out. Plus: Bobby Czyz, 10 hardest punchers, Rafael Ruelas, Carmen Basilio, closing of the Fifth Street Gym, Sugar Ray Leonard (color).

Oct. 1993: Tommy Morrison: Good Enough To Beat Big George, But Will He Win The Heavyweight Title? Plus: Riddick Bowe, Mike Capriano, Billy Conn-Joe Louis, All-Time Top 10: Puerto Rico, Charles Murray.

Dec. 1993: What If Mike Tyson Had Never Gone To Jail? Plus: Freddie Pendleton, Michael Moorer & Tommy Morrison, Willie Pep, Ed Dunkhorst, All-Time Top 10: Cuba, Tyson-Spinks (color).

Jan. 1994: Was Pernell Whitaker Robbed In San Antonio? Plus: Azumah Nelson, Willis Britt, State of the Game.

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April 1994: Michael Carbajal: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Brown-Norris, Kevin Kelley, Ceferino Garcia, Oscar De La Hoya, Tunney Hunsaker, Spinks-Foster.

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July 1994: "I Wanna Be Like Sugar Ray": Oscar De La Hoya Becomes A Prime-Time Player. Plus: Nigel Benn, Gianfranco Rosi, Sullivan-McCaffrey, Donald-Williams, 10 likely upsets, All-Time Top 10: England.

Aug. 1994: Bowe's Back! Determined To Do It Again. Plus: Eric Griffin, Pernell Whitaker, Ray Mercer, Roger Donoghue, State of the Game (midterm report), All-Time Top 10: The Philippines.

Sept. 1994 (92-Page Special): How Michael Moorer Defeated Evander Holyfield, By Teddy Atlas! Plus: Chavez-Randall II, Lennox Lewis, Mando Ramos, all-time greatest cards, What If ... Duran vs. Arguello, All-Time Top 10: Scotland.

Oct. 1994: Rating The Champs: Whitaker & Toney Lead The Field ... But Roy Jones Is Closing Fast. Plus: Oscar De La Hoya, Meldrick Taylor, Rafael Ruelas, Curtis Cokes.

Nov. 1994: With Lewis Fighting Bowe ... Is Michael Moorer's Career Off-Target? Plus: Wayne McCullough, Hall of Fame, Alejandro Lavorante, Rocky Marciano, Paz-Duran, Injuries (part I), What If ... Pedroza vs. Sanchez.

Dec. 1994: Fighting-Mad! James Toney Just Wants To Beat People Up. Plus: Duran & Robinson, Don King, Mike McCallum, Injuries (part II), Tom Molineaux.

Winter 1994 (92-Page Special): Mike Tyson: An Exclusive Interview From Behind Bars. Plus: Best of the last 100 years, Jones-Toney preview, Injuries (part III), Miguel Angel Gonzalez, Jack Sharkey, What If ... Galindez-Conteh.

Jan. 1995: A Puncher's Dream: Oliver McCall Upsets Boxing's Balance Of Power. Plus: Ruelas brothers, Quincy Taylor, "Unfinished Business," Dave Maier, All-Time Top 10: Canada.

Feb. 1995: Return To Greatness? Mike Tyson Doesn't Know His Future ... But The Ring Does! Plus: Pernell Whitaker, Lennox Lewis, Mark Johnson, Orlando Canizales, Tom Johnson, Irving Cohen.

March 1995 (92-Page Special): Through The Years: The Incredible Career(s) Of George Foreman. Plus: Jones-Toney, Ali in China, Chiquita-Carbajal III, Hank Kaplan.

April 1995: Roy Jones—Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Ex-champs Moorer, Holyfield, Lewis, & Bowe, Chavez-Lopez & Castro-Jackson, Olzubek-Gamache, What If ... Chandler-Pintor.

May 1995: The State Of The Game. Plus: Olzubek & Arbachakov, Gonzalez-Kelley, Pazienza-Duran II, All-Time Top 10: France.

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	☐ Dec/84	☐ Oct/86	☐ Nov/88	☐ Jun/91	☐ Feb/94
☐ Aug/81	**All 7 $28**	**All 10 $37**	**All 10 $37**	☐ Jul/91	☐ Mar/94
☐ Oct/81				☐ Aug/91	☐ Apr/94
	☐ Jan/85	☐ Apr/87	☐ Jan/89	☐ Oct/91	☐ May/94
☐ Feb/82	☐ Feb/85	☐ May/87	☐ Feb/89	☐ Dec/91	☐ Jun/94
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	☐ Mar/86	☐ Apr/88	☐ Sep/90	☐ Jun/93	☐ Mar/95
☐ Feb/84	☐ Apr/86	☐ May/88	☐ Dec/90	☐ Aug/93	☐ Apr/95
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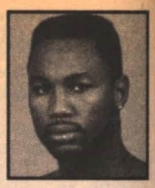
THE RING RATINGS

For Period Ended November 8, 1995



Lennox Lewis
Heavyweight

Henry Maske
Light Heavyweight

John David Jackson
Middleweight

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By The Editors

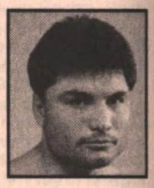
Records By Fight Fax Inc.

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1. **RIDDICK BOWE** Fort Washington, MD *38-1*
2. **LENNOX LEWIS** England *28-1*
3. **MIKE TYSON** Southington, OH *42-1*
4. **MICHAEL MOORER** Detroit, MI *36-1*
5. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD** Atlanta, GA *32-3*
6. **BRUCE SELDON** Atlantic City, NJ *33-3 (WBA Champ)*
7. **FRANK BRUNO** England *41-4 (WBC Champ)*
8. **GEORGE FOREMAN** Houston, TX *74-4*
9. **OLIVER McCALL** Chicago, IL *26-6*
10. **ALEXANDR ZOLKIN** Westerville, OH *23-2*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 190 pounds

1. **AL COLE** Spring Valley, NY *27-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **NATE MILLER** Philadelphia, PA *25-4 (WBA Champ)*
3. **ADOLPHO WASHINGTON** Lexington, KY *24-3-2*
4. **ANACLET WAMBA** France *45-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
5. **MARCELO DOMINGUEZ** Argentina *19-1-1 (WBC Interim Champ)*
6. **SERGEI KOBOZEV** Brooklyn, NY *22-1*
7. **TORSTEN MAY** Germany *11-0*
8. **THOMAS HEARNS** Detroit, MI *55-4-1*
9. **KENNY KEENE** Emmett, ID *32-1*
10. **ALEXANDER GUROV** Ukraine *11-1-1*



Julio Cesar Vasquez
Junior Middleweight

Hector Camacho
Welterweight

Tom Johnson
Featherweight

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1. **HENRY MASKE** Germany *27-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **VIRGIL HILL** Bismarck, ND *41-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **FABRICE TIOZZO** France *32-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **MONTELL GRIFFIN** Chicago, IL *18-0*
5. **JAMES TONEY** Ann Arbor, MI *48-2-2*
6. **MERQUI SOSA** New York, NY *26-4-2*
7. **MIKE McCALLUM** Brooklyn, NY *48-3-1*
8. **DARIUSZ MICHALCZEWSKI** Germany *29-0*
9. **MICHAEL NUNN** Davenport, IA *47-3*
10. **FRANK TATE** Houston, TX *35-4*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1. **ROY JONES** Pensacola, FL *30-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **NIGEL BENN** England *42-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **STEVE COLLINS** Ireland *30-3*
4. **FRANK LILES** N. Hollywood, CA *27-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **TIM LITTLES** Flint, MI *26-1*
6. **VINNY PAZIENZA** Cranston, RI *40-6*
7. **BRYANT BRANNON** Trenton, NJ *15-0*
8. **SUGARBOY MALINGA** South Africa *40-9*
9. **HENRY WHARTON** England *21-2-1*
10. **RAY CLOSE** N. Ireland *21-3-1*

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

1. **QUINCY TAYLOR** Dallas, TX *26-3 (WBC Champ)*
2. **JORGE CASTRO** Argentina *98-4-2 (WBA Champ)*
3. **BERNARD HOPKINS** Philadelphia, PA *27-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
4. **JOHN DAVID JACKSON** Seattle, WA *33-1*
5. **REGGIE JOHNSON** Houston, TX *35-5-1*
6. **JOE LIPSEY** Lansing, MI *25-0*
7. **DANA ROSENBLATT** Malden, MA *26-0*
8. **LONNIE BRADLEY** New York, NY *22-0*
9. **JULIAN JACKSON** Virgin Islands *51-4*
10. **RICHIE WOODHALL** England *20-0*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

1. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Mission Valley, CA *40-6 (WBC Champ)*
2. **PAUL VADEN**
   San Diego, CA *24-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ**
   Argentina *55-2*
4. **CARL DANIELS**
   St. Louis, MO *34-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **BRONCO McKART**
   Monroe, MI *27-1*
6. **VERNO PHILLIPS**
   New York, NY *25-5-1*
7. **VINCENT PETTWAY**
   Baltimore, MD *38-5-1*
8. **YORI BOY CAMPAS**
   Mexico *62-1*
9. **ANDREW COUNCIL**
   Lanham, MD *23-3-3*
10. **LAURENT BOUDOUANI**
    France *29-2*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

1. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Norfolk, VA *36-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Puerto Rico *26-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **IKE QUARTEY**
   Ghana *30-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **OBA CARR**
   Detroit, MI *35-1*
5. **CRISANTO ESPANA**
   N. Ireland *31-1*
6. **DERRELL COLEY**
   Capitol Heights, MD *27-1-2*
7. **WILFREDO RIVERA**
   Puerto Rico *21-0-1*
8. **VINCE PHILLIPS**
   Las Vegas, NV *32-1*
9. **EAMONN LOUGHRAN**
   Ireland *26-1-1*
10. **HECTOR CAMACHO**
    Orlando, FL *56-3*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

1. **FRANKIE RANDALL**
   Warren, OH *52-3-1 (WBA Champ)*
2. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Australia *15-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
   Mexico *95-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **FRED PENDLETON**
   Miami, FL *39-20-4*
5. **JUAN COGGI**
   Argentina *69-3-2*
6. **JAKE RODRIGUEZ**
   Brentwood, NY *28-3-2*
7. **SAMMY FUENTES**
   Hermosa Beach, CA *32-13-1*
8. **CHARLES MURRAY**
   Rochester, NY *35-3*
9. **JAN BERGMAN**
   South Africa *28-0*
10. **KHALID RAHILOU**
    France *25-2*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

1. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Whittier, CA *19-0*
2. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *39-0 (WBC Champ)*
3. **ORZUBEK NAZAROV**
   Japan *21-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **STEVE JOHNSTON**
   Denver, CO *16-0*
5. **GEORGE SCOTT**
   Pembroke Pines, FL *27-1*
6. **PHILIP HOLIDAY**
   South Africa *25-0 (IBF Champ)*
7. **SHANE MOSLEY**
   Pomona, CA *18-0*
8. **LEAVANDER JOHNSON**
   Atlantic City, NJ *23-1-1*
9. **LAMAR MURPHY**
   Miami, FL *18-1*
10. **RAFAEL RUELAS**
    Arleta, CA *43-2*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

1. **GABE RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA *41-2 (WBC Champ)*
2. **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
   Los Angeles, CA *32-1-1*
3. **TRACY PATTERSON**
   Highland, NY *53-3-1 (IBF Champ)*
4. **JESSE JAMES LEIJA**
   San Antonio, TX *30-1-2*
5. **REGGIE TUUR**
   Whitestone, NY *39-3-1*
6. **ARTURO GATTI**
   Jersey City, NJ *21-1*
7. **ROBERT GARCIA**
   Oxnard, CA *22-0*
8. **YONG SOO CHOI**
   South Korea *18-0-3 (WBA Champ)*
9. **ED HOPSON**
   St. Louis, MO *26-1*
10. **ANATOLY ALEXANDROV**
    Kazakhstan *24-2*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

1. **TOM JOHNSON**
   Detroit, MI *40-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **MANUEL MEDINA**
   Mexico *51-6 (WBC Champ)*
3. **ALEJANDRO GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *37-3*
4. **NASEEM HAMED**
   England *20-0*
5. **ELOY ROJAS**
   Venezuela *32-1-1 (WBA Champ)*
6. **EVER BELENO**
   Colombia *30-1*
7. **MIGUEL ARROZAL**
   Portland, OR *25-5*
8. **DERRICK GAINER**
   Pensacola, FL *14-3*
9. **STEVE ROBINSON**
   Wales *21-10-1*
10. **CHICO CASTILLO**
    Los Angeles, CA *19-0*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

1. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Mexico *39-0*
2. **VUYANI BUNGU**
   South Africa *28-2 (IBF Champ)*
3. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
   Memphis, TN *28-1-1*
4. **DANIEL ZARAGOZA**
   Mexico *51-7-3 (WBC Champ)*
5. **ANTONIO CERMENO**
   Venezuela *22-1 (WBA Champ)*
6. **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
   Laredo, TX *42-2-1*
7. **WELCOME NCITA**
   South Africa *36-2*
8. **HECTOR ACERO-SANCHEZ**
   New York, NY *32-3-3*
9. **ERIK MORALES**
   Mexico *18-0*
10. **JESUS SALUD**
    Waianae, HI *50-6*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

1. **WAYNE McCULLOUGH**
   Las Vegas, NV *17-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MBULELO BOTILE**
   South Africa *17-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **YASUEI YAKUSHIJI**
   Japan *24-3-1*
4. **NANA KONADU**
   Ghana *35-2*
5. **ANCEE GEDEON**
   Westminster, CA *13-7-1*
6. **VEERAPHOL SAHAPROM**
   Thailand *4-0 (WBA Champ)*
7. **ELIECER JULIO**
   Colombia *29-1*
8. **JOICHIRO TATSUYOSHI**
   Japan *11-2-1*
9. **DAORUNG MP PETROLEUM**
   Thailand *55-5-1*
10. **PAULIE AYALA**
    Ft. Worth, TX *16-0*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

1. **HIROSHI KAWASHIMA**
   Japan *17-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **JOHNNY TAPIA**
   Albuquerque, NM *31-0-2*
3. **CARLOS SALAZAR**
   Argentina *38-6-1 (IBF Champ)*
4. **ALIMI GOITIA**
   Venezuela *12-0 (WBA Champ)*
5. **HAROLD GREY**
   Colombia *20-0*
6. **HYUNG CHUL LEE**
   South Korea *19-5*
7. **CECILIO ESPINO**
   Huntington Park, CA *31-3-1*
8. **DAVID GRIMAN**
   Venezuela *21-2*
9. **RICARDO VARGAS**
   Mexico *20-4-3*
10. **ARTHUR JOHNSON**
    Cahokia, IL *11-3*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

1. **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
   Japan *21-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MARK JOHNSON**
   Washington, D.C. *27-1*
3. **SAEN SOW PLOENCHIT**
   Thailand *23-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **DANNY ROMERO**
   Albuquerque, NM *25-1 (IBF Champ)*
5. **ALBERTO JIMENEZ**
   Mexico *30-3-2*
6. **ISAIAS ZAMUDIO**
   Blythe, CA *39-5-1*
7. **ENRIQUE OROZCO**
   Mexico *29-4-1*
8. **CHATCHAI ELITE-GYM**
   Thailand *20-1*
9. **WILLY SALAZAR**
   Mexico *42-21-1*
10. **CHOKCHAI 3-K BATTERY**
    Thailand *29-1*

JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

1. **SAMAN SORJATURONG**
   Thailand *26-2-1 (WBC/IBF Champ)*
2. **CHIQUITA GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *41-3*
3. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Phoenix, AZ *37-2*
4. **HI YONG CHOI**
   South Korea *19-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
   Mexico *45-4-4*
6. **CARLOS MURILLO**
   Panama *29-2*
7. **LEO GAMEZ**
   Venezuela *29-4-1*
8. **ERIC GRIFFIN**
   Jasper, TN *15-2*
9. **YUICHI HOSONO**
   Japan *22-3-1*
10. **MANUEL JESUS HERRERA**
    Dominican Republic *16-4-1*

POUND-FOR-POUND

1. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Welterweight
2. **ROY JONES**
   Super Middleweight
3. **RICARDO LOPEZ**
   Strawweight
4. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Lightweight
5. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Welterweight
6. **FRANKIE RANDALL**
   Junior Welterweight
7. **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
   Flyweight
8. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Junior Welterweight
9. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Junior Featherweight
10. **RIDDICK BOWE**
    Heavyweight

NEW FACES

LOUIS DEL VALLE

Light Heavyweight

By Robert Mladinich

Photo by Teddy Blackburn

It was light heavyweight contender Louis Del Valle's third pro fight—and the fight of his life. The opponent was Norman Bell, who was also 2-0, and on the verge of remaining undefeated. Del Valle was cut badly over the right eye in the first round and was dead-tired at the start of the third. The first two rounds had been what Del Valle refers to as "a real dog-fight."

Del Valle was beginning to feel his career would come to a stop before it really had even gotten started. He was sure the fight would be stopped; he was bleeding badly and could barely keep his hands up. Then, suddenly, he realized Bell was just as tired as he was. He transformed himself into a punching machine, won the last two rounds, and left the ring at 3-0.

(Continued on page 54)

PRO RECORD

1992		
Jan. 12	Worthy Hendricks, Atlantic City	W 4
Feb. 7	Fred Rivero, New York City	KO 1
March 23	Norman Bell, Atlantic City	W 4
May 21	Lihahde Patrick, New York City	KO 2
Aug. 25	Amahl Bacon, Atlantic City	KO 1
Sept. 15	Anthony Sutton, White Plains, NY	KO 2
Oct. 15	Exum Speight, New York, NY	KO 1
Nov. 20	Patrick Frazier, New York City	W 6
Dec. 23	James Campbell, White Plains	KO 1
1993		
Jan. 27	Jamal Arbubakar, New York City	W 6
March 6	Daren Zenner, New York City	W 6
June 17	Richard Carter, White Plains	KO 3
Sept. 4	James Mullins, Forrest City, NC	KO 5
Nov. 12	Tim St. Clair, New York City	W 10
1994		
April 29	Tim St. Clair, White Plains	KO 4
Oct. 7	Earl Talley, White Plains	KO 2
Oct. 13	Anthony Brown, Melville, NY	KO 1
1995		
Jan. 20	John Lampre, Foxboro, MA	KO 2
March 18	Charles Daughtry, Pensacola, FL	KO 1
May 3	Mike Green, New York City	KO 5
May 27	Ali Saidi, Dortmund, Germany	W 8

FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KO
21	21	0	0	14

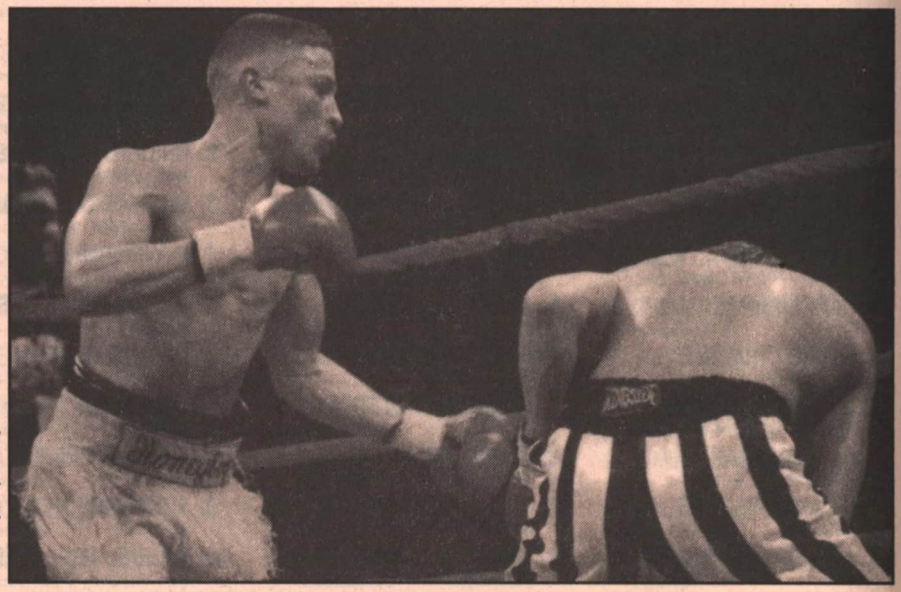


Photo by Ray Bailey

Del Valle chases Daren Zenner

THE TALE OF THE "VIDEO" TAPE

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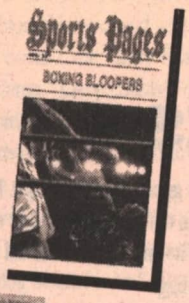


KILLER BOXING

BOXING BLOOPERS

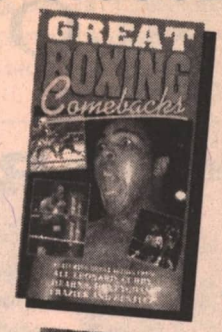
BOXING'S GREATEST KNOCKOUTS

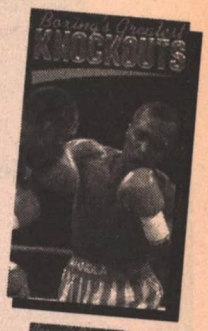
GREAT BOXING COMEBACKS

KNOCKOUT:
THE STORY OF BOXING

TWO-TAPE SET:
BOXING'S GREATEST KNOCKOUTS &
GREAT BOXING COMEBACKS

TWO-TAPE SET:
KILLER BOXING & KNOCKOUT:
THE STORY OF BOXING





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RYAN OUT LOUD

By Jeff Ryan

REALITY BYTES

For those of us who believe impatience is a virtue, the waiting has gone on long enough. No doubt, the idea behind Bowe-Holyfield III, Foreman-Moorer II, and Tyson-Any I is a filtering out of the pretenders en route to identifying the top banana in the heavyweight fruit salad. There's only one problem: The entire process could take longer to unfold than one of those two-dollar raincoats that comes packaged in a little plastic egg.

It certainly won't conclude before the presidential election of November '96. That's right, we'll probably learn the identity of the next undisputed ruler of the free world before we learn the identity of the next undisputed ruler of the pay-per-view universe. The promoters call this building suspense. It's more like building The Great Pyramids of Egypt. Only slower.

My solution: a 32-man computer tournament that cuts through the delays to tell us right now who's the boss. This is one tourney that doesn't discriminate on the basis of promotional ties or network contracts, but instead includes just about everyone who is someone, was someone, will be someone, or wants to be someone. Oh, and the best part of all: There are no seedings, although Andrew Golota has the Pole position. Matchups are chosen for their marquee value and potential to attract sponsors (the software for this cost me a bundle), or in some cases, just for the hell of it.

Photo by Bill Apter

Pressure! WBA champion Bruce Seldon couldn't bare to watch our 32-man computer heavyweight tournament. He felt a lot better when we informed him of the results.

LLLLLLLet's get ready to upload!

The field: Mike Tyson, Riddick Bowe, George Foreman, Evander Holyfield, Michael Moorer, Lennox Lewis, Frank Bruno, Oliver McCall, Axel Schulz, Frans Botha, Corrie Sanders, Tommy Morrison, Razor Ruddock, Bruce Seldon, Peter McNeeley, Earnie Shavers, Ron Lyle, Joe Hipp, Butterbean, Joe Bugner, Larry Holmes, Andrew Golota, Floyd Patterson (don't forget that he never actually retired), James Thunder, Henry Akinwande, Vaughn Bean, Alexandr Zolkin, Tim Witherspoon, Jeremy Williams, David Tua, Danell Nicholson, and wannabe heavyweight Roy Jones.

First-round highlights: In a clash of violent storms, Thunder halts "Hurricane" McNeeley when the Irishman's manager, Vinny Vecchione, stops the action during the weigh-in. Shavers irritates the chin of Razor in the Gillette Friday Night Megabyte Superfight. Patterson lands first and flattens Morrison. And a speedy Jones decisions an embalmed Foreman, who looks like a hippo trying to catch a gnat, lands only one of the six punches he throws in 10 rounds (according to the CreakStat computer), and then has the nerve to ask tournament sponsor IBM if its microchips are served with onion dip.

In other bouts, Lyle squashes Bugner, Bruno Pole-axes Golota, Holmes tomahawk chops Hipp, Moorer disconnects McCall, Tyson zonks Zolkin in 59 seconds, Holyfield bends the 'Spoon, Bowe belts out Schulz, Seldon busts up Botha, Tua tunes up on Akinwande, Sanders gets a close nod over Nicholson, Lewis destroys Williams in three, and Butterbean outpoints

Vaughn Bean in a matchup that gives the computer programmers who are watching it gas.

Round of 16 highlights: Stunning upset! Patterson KO 12 Tyson! Team Tyson makes the mistake of utilizing those old Cus D'Amato punching combinations, the same ones Patterson has memorized from his days under D'Amato's tutelage. When trainer Jay Bright yells out to Tyson, "Six-four-two," Patterson counters with a five-three-one and referee Mills Lane counts, "eight, nine, 10."

Thunder batters fellow Samoan Tua with a fourth-round barrage, and the bout is stopped with the bloodthirsty crowd screaming, "Hit him Somoa!" In a Larry-Sanders show that doesn't star Garry Shandling, Sanders decisions a listless Holmes, then declares, "Larry couldn't carry Kallie Knoetze's jockstrap." Fifty-three-year-old Lyle halts 50-year-old Shavers and credits the (nursing) home-crowd advantage. Lewis exploits Moorer's Microsoft chin and Bowe blitzes Bruno in round uno.

Jones wins by disqualification over Butterbean when the frustrated 300-pounder resorts to his old Tough Man contest tactics and tries to hit Jones with a ringside vendor's hot dog steamer. And Holyfield is forced to default to Seldon when "The Real Deal" comes down with a computer virus that not even his faith-healer can cure by fight time.

Quarterfinal highlights: Stunning Upset II! Lyle KO 9 Bowe! Apparently, the computer considered the fact that the Harlem Globetrotters had their 8,829-game winning streak snapped a few months ago and concluded that no outcome was out of the realm of possibility. Meanwhile, despite training with son Tracy in an attempt to become accustomed to facing a smaller, faster man, Patterson is overwhelmed by Jones' hand speed, succumbing in round three. As he did following one of his losses to Sonny Liston, Patterson sneaks away in shame, this time elaborately disguised as Jackie Kallen.

Seldon, continuing to take advantage of an easy draw and great luck, stops Sanders with a left hook in the sixth round. And Lewis, relying on computer trainer Emanuel Steward's advice to throw Compaq punches, picks apart Thunder, leaving him under the weather by the end of the second round.

Semifinal highlights: Jones' versatility has long been considered a strength, but, two steps away from the undisputed title, it proves to be his undoing. Throughout the tournament, the lightning-fast Jones has been providing television commentary of his bouts for HBO—firing a couple of shots, racing down to a ringside microphone to describe what he just did, then returning to the ring quickly enough to finish the rest of the punching combination. Wearing two hats, though, finally catches up to him in the 11th round.

After having coasted through the first 10 rounds, Jones connects with a whistling right cross, a triple-jab, and a blistering hook, then describes it for the viewers at home. On the way back to the ring, however, he trips on Jim Lampley's foot. The split-second delay throws off his timing, and he walks right into an uppercut the fossilized Lyle had launched two rounds ago but is just now arriving. Jones crashes, Lyle celebrates, and Lampley is fired by HBO, whose long-term computer-bout contract with Jones has been voided by the stunning defeat.

In the other half of the doubleheader, Lewis is forced to wage war without Steward in his corner. "The Kronk Godfather" is back home in Detroit, interviewing for the Tigers' managerial vacancy. The impact of Steward's absence can't be overstated. After all, he has a great record in computer bouts, having led the "Modem City Cobra," Thomas Hearns, to three tourney titles in the '80s. Confused and distracted, Lewis doesn't know whether to box or bomb, and he is a sucker for Seldon's hard-drive haymakers all night long. Seldon takes a majority decision, setting up the dream matchup we had all hoped to see: Bruce Seldon vs. Ron Lyle for the undisputed heavyweight crown.

Championship highlights: The tension is so thick, you can't even cut it with a chainsaw. A capacity crowd of more than 60,000 dweebs has packed San Francisco's 3Com Park for the greatest computer clash since a toupeed Rocky Marciano kayoed Muhammad Ali almost three decades ago. Because both Seldon (Atlantic City) and Lyle (Las Vegas) hail from gambling capitals, the event is spiced with plenty of glitz. The fighters are delivered to the ring via hot-air balloons, which were filled, incidentally, when announcer George Foreman stood beneath them to do his prefight commentary. Lasers, smoke, and neon are everywhere, and Burt Baccarat sings The National Anthem.

Lyle storms from his corner, unloads a vicious combination, and Seldon goes down. He gets up, fires two left hooks in retaliation, and Lyle falls. Seldon

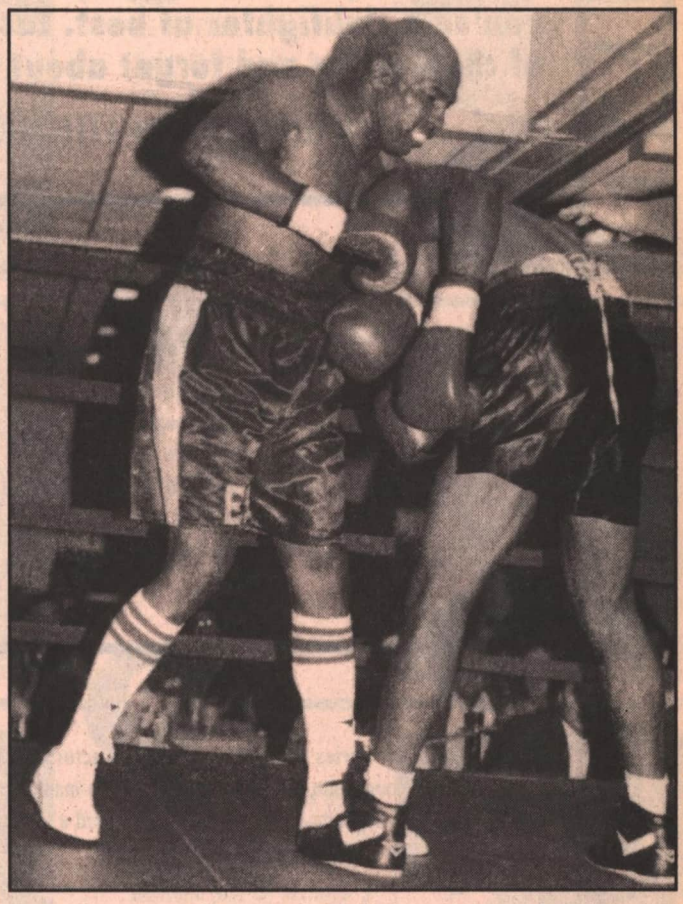


Photo by Bob Carson

*Earnie Shavers struggles against Ron Lyle during their round-of-16 matchup. And people think **George Foreman** is too old to fight?*

moves in for the finish, but catches a right to the top of the head and drops to a knee. He is up at the count of five. He swings desperately with a screaming right cross, and now *Lyle* is on his back! It's Foreman-Lyle all over again! (All right, so *this* Lyle is older than some of The Rolling Stones, and Seldon was once kayoed by Oliver McCall. This is no time to nitpick.)

The end comes suddenly, at 1:18 of the fifth round. In a gesture of machismo and gamesmanship, Lyle has been standing in his corner between rounds, rather than sitting in his wheelchair. As he moves in close to throw a bomb early in the fifth, his tired legs give out. Seldon seizes the opportunity, raining punches on his rival until Lyle crashes face-first and is counted out. Seldon leaps into the air, then grabs Jimmy Lennon Jr.'s ring mike and laces into all of you (and you know who you are) who have been dismissing him when talking about the elite of the heavyweight ranks.

"Technology has spoken," Seldon says. "I am the man. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm heading back home to the Atlantic City beach. Time to hit the beach for a little Internet surfing."

The dweebs aren't booing, they're yelling, "BRUUUUUUUUUCE." ■

THE RING'S EXCLUSIVE

PHOTO QUIZ TEST

Can you identify the fighters in these photos? Award yourself 10 points for each question you answer correctly. If you score a total of 90-100 points, consider yourself a world champion. If you score 70-80 points, you rate as a top-10 contender. If you score 50-60 points, you're a clubfighter at best. Less than 50 points? Eat another piece of cheesecake and forget about that morning roadwork.

THIS MONTH: THE HOLLYWOOD-BOXING CONNECTION

1

Jim Brown was a tough guy, but was he tough enough to handle Ryan O'Neal's world-rated welterweight? Name the fighter.

2

The series of *Rocky* movies got actor Burt Young into boxing. "Paulie" was co-manager of this light heavyweight, who secured a try at the world title.

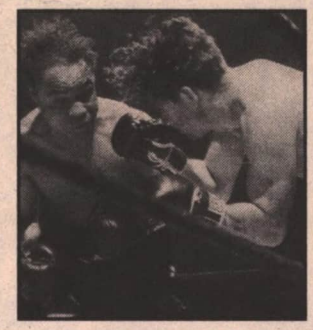
3

We won't insult you by asking you to identify either Aaron Pryor or Sylvester Stallone. Pryor was the star of Stallone's Tiger Eye Ltd. Who was Stallone's promotional partner?

YOUR BOXING IQ

4

Henry Armstrong, shown hammering Bummy Davis, was briefly managed by one of Hollywood's biggest stars. Can you name him?

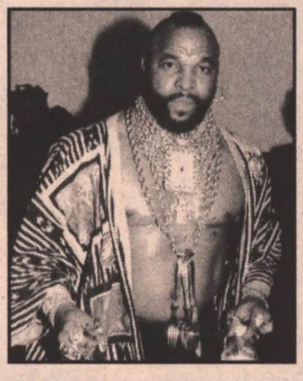


5

Redd Foxx (behind the fighter) was a big boxing fan. The fighter he's tending to was his heavyweight hope. Name him.

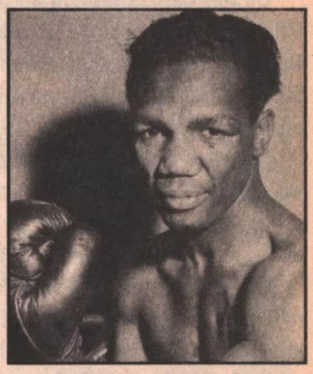
6

We can't understand why that silverware-as-jewelry thing never caught on. No problem identifying Mr. T, who broke into boxing working as a bodyguard for what world champion?



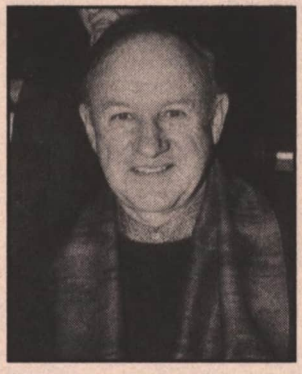
7

Chalky Wright was once featherweight champion of the world. He also worked as a chauffeur—and lover—for one of Hollywood's first superstar actresses. Who was it?



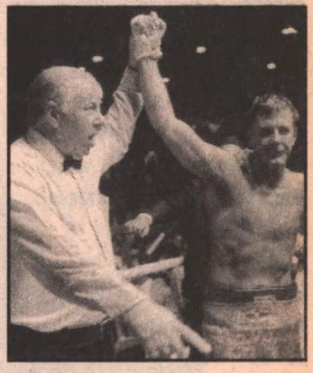
8

Academy Award-winning actor Gene Hackman is often ringside at major fights in Los Angeles and Las Vegas. As a supporter of Ten Goose Boxing, what former world champion has Hackman backed?



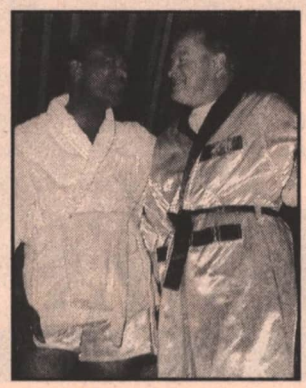
9

About all you can say about this photo is that some Hollywood types aren't content just to *manage* a fighter. Name this four-round light heavyweight.



10

Bob Hope once took on Sugar Ray Robinson in an exhibition. Hope was once a fighter. What was his *nom de guerre?*

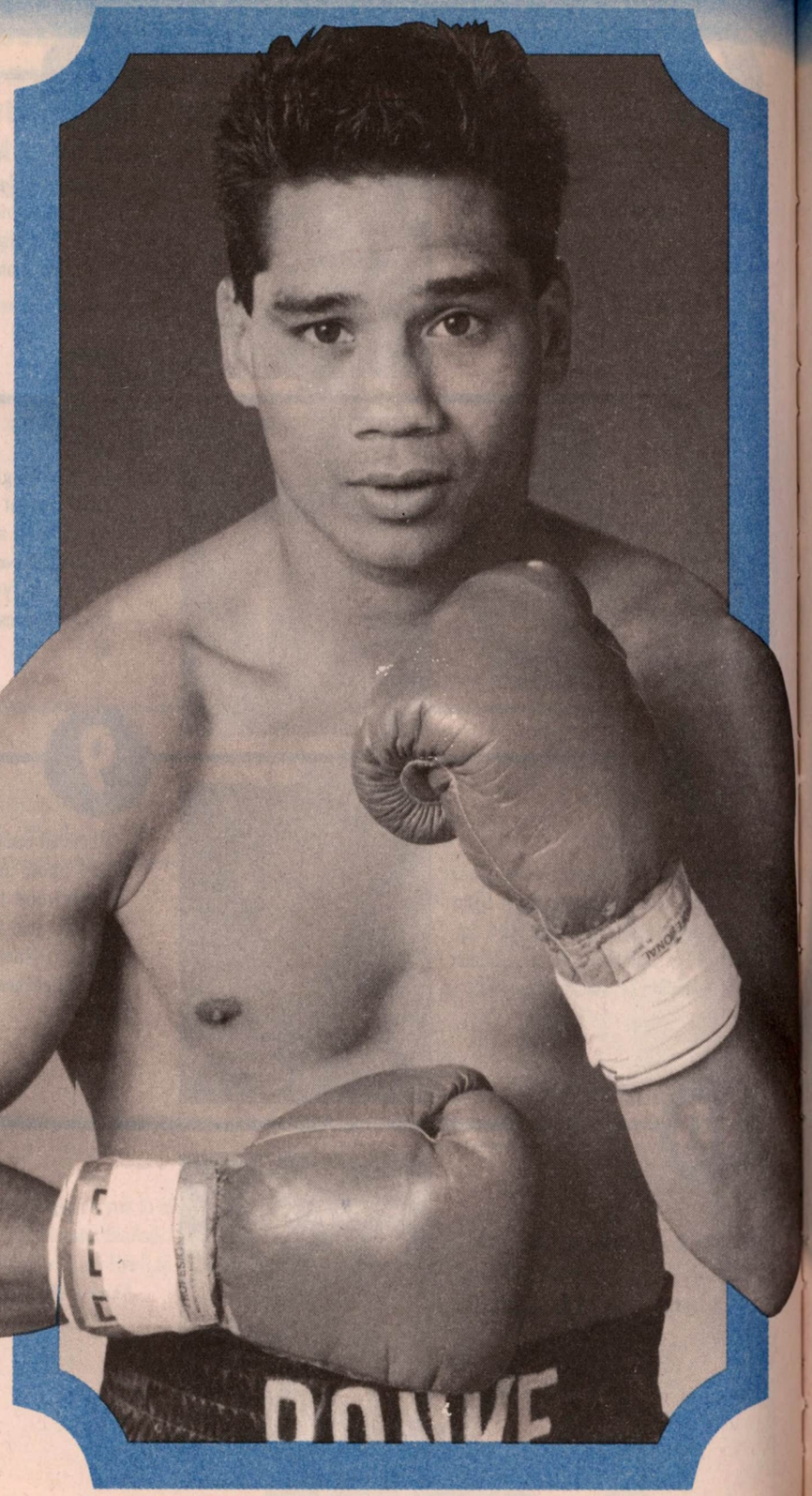


ANSWERS:

1) Hedgemon Lewis
2) David Sears
3) Russell Peltz
4) Al Jolson
5) Young Sanford
6) Leon Spinks
7) Mae West
8) Michael Nunn
9) Mickey Rourke
10) Packy East

"Please Remember Me In Your Prayers"

THE DYING PLEA OF AIDS VICTIM PAUL BANKE



By Tim Kawakami

Paul Banke, who used to grin when opponents landed their best punches, who still roars in approval when he watches a tape of one of his savage struggles with Daniel Zaragoza, now worries when the wind blows.

He lives a block from the ocean, though, and here the wind blows hard. At night, when he is in bed awake and frozen by fear, it seems it will never stop.

On this day, as the salt air pushes softly through the curtains of the second-floor Venice Beach apartment he shares with his mother, Banke points at the window and laughs, shaking off another blow.

"One day, we had the window open, and we were getting a good breeze," Banke says. "God, it was a nice breeze. But I told my mom, 'Close that window!' I'm paranoid.

"We're in the car, and I say, 'You've got to roll up that window.' It's weird, but I'm scared to get sick now. Do you understand that?"

Banke, the 31-year-old former WBC super bantamweight champion with a reputation for wild fights and wild living, has AIDS. He does not look sick and has no symptoms, but on August 21, he was told he has AIDS. Not just HIV, which causes AIDS, but the disease itself.

Although he has his bad days, and although his T-cell count is down to 80—very low—when he sits down for the interview he has been preparing to give for days, his energy level is high and his words come rapidly.

He has written a three-page statement, which he stands to read. His older brother Steve, and his mother, Yolanda Miranda, a longtime union organizer, stand by his side in their living room of the one-bedroom apartment. When he reads, his hands shake and his voice stumbles:

I've had many battles during my career as amateur and professional boxer, but nothing compares to the fight that challenges my life today ...

When he is finished reading, he glances at his mother and almost sags to the floor. But it is time to shake off another punch.

"That's hard to say," Banke says about the statement, almost silently. "My mom said, 'Practice it,' but I don't like saying it. You know why? You keep thinking, *You're going to be sick. You're going to be sick.* When you find out you have cancer, you die quicker.

"Even though I don't feel sick, and I know there will be a time I get sick, I don't want to get sick. I don't want to say I'm sick."

But from the day he learned he had AIDS, which was only a few months after learning he was HIV-positive, Banke and his mother were determined not to hide it from anybody, hoping that his status as a former world champion still admired by much of the boxing public will allow him to become a spokesman and a symbol.

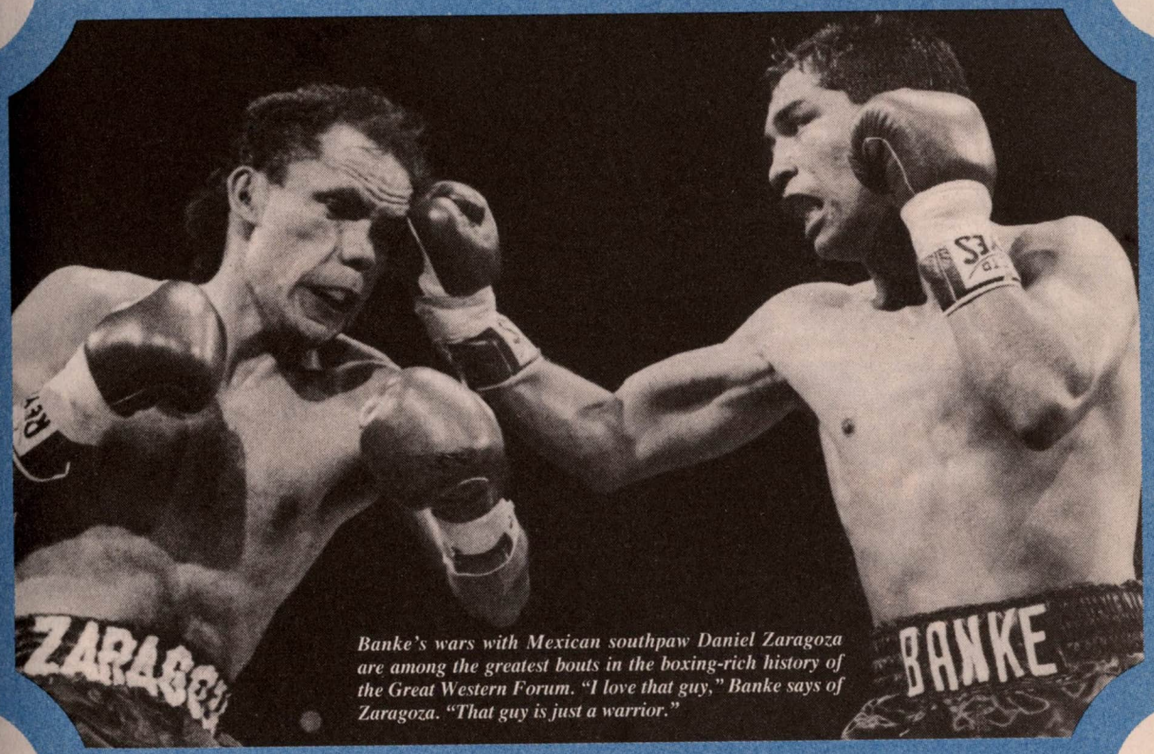
His mother says later, "This is kind of like his last hurrah. You know what I'm saying?"

***

... I've begun a journey of healing, accepting and learning to deal with AIDS, including the misconception I once had—that the virus only affects someone else, but it can't happen to me ...

It happened to him, Banke thinks, in the last

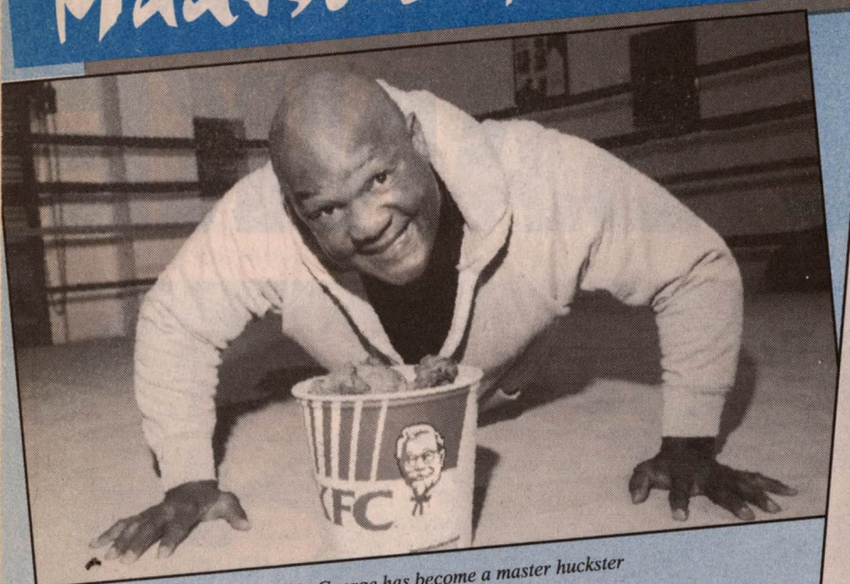
(Continued on page 56)



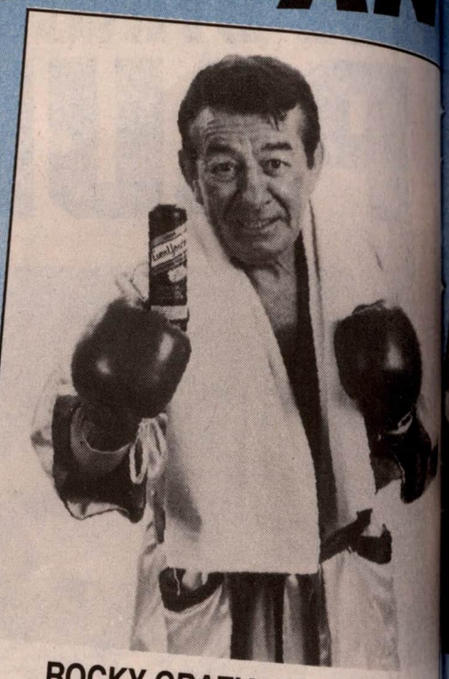
Banke's wars with Mexican southpaw Daniel Zaragoza are among the greatest bouts in the boxing-rich history of the Great Western Forum. "I love that guy," Banke says of Zaragoza. "That guy is just a warrior."

Bash Boulevard Meets Madison Avenue

BOXERS AND ENDORSEMENTS: AN INFORMAL HISTORY

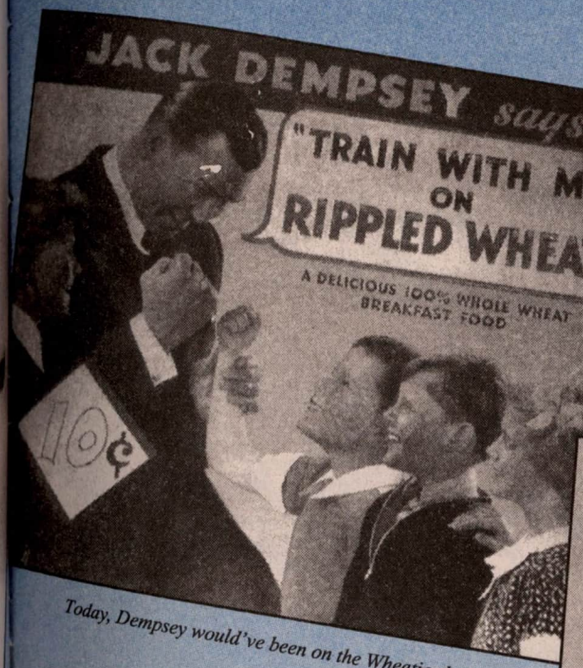


Big George has become a master huckster

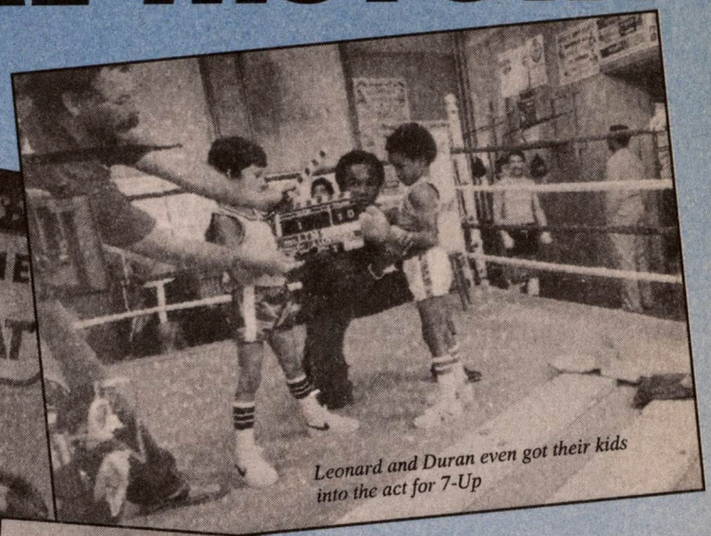


ROCKY GRAZIANO SAYS,
"Knockout gray with EverYouth"

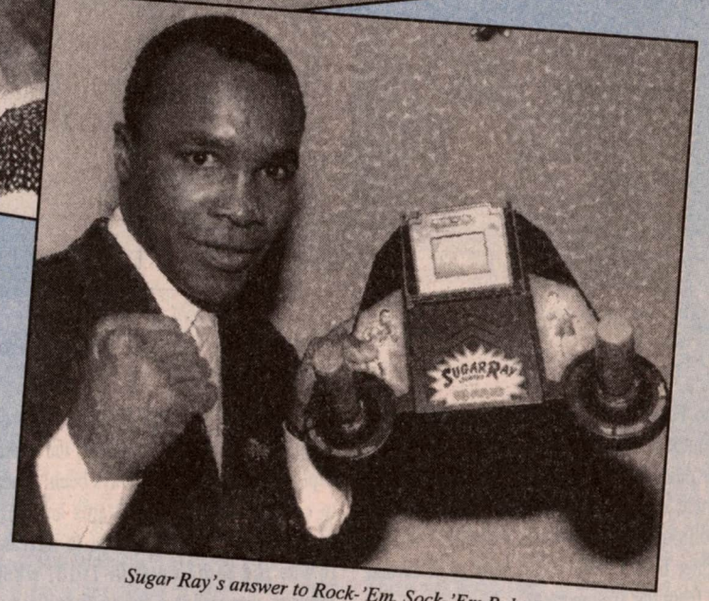
Graziano's endorsements came after his last punch



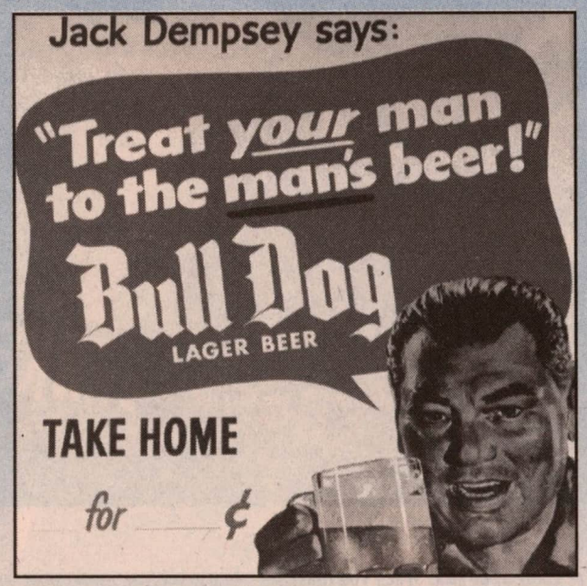
Today, Dempsey would've been on the Wheaties box



Leonard and Duran even got their kids into the act for 7-Up



Sugar Ray's answer to Rock-'Em, Sock-'Em Robots



"The Manassa Mauler" presumably never indulged during training

By Nigel Collins

Roy Jones is ready to go toe-to-toe with George Foreman—but not in the ring. Instead, the IBF super middleweight champion wants to punch it out with boxing's foremost pitchman in the commercial endorsement arena. He wants to grab a share of the ancillary loot that has become such a significant part of athletes' incomes. But despite his dazzling athletic skills and unpretentious nature, Jones will undoubtedly find marketing himself a much tougher task than slapping around James Toney and Vinny Pazienza.

Image-conscious advertisers are frequently scared off by the fight game's inherent brutality and its seamy underbelly. Boxers don't get anywhere near as much play as the stars of basketball, football, and baseball, or even tennis. But the fight game's primordial hold on the public has always been strong enough to ensure that some tasty scraps from advertising's bountiful table will end up on boxing's plate.

Jones hopes to use his ground-breaking association with Nike as a vehicle to the lucrative realm of endorsements and crossover stardom. As Nike's only boxer in a stable that includes such heavy hitters as Michael Jordan and Deion Sanders, he'll have all the resources of America's best-known and highest-grossing sneaker company behind him. And regardless of how the greening of Roy Jones eventually unfolds, he's getting his shot, which is a helluva lot more than most fighters can say.

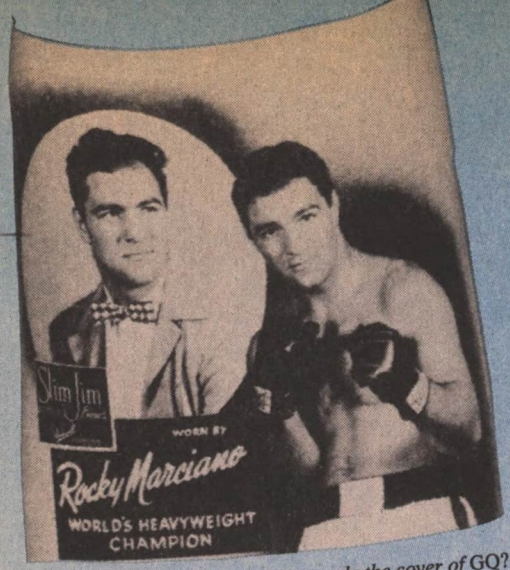
Most pugs travel down Bash Boulevard without even slowing down at the Madison Avenue intersection. But for the fortunate few who garner commercial endorsements, there's more than just money involved. An extra element of fame also awaits, one that gives added dimension to their celebrity. Take that daffy duo of Peter McNeeley and Vinny Vecchione *(please!)* for example. McNeeley and Vecchione's finest moment didn't come during the 89-second fight with Mike Tyson. It came in their 30-second commercial for Pizza Hut.

"Now, people who might not even know I fought Tyson are coming up to me and saying, 'Hey, I know you. You're the pizza guy,'" said McNeeley in the *Philadelphia Daily News*.

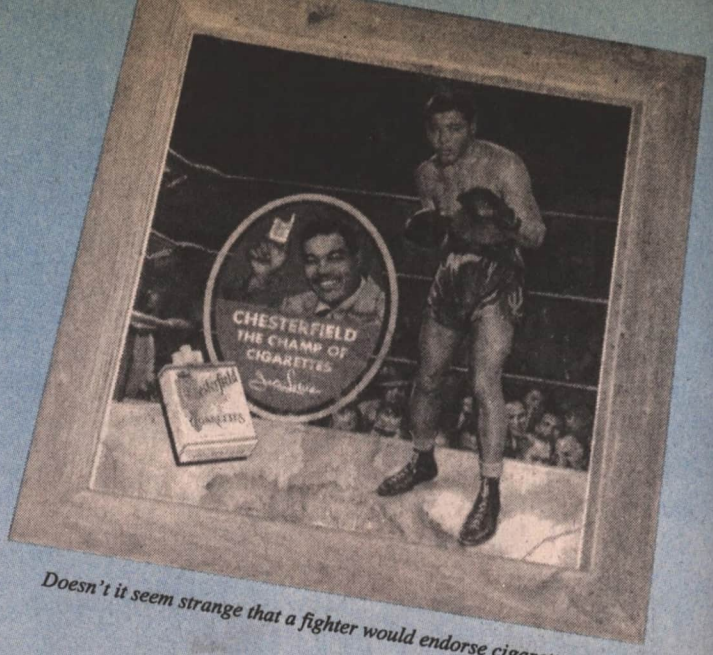
In our culture, being a sports celebrity spokesman is a tricky business. Outstanding achievement in your field is only a starting point, and sometimes you don't even need that, but only if you've got the right stuff. Having a strong, easily identifiable image is paramount, even if it's that of a buffoon. McNeeley has simply hopped aboard the same cash cow Bob Uecker has been riding for years.

Exposure is everything in the advertising game. Only a relatively small portion of the population follows boxing as avidly as readers of THE RING, but practically everybody watches TV and reads newspapers. Foreman might not have a championship belt around his ample girth anymore, but his grinning face is still a familiar sight in living rooms across the land, as he continues to plug mufflers and corn chips long after being stripped of the WBA and IBF titles he won by knocking out Michael Moorer. Folks who wouldn't know Felix Trinidad from Felix the Cat instantly recognize Big George, mainly thanks to a larger-than-life personality that has enabled him to transcend boxing and become a folk hero.

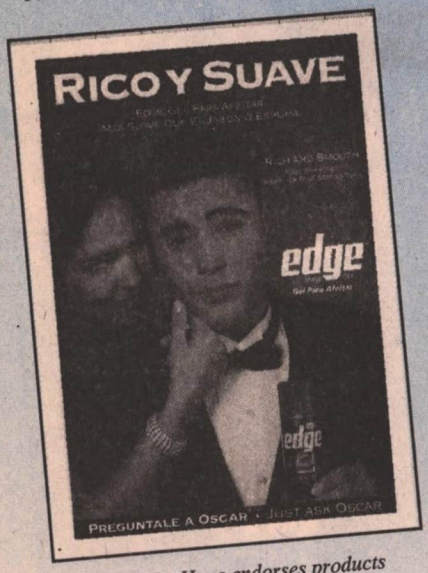
Whether or not Jones can come anywhere



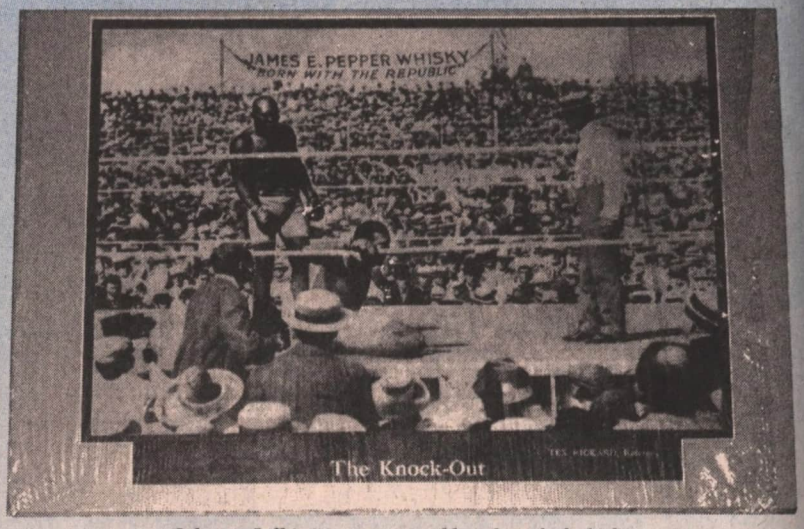
You think The Rock would've made the cover of GQ?



Doesn't it seem strange that a fighter would endorse cigarettes?



Oscar De La Hoya endorses products in two languages



Johnson-Jeffries was sponsored by a brand of whiskey

close to Foreman's status as a TV pitchman is problematical. But Nike appears willing to do its best to push him in the right direction. Jones' agreement with Nike is radically different from the traditional product-endorsement deal. So far, the fighter hasn't made a commercial or earned a dime from the arrangement.

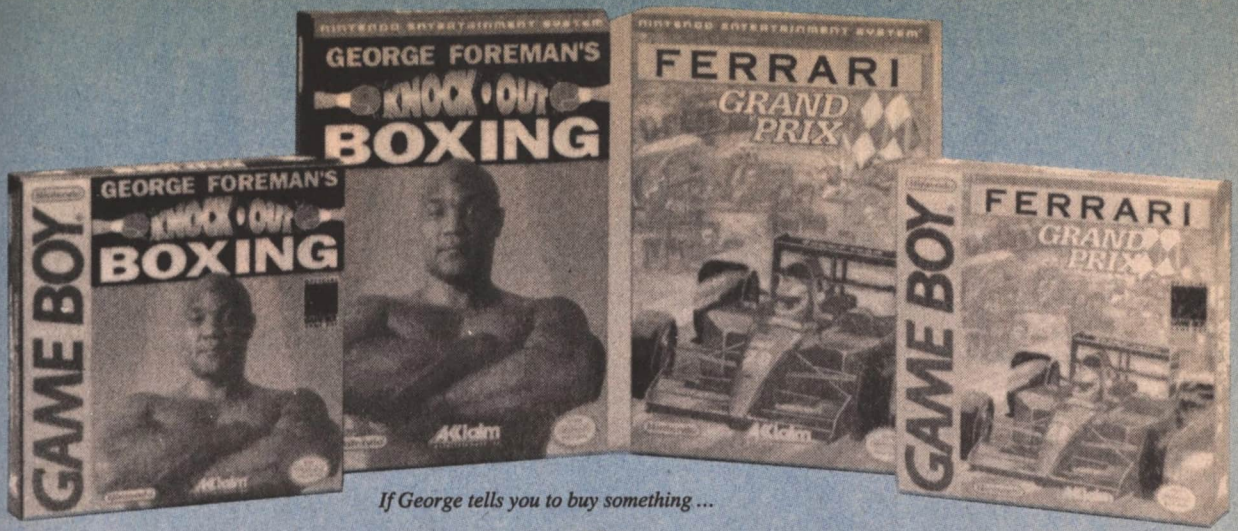
"Right now, there's not really a clear-cut path," said Jones' publicist, Greg Fritz. "The Nike Management Group is acting in the capacity of an agent, and will receive a percentage of any fees that Roy earns through its efforts. It's an experiment in many ways, but the people at Nike believe that they can take Roy to the level of a Sugar Ray Leonard. Roy will make a Nike commercial eventually, but it's a long, drawn-out process. It has to be done right. We're still huddling, kicking around ideas."

Though Jones and Nike are approaching things in an innovative manner, the overall concept is the same as it's always been: Jones wants to enhance his celebrity status and enrich his bank account, and Nike wants to increase sales. It was the same back in 1910, when Jack Johnson appeared in a curiously worded print ad for The White Steam Touring Car Company ("Black Champ Prefers White Steamer"). And it was the same 70 years later, when Leonard first flashed his million-dollar smile on behalf of 7-Up.

Uecker aside, McNeeley and Vecchione are an anomaly. Customarily, it's boxing's winners who acquire the endorsement dollars. Jack Dempsey shilled for Rippled wheat bread; Max Baer had his own brand of razor blades and was pictured on the Wheaties box; Rocky Graziano did yogurt commercials; and Carmen Basilio's battle-scarred mug graced the three-pound bag of Bulls-Eye onions. But not all fighters endorsed such wholesome products. Among other things, Joe Louis beat the drums for V.O. whiskey, Chesterfield cigarettes, and Champ brand prophylactics.

In today's politically correct marketplace, athletes no longer endorse alcoholic beverages—well, not *officially,* anyway. Mike Tyson sold his name to Suntory beer, but the ads were shown only in Japan. And Oscar De La Hoya, who already has endorsement deals with BUM Equipment and Mennen, is about to embark on a "Know When To Say No" campaign for Budweiser.

"Oscar isn't endorsing beer," said Dena duBoef, De La Hoya's publicist. "He's promot-



If George tells you to buy something ...

And you thought Budweiser was the first to advertise on the canvas ...

Gillette was a sponsor long before the Friday Night Fights

ing responsible behavior."

Regardless of the spin you put on it, De La Hoya's association with Budweiser is a meaningful achievement. Not only is "The Golden Boy" the first Mexican-American fighter to make serious headway in the endorsement field, but Budweiser is the single-largest sponsor of boxing in the world.

Being a great fighter doesn't necessarily guarantee a windfall as a pitchman. While Muhammad Ali was undoubtedly the most popular fighter of all-time, his commercial endorsements fell dismally short in comparison to his ring accomplishments. "The Greatest" lent his name to a cornucopia of products, including a line of sportswear, a candy bar, shampoo, popcorn, potato chips, soda, a Frisbee, cologne, a pinball machine, and the Champburger fast-food chain. But Ali's popular TV commercial for D-Con bug spray was his only unqualified success. Almost everything else was a loser.

Ali's problem stemmed from the fact that he allowed dozens of hustlers and fast-buck artists to use his name, regardless of how fly-by-night the scheme. Even when some of these con men ripped him off, Ali refused to press charges, preferring saintly forgiveness to litigation.

Conversely, nobody took advantage of Tyson during the early part of his career. Original co-manager Bill Cayton came from an advertising background and used his business acumen to amass a small fortune in endorsements for the young slugger.

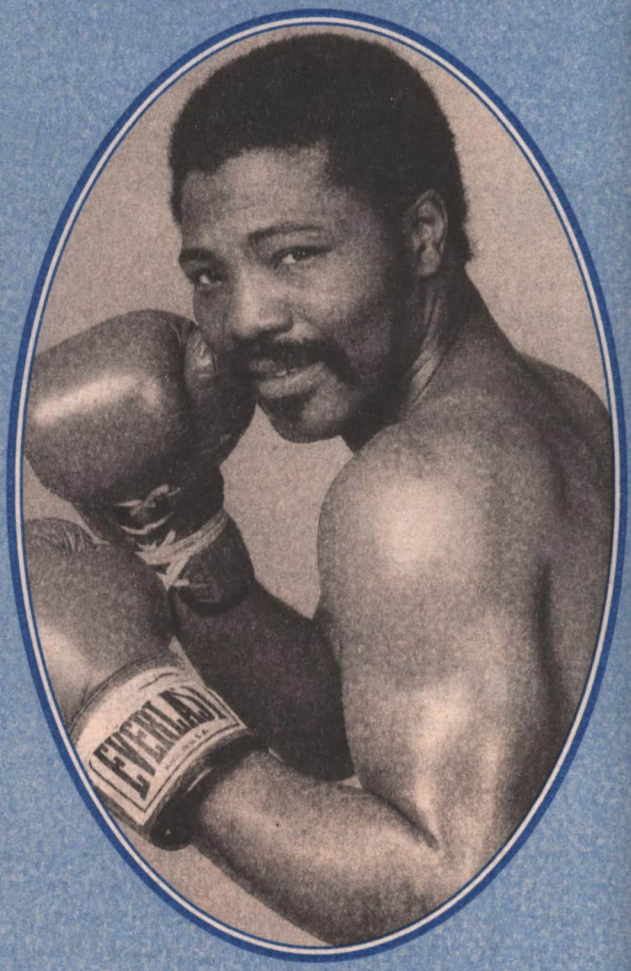
"Mike was only 16 when I got him his first TV commercial," said Cayton, who was more than happy to tick off how much Tyson was paid for each of his endorsements. "That was for Kodak, and he got $250,000. He got $1.25-million for two Diet Pepsi ads, one with Robin [Givens] and one on his own. He got $800,000 for Toyota, and another million from Nintendo. There was also a bank in Washington, D.C., that paid him $100,000 for two spots."

As Leonard proved, you don't have to be a heavyweight to cash in. Cayton claims he also came close to putting together a deal with Gillette for Wilfred Benitez, the brilliant Puerto Rican who won world titles in three different divisions. The long-term endorsement would have earned Benitez $200,000 a year, but there was a proviso: The fighter would have to learn to speak English.

"He just wouldn't do it," recalled Cayton.

(Continued on page 59)

WHAT IF...



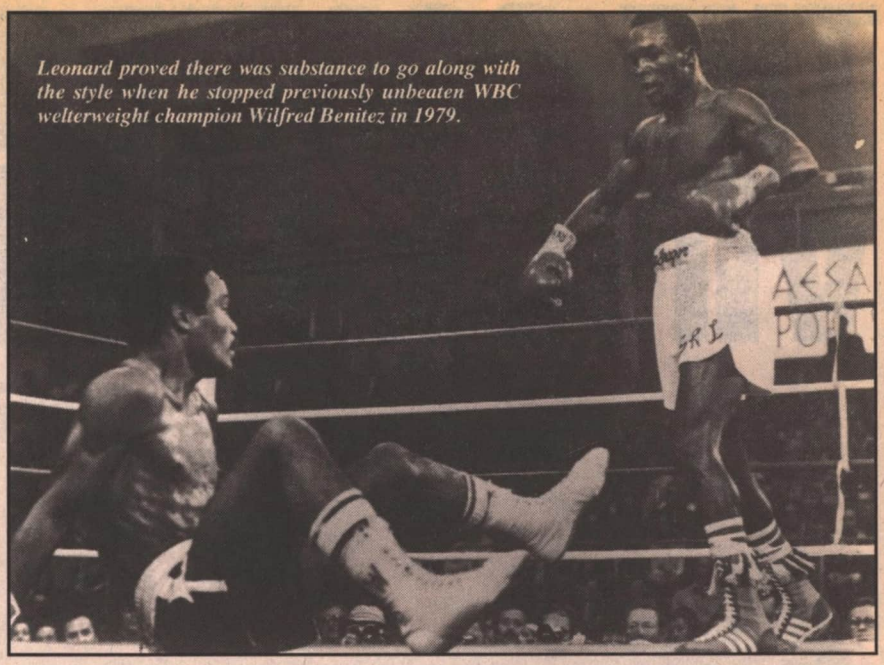
SUGAR RAY LEONARD vs. AARON PRYOR

Most of boxing's best matchups are realized. But not all of them. For a variety of reasons, including timing, injuries, and promotional concerns, the fights we most want to see—the fights that could change history—sometimes fail to materialize. When that happens, we're left with our imaginations, which makes for never-ending conjecture and delightful debate.

With the help of Jim Trunzo, boxing's foremost computer programmer, and TKO Professional Boxing, by Lance Haffner Games, THE RING has once again decided to play matchmaker. (In 1991, Trunzo helped us with "THE RING All-Time Computer Tournament.")

The computer program runs in compiled BASIC and consists of several thousand lines of code. More than two-dozen routines and subroutines cross-check such factors as ring position, the fighters' physical condition, accumulated damage, status of cuts, and special strategy, if any, that is used. In addition, almost 100 variables are constantly monitored during a given fight.

We've presented Trunzo with a handful of dream matchups, fights that could have taken place but never did. His program considers more than 100 variables, and he runs the matchups through his computer 20 times each. What if Jack Dempsey had fought Harry Wills? What if Roberto Duran had fought Alexis Arguello? What if Rocky Marciano had fought Floyd Patterson? Here are some of the answers.



Leonard proved there was substance to go along with the style when he stopped previously unbeaten WBC welterweight champion Wilfred Benitez in 1979.

THE WAY IT WAS

Aaron Pryor hadn't broken a sweat destroying Lennox Blackmoore in two rounds. If his defense of the WBA junior welterweight title had given him any pleasure, "The Hawk" hid it well. Normally just as quick to smile as to scowl, Pryor allowed some of his bitterness to seep out during the postfight interviews.

"It's my title and I'm proud of it," he said. "But it's not the title I wanted. I had to move up a division because of Howard Davis. Not him personally, but because of the Olympic thing. No one wanted to fight me. CBS was showcasing Davis. I lost a split decision to him [in the 1976 Olympic Trials], and he gets a gold medal and I end up a sparring partner. If I start knocking everyone out, move up, grab a title at lightweight, how's that make Davis look? You understand?"

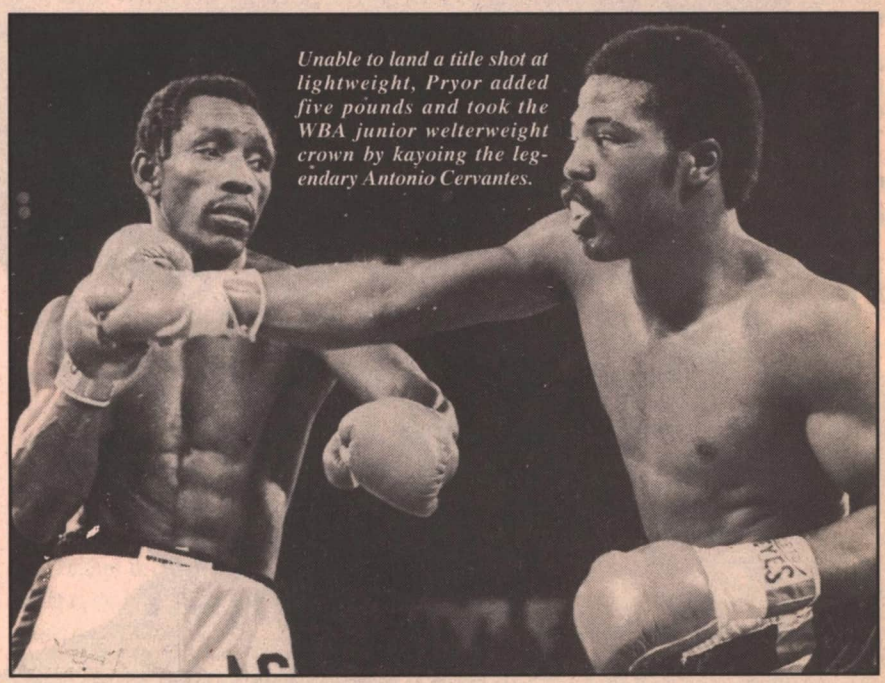
Pryor jumped off the trainer's table and moved around. He shook his head. "After the Olympic Trials, I couldn't even get a job in Cincinnati. All anyone ever asked was, 'Think you'll get a shot at Howard Davis someday?' Now it wouldn't be such a big deal. Everything's timing, and mine ain't worth crap. I got the skills. What I need is the publicity. A big-name fight."

Someone in the room mentioned Hilmer Kenty, and another voice shouted "Arguello!" Pryor scanned the room as if looking for his next opponent. "No, a big-name fight and a big-*money* fight," he said. "Leonard. Ray Leonard." A smile spread across Pryor's face at the very thought of crawling into the ring with boxing's golden boy.

Sugar Ray Leonard's career couldn't have developed any more perfectly had it been scripted. Like Howard Davis, Leonard won a gold medal at the 1976 Olympics, turned pro soon after, and reeled off 25 straight wins (16 by kayo). He convinced the skeptics that he was flash *and* substance by destroying tough Pete Ranzany and veteran Andy Price, then dethroning the brilliant Wilfred Benitez to claim the WBC welterweight crown. After Dave "Boy" Green fell in Leonard's first defense, it seemed it was all coming so easy. Maybe too easy.

As in any well-written screenplay, adversity struck. The casting was right out of Hollywood.

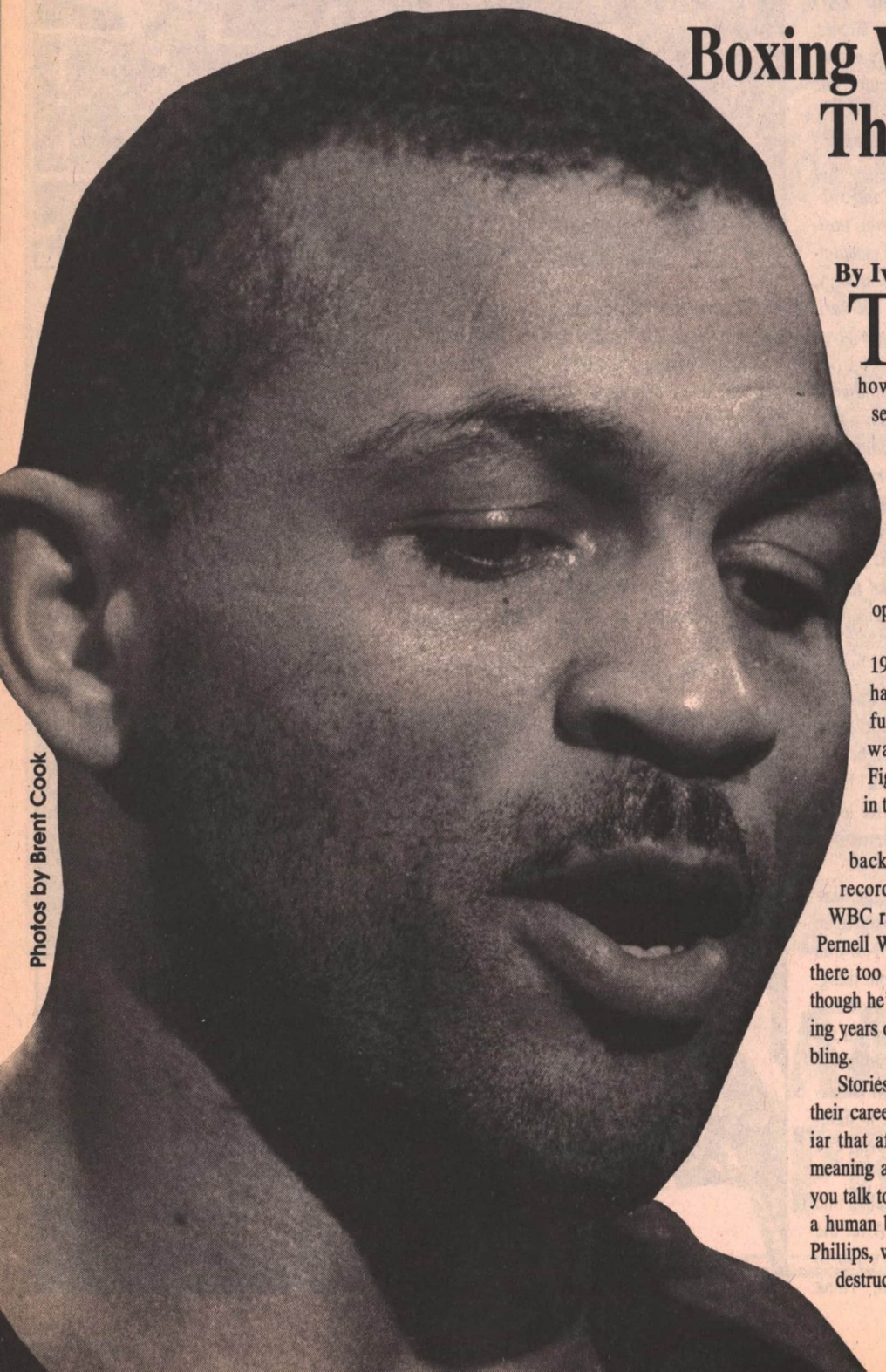
(Continued on page 61)



Unable to land a title shot at lightweight, Pryor added five pounds and took the WBA junior welterweight crown by kayoing the legendary Antonio Cervantes.

THE COMEBACK OF VINCE PHILLIPS

Boxing Was Always The Easy Part



Photos by Brent Cook

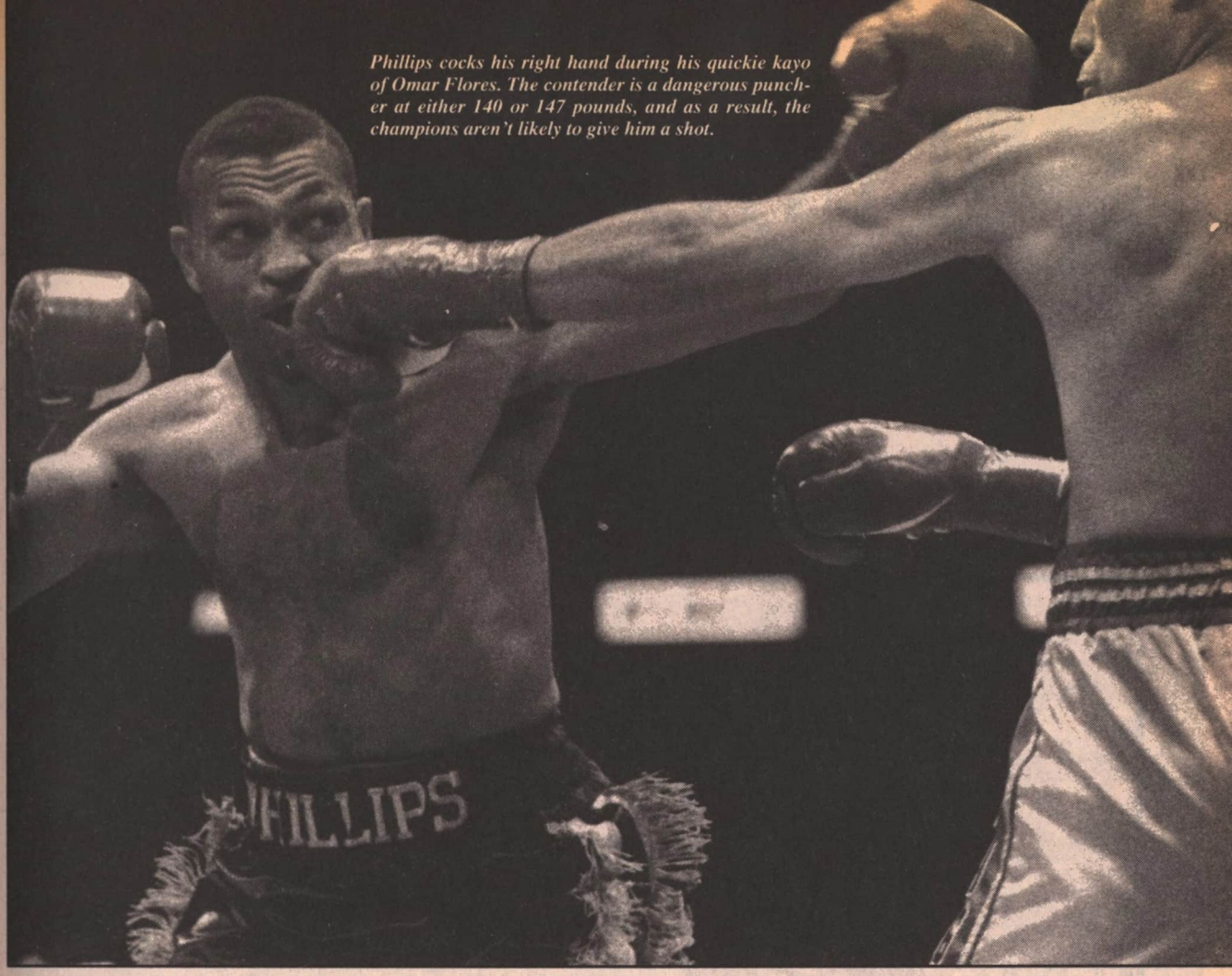
By Ivan G. Goldman

To welterweight contender Vince Phillips, trainer Ken Adams is not Ken, but "Coach Adams." That's how he addressed Adams when they served in the Army together. In those days, the older man was a Master Sergeant who'd already been an Olympic boxing team trainer, and Phillips was a young soldier with a terrific future in the ring, a Specialist 4 on the Army team who tore through opponents like a chainsaw.

But about the time he mustered out in 1987, somebody introduced Phillips to hard drugs, and before long the only future that held any meaning for him was his next score of crack cocaine. Fighting sporadically, he still prevailed in the ring—somehow.

Now he's reunited with Adams and back in contention, having compiled a record of 32-1 (21). With a number-five WBC ranking, he's knocking on champion Pernell Whitaker's door. But he can't wait out there too long, because Phillips is 32. It's as though he's reached that age suddenly, after losing years of his life in a fog, confused and stumbling.

Stories about fighters letting drugs mutilate their careers can become so depressingly familiar that after a while they seem as devoid of meaning as a mediocre TV rerun. That is, until you talk to the fighters. Because each of them is a human being, a distinct person of value like Phillips, who, after all the bad times and self-destruction, has emerged sensitive, vulnera-



Phillips cocks his right hand during his quickie kayo of Omar Flores. The contender is a dangerous puncher at either 140 or 147 pounds, and as a result, the champions aren't likely to give him a shot.

ble, and respectful enough to still address his trainer as "Coach Adams."

Like most fighters, Phillips is a hard guy to dislike.

Said Bob Arum, Phillips' former promoter, "Vince is really a lovely young man, a very nice young fellow. I like him very, very much. And he's a tremendous fighter, just loaded with ability." Then Arum added, "I feel sorry for him."

Phillips understands. Some of his old acquaintances, the people who watched him squander his talent, have never forgiven him for it. He had ability most fighters can only dream about, and he treated it like a throwaway lighter.

"Sometimes," Phillips said, "I'll call up Coach Adams in the gym, when I'm going to be a little late or something, and there's one guy, when he answers the phone, he'll call out, 'The crack house wants you.'

"There were times when something like that used to get me down, and I'd use it as an excuse to get high. Now I talk to a higher power. I feel blessed. I know things are not always going to be great or fabulous. But they get better. And when I have problems, I call on my God."

***

Vince Phillips, the welter with the fragile soul, is still all business in the ring. He's been fighting frequently, scoring impressive wins against fringe contenders Rocky Balboa, Rene Herrera, and Shibata Flores. In September, he showed his stuff at the Great Western Forum against former Mexican lightweight champion Omar Flores.

As usual, Phillips, a native of Pensacola, Florida, who now lives in Las Vegas, threw lots of punches from lots of angles. He showed terrific hand speed, nice footwork, and the killer instinct of a champion. He was also tricky.

"Flores kept his left up, but he made the mistake of not circling away from my right hand," Phillips recalled with satisfaction. "I had to bring his left hand down, so I started throwing right hands to the body."

Phillips developed a pattern—a left, then a right to the body, a left, then a right to the body. After a while, Flores expected almost every left to be followed by a right to the body. Halfway through the first round, the left was followed by a flashing right straight over the top of Flores' left glove. Hit squarely in the head, Flores went down.

After the eight-count, the game Mexican waded in. Phillips simply slipped and countered. "Yeah, he got brave after the knockdown," Phillips said. "And the guy was kind of strong. If the fight would have gone on, he would have picked up more balls. But then I caught him with a beautiful shot."

That shot was another straight right hand. Flores spit out his mouthpiece, and referee Raul Caiz looked into his eyes and waved it off at the 2:19 mark of the opening round. A few minutes later, Phillips was showered and out of the dressing room.

It wasn't talent alone that made the victory. It was also long, tough hours at the Top Rank Gym in Las Vegas, where Phillips trains. He's no longer affiliated with Arum's Top Rank promotional organization, but he's reunited with former manager Akbar Muhammad.

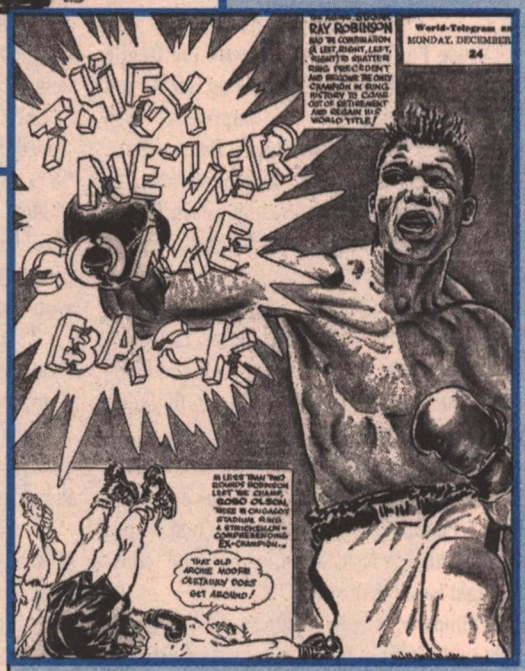
(Continued on page 63)

By Stanley Weston
Publisher, THE RING Magazine

TIME CAPSULES

BEFORE AND AFTER

(December 5 & 12, 1955)



Willard Mullin's two superb cartoons capture the drama of Ray Robinson's startling knockout of Bobo Olson, and his winning the middleweight championship for a record third time. On December 5, 1955, four days before the fight, Mullin hedges picking a winner, but plays up the old "they never come back" angle (above). Then, on December 12, three days after the fight, Mullin portrays a dynamic Robinson fracturing those same words (right).

The year 1952 was monumental and traumatic for Sugar Ray Robinson. He decisioned Bobo Olson to retain the middleweight title, knocked out Rocky Graziano to again retain the crown with an incredible mixture of finesse and brutality, then relinquished the throne to go after Joey Maxim's light heavyweight title and collapsed from heat prostration. Robinson rounded out the year by announcing his retirement just before Christmas.

He stayed retired through 1953 and '54, but in 1955—you guessed it—he told the world he missed being regal and would try and regain "*my* middleweight title." But his few close friends knew the real reason was his uncomfortably anemic bank balance, coupled with the hot breath of IRS tax collectors nipping at his neck. After all, pink Cadillacs cost big bucks.

From January through July 1955, Robby won five bouts, but lost to Ralph "Tiger" Jones, which was no disgrace. On July 22 in San Francisco, Sugar had to pull himself off the floor and was very lucky to get a hotly disputed decision over tough Rocky Castellani. The next day, Robinson's manager, big George Gainford, officially announced what everybody already knew: "Ray Robinson will fight middleweight champion Carl 'Bobo' Olson before the end of the year." Gainford went on to explain that Sugar wanted at least four months "to work himself back into championship shape."

Ray took *five* months to whip himself into championship shape, which, for a 35-year-old, ain't bad. And what remarkable shape that remarkable man achieved. It was much more than enough to leave 17-5 favorite Olson a counted-out, quivering wreck of a now *ex*-champion. The 27-year-old Olson was left groping on the floor of Chicago Stadium with a scant nine seconds remaining in round two.

Back in the dressing room, the first man ever to win the middleweight title a third time couldn't believe how easily victory had come. "It seems almost like a miracle," sighed the Sugarman. "I'm a Christian. I did the best I could and left the rest to God." Probably the only person as happy as Robinson that night was the taxman.

"I DIDN'T QUIT"

(August 7, 1935)

The logo on the towel read "Palmer House, Chicago." It separated King Levinsky from nakedness as he sat on the edge of the ancient rubbing table in the home team's dressing room deep in the bowels of Comiskey Park, home of the Chicago White Sox, on the city's South Side. The King's face was unscratched. Not a drop of sweat visible. Not a trace of evidence that he had just finished a night's work. That towel had been stolen, just as the $31,374.54 the King would later be paid was also stolen.

Stuart Cameron, United Press sports editor, was overly generous and sympathetic by asking the disgraced Kingfish, "What happened?" Less considerate journalists would have asked, "Why did you quit?"

"I didn't quit," King Levinsky insisted. "I never asked the referee to stop it. Yeah, I mumbled something to him. I can't remember what exactly. But it was nothing about quitting."

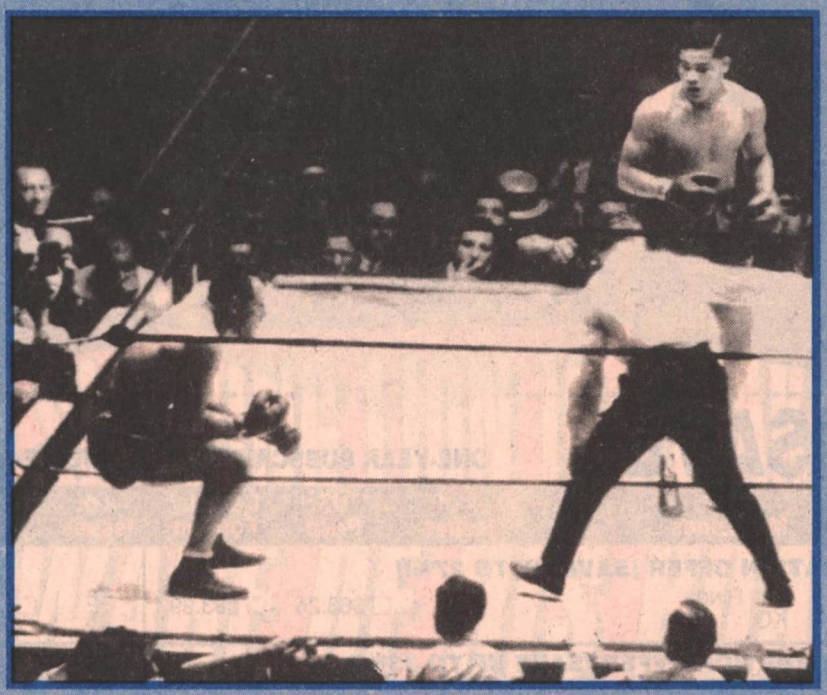
Then, as if magically, there was a memory flash: "Yeah, I think I told the ref to get the guy off me."

The fact is, Levinsky *did* quit, figuring that if he didn't, Joe Louis would have killed him. And probably few, if any, in that crowd of 39,139 thought differently. This was a time when the 21-year-old Louis' career was shifting into high gear. Undefeated in 23 fights (19 kayos), only six weeks before his non-joust with Levinsky, Joe had racked up his most important victory to date by demolishing former heavyweight champion Primo Carnera. In less than two years, the son of Alabama sharecroppers had developed into the world's most famous athlete, the most explosive fistfighter since Jack Dempsey, a hypnotic inspiration for his exploited people, and a sure bet to become heavyweight champion of the world.

King Levinsky seemed an intriguing and formative foe for the young assassin. At 24, only three years older than Louis, the Kingfish, as he was called because he had worked as a fish monger on Chicago's South Side, was vastly more experienced than Joe, and nobody had a more devastating right hand. Among his many victims during an eight-year career had been future hall of famers Jimmy Slattery and Jack Sharkey. Levinsky had also been in there with just about every world-class light heavyweight and heavyweight in the business, including Tommy Loughran, Mickey Walker, Max Baer, Carnera, Johnny Risko, Art Lasky, and on and on. And it was the Kingfish who had the distinction of convincing Dempsey, in a 1932 exhibition, that his glory days were long gone.

With so impressive a background, even the most skeptical critics had to admit that if Levinsky could plant his right fist on Louis' prominent chin, the only way Joe could get back to his corner would be on a stretcher.

That possibility haunted Chicago's elite police department. Any controversial finish would surely incite riot among the legions of Louis worshipers. Preparing for the worst, 1,000 uniformed policemen were detailed to Comiskey Park, supplemented by three squads from the detective bureau equipped with tear gas, rifles, and machine guns. "You'd think Al Capone was in the joint," quipped a young cop patrolling section B-12. Although the finish was indeed controversial, the precautions proved an unnecessary waste of taxpayer money.



Unhurt and in full control of his senses but racked with fear, Levinsky refuses to rise from the ropes as referee Norman McGarrity counts and Louis watches. Disgusted, McGarrity stopped the count at five and awarded Louis a TKO victory.

Terrified from the moment he left his dressing room, Levinsky was half-led, half-shoved down the aisle toward the ring by his canny trainer, Izzy Klein. Only after the opening bell clanged did King's bulging eyes make contact with his executioner's frozen face. In the 2:21 that followed, Levinsky was downed four times, twice by jolting lefts, twice by bone-shattering rights. But remarkably, the Kingfish, though panic-stricken, never lost control of his senses, nor did any of the knockdowns last more than five seconds.

You could speculate that had King's opponent that night had a paper bag covering his head and been named Joe Blow instead of Joe Louis, you might have seen a very different King Levinsky.

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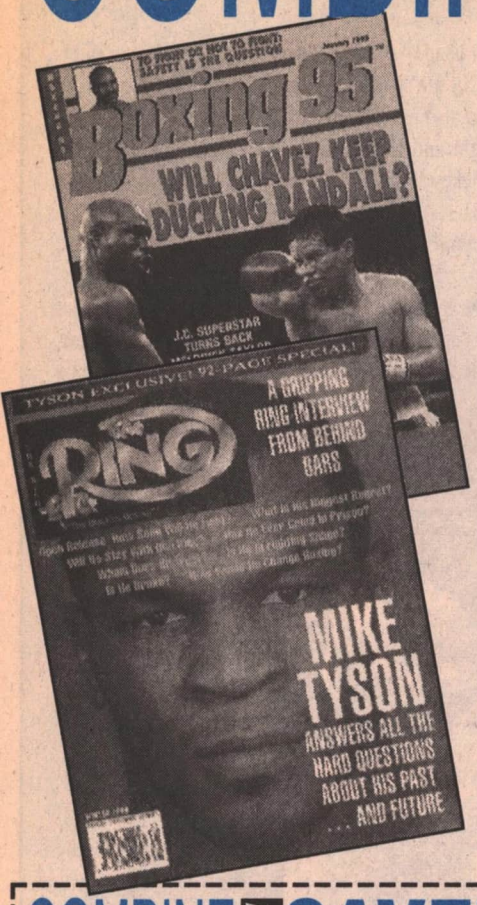

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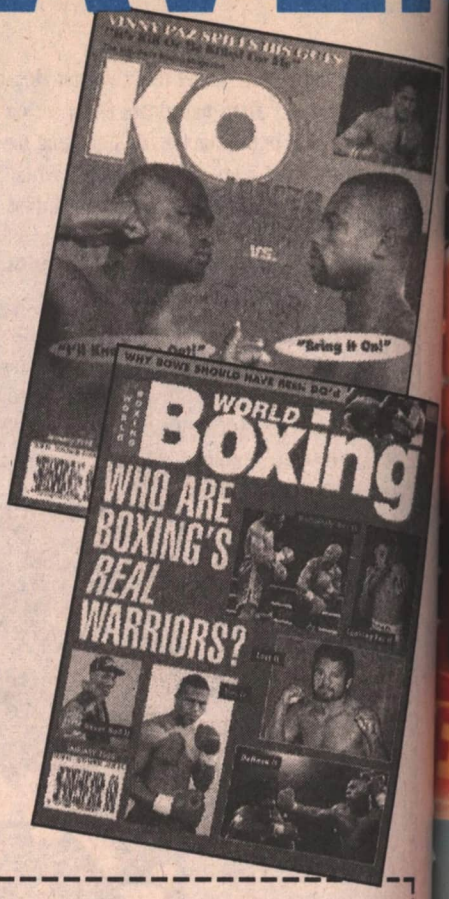

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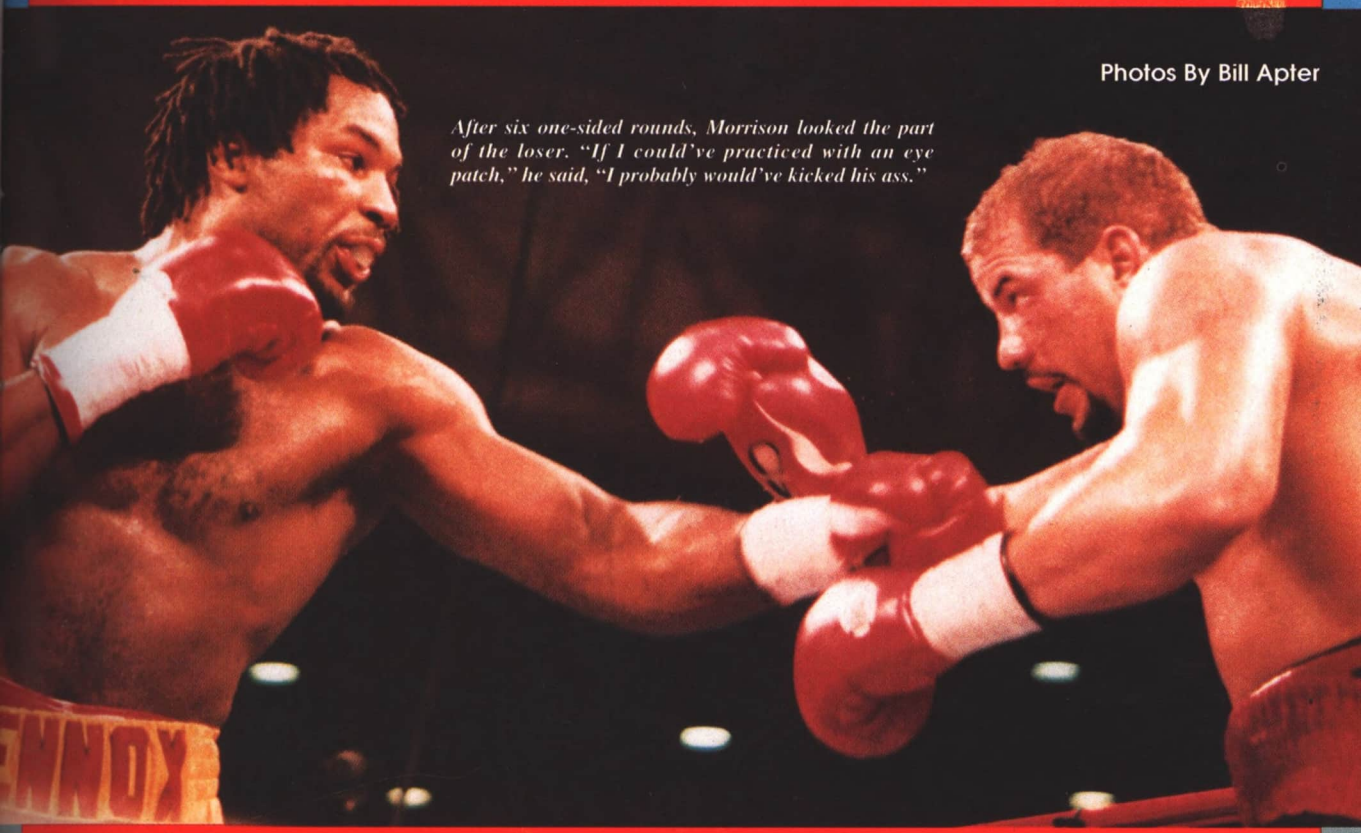


Photos By Bill Apter

After six one-sided rounds, Morrison looked the part of the loser. "If I could've practiced with an eye patch," he said, "I probably would've kicked his ass."

"THE SLEEPING LION IS AWAKING; BEWARE OF HIS ROAR"

By Steve Farhood

It used to be that you could tell something about opposing fighters from the weigh-in, or maybe the stare-out during the final instructions. Now it's the music during the ring walk. If, for the one-millionth time, you hear a scratchy recording of "Gonna Fly Now," be sure the fighter is gonna fly right out of the ring, courtesy of a rocket-like left hook. But if, like Roy Jones, a fighter enters to a personalized rap number, figure him to rap his opponent upside the head.

The music sets the mood. So what were we to think on the night of October 7, when Tommy Morrison walked the walk at the Atlantic City Convention Center to the strains of something halfway between a Gregorian chant and a funeral march? If you wanted to be kind, you'd have described the music as grim. *Desperate* was another word that came to mind. Was "The Duke" trying to tell us something?

Those accompanying Morrison seemed more pall-bearers than cornermen. Trainer Tommy Virgets was dour and tense, and boyish promoter Tony Holden had that frightened I'm-about-to-take-my-final-exam-and-I-haven't-studied-at-all look. Then the opening bell rang and their worst fears were realized: Lennox Lewis' reach really did extend from ringpost to ringpost.

Emanuel Steward, Lewis' trainer, insists there's not a heavyweight who can last more than eight rounds with his charge. Morrison was lucky to make six. He suffered four knockdowns, bled from a pair of cuts, and boxed with his right eye swollen shut from the second round on.

"If I could've practiced in the gym fighting with an eye patch, I probably would've kicked his ass," he said.

Lewis' convincing sixth-round TKO victory temporarily eliminated Morrison from the heavyweight sweepstakes. (Anyone wanna bet against yet another reincarnation?) It also earned the imposing Englishman a place in The Big Four, which became The Big Three when Riddick Bowe defeated Evander Holyfield four weeks later. Crushing defeats often derail careers, but they don't necessarily have to ruin them, and in one year, Lewis has masterfully minimized the effect of his two-round kayo loss to Oliver McCall in September 1994.

"That fight gave me great confidence," he said. "I know it sounds kind of weird when I tell people that, but I felt good after the loss. From the moment the referee speeded up the count, I knew the only way I was gonna get beat was to beat myself."

Say what you want about Lewis' technique, but no one has ever questioned his potential, and the Morrison fight offered a glimpse of what he might yet become. The bout was billed as a crossroads clash between dangerous yet vulnerable heavyweights, and Lewis' straight right vs. Morrison's hook. As it turned out, Lewis was armed with *all* the weapons, and Morrison appeared alternately clueless and impotent.

Morrison may have tiptoed his way to a win over George Foreman, but an upset victory over Lewis—The Duke was a 2½-1 underdog—was incumbent upon his ability to neutralize the former champion's 6½-inch reach advantage. It could be argued that a first-round kamikaze attack might have been foolish, but what was the alternative? Opting for a lukewarm approach, Morrison all but begged for a mugging. Who designed this guy's fight plan, Mahatma Gandhi?

"I should've been more aggressive early," the 26-year-old Morrison acknowledged. "But I never faced this kind of adversity before. I've been in the ring with broken hands, a busted jaw, damaged legs, a bad back, and cut eyes, but never a swollen eye. After the second round I was reaching for him, and I couldn't judge depth very well."

Indeed, Morrison was clearly out of his depth against Lewis. That wasn't immediately evident, because neither fighter opened with a sense of urgency. The 30-year-old Lewis, 241, London, England, studied Morrison, 227, Jay, Oklahoma, like a member of the bomb squad called to an emergency, and that allowed The Duke to carry the first round based on a single punch, a lead right that penetrated his opponent's defense.

Morrison's vision was still intact when, in the second, he was downed by a seemingly dismissable counter hook. Lewis added a jab or two, and by the bell, Morrison was bleeding from a cut at the corner of his right eye.

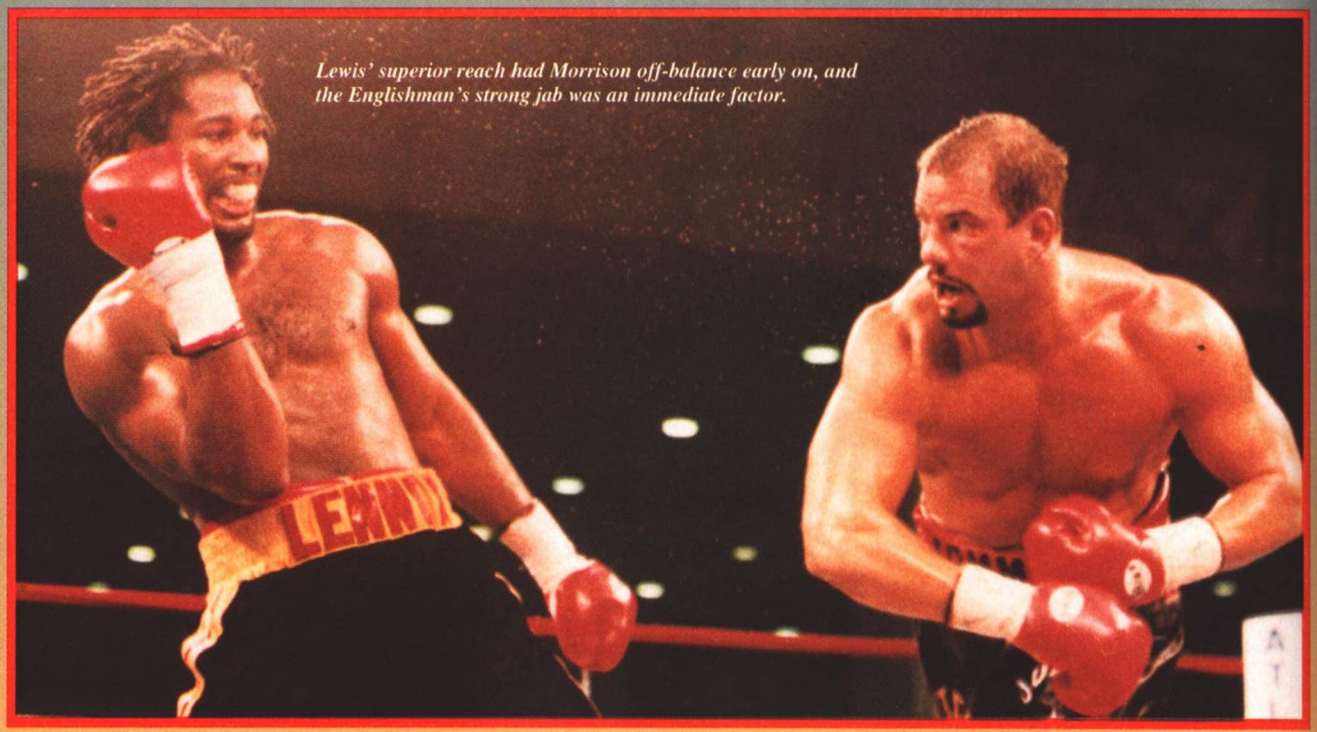
The bout was never again competitive. Content to be cautious, Lewis, 28-1 (24), scored with a selective jab in the third and surprised Morrison, 45-3-1 (39), with two lead hooks in the fourth. For his part, Morrison banged to the body when close enough. Missing was his hook to the chin, which had produced such sensational results against Razor Ruddock and others. If you don't use it, you lose it. And then you lose the fight.

In the fifth, Morrison, now cut under his left eye as well, began to paw at his wounds. Having established himself as a double-fisted threat, Lewis scored knockdown number two with a right uppercut. Morrison has indeed overcome all kinds of adversity, but he begins every fight with the ultimate handicap—a chin that was purchased during a 10-minute sale on the Home Shopping Network. In 49 career bouts, most of which have come against mail-order opposition, The Duke has been down no less than 14 times. That's more than John Wayne's stunt double.

If courage was always enough to win a fight, Morrison might have survived 23 knockdowns and rallied to stop Lewis with 15 seconds remaining in the last round. This wasn't *Rocky V*, however, and reality was quite harsh. In the sixth, there were two more knockdowns, the first coming from a jab, and the second from a hook to the temple. Morrison kept getting up, but after his fourth trip south, referee Mills Lane (USA) issued a mercy stoppage at the 1:34 mark.

The judges were Eugene Grant, Al DeVito, and Frank Brunette, all from the USA.

"I was really confident," Lewis, wearing sunglasses because he *chose* to, said at the post-fight press conference. "You have to remember it's my third fight this year. I've spent a lot of time with Emanuel Steward and worked on different things. I just want to become the best heavyweight in the world."



Lewis' superior reach had Morrison off-balance early on, and the Englishman's strong jab was an immediate factor.

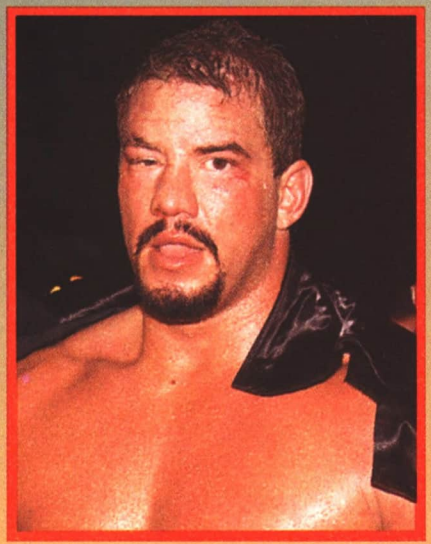
Morrison went down four times from a variety of punches. While "The Duke" has fought through many hardships, including a bad chin, he's never had to fight with an eye almost totally shut (bottom).

Then came a good question and a better response.

"Was that the best performance of your career?" asked a British writer.

"The best of Lennox Lewis is yet to come," answered the winner.

What remains to be seen is not only how good the best will be, but against whom it may surface. After Lewis crushed Lionel Butler in what was billed as a WBC eliminator in May, he was promised a shot at the title. Since then, the crown has passed from McCall to Frank Bruno, a Lewis kayo victim in October 1993. The WBC may have made a promise, but what will happen should Mike Tyson, whom the organization ranked first upon his release from prison, desire a showdown with Bruno?



Regardless, Bruno is the fighter Lewis wants most. "I beat Bruno at my worst, and when he was at his best," Lewis said. "I thought kayoing him the first time would've humbled him, but he's even more arrogant."

As for Tyson and Bowe, Lewis said he wouldn't "sit around and wait" for a date with the former, while a fight with the latter would be "a repeat of the 1988 Olympics."

"I've got an ego problem in that I think I'm great," Lewis said. "All fighters go through a scenario were they're in a real tough fight and find out whether they're man or mouse. I look forward to meeting a fighter who can bring me up to that level.

"Tell the fans the sleeping lion is awaking. Beware of his roar." ■

HOW FIRM IS RIDDICK BOWE'S HOLD ON THE HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION?

Riddick Bowe proved his superiority over Evander Holyfield, but did he raise his stock in doing so? The fight provided some answers—and created some more questions.

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

By Ron Borges

When Tommy Virgets looks at the heavyweight division, he doesn't see a Golden Era. What he sees is what many fistic observers see. He sees an unpredictable set of circumstances.

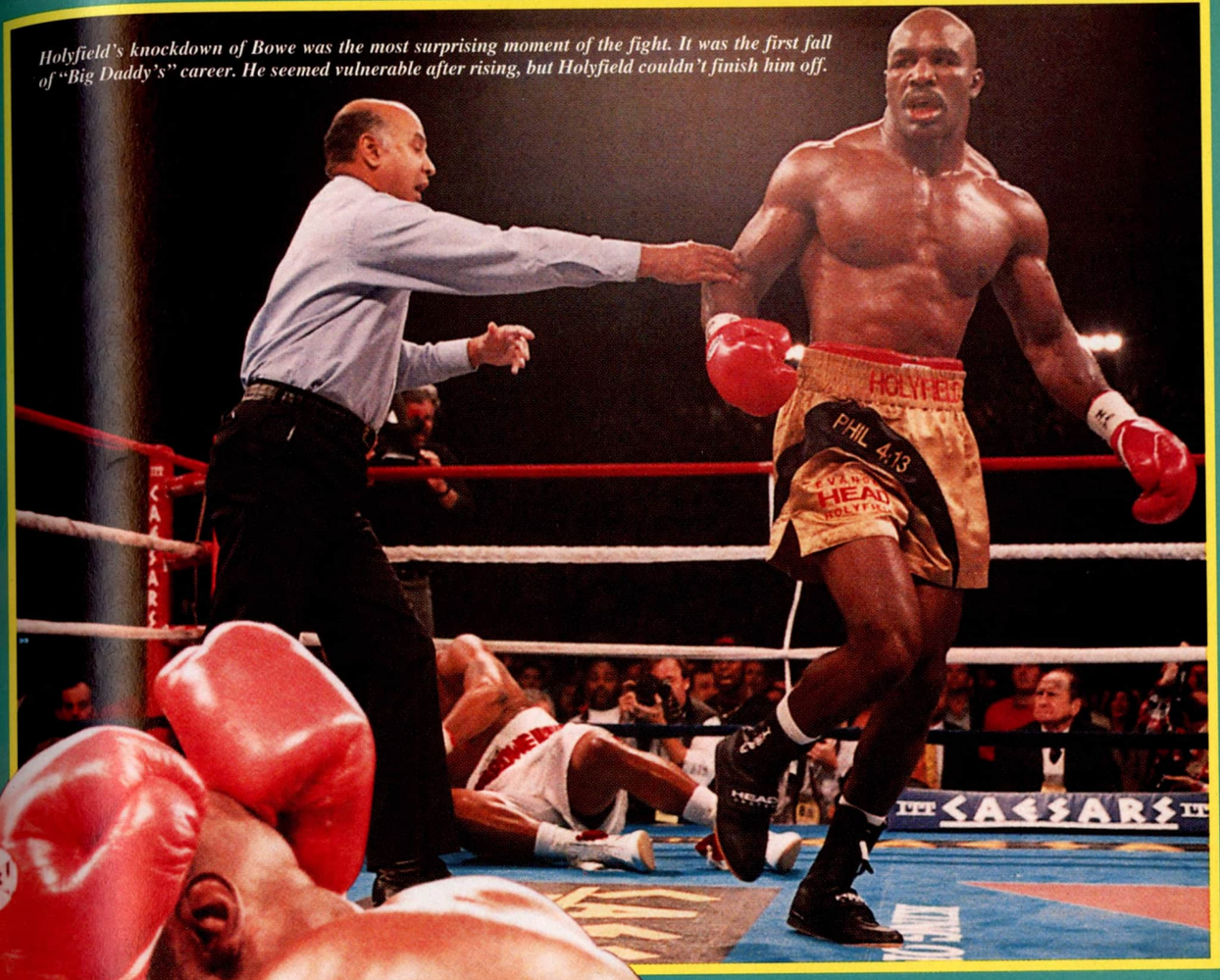
Virgets does not see a Jack Dempsey or a Joe Louis or a Muhammad Ali or a Larry Holmes on the horizon, towering over the field as in boxing's glorious past. Instead, he sees an uncertain future likely littered with unexpected victories and inexplicable defeats.

"If you took the top heavyweights and had them all fight each other for a whole season, like they do in other sports, the winner would be 7-3," Tommy Morrison's perceptive trainer said of today's lot.

What does that say about boxing's most glamorous division? Basically, it says that for all the talk of Riddick Bowe's ascension to the head of the heavyweight class after his eighth-round stoppage of Evander Holyfield, people are still not sold on him. Or anyone else.

Bowe is coming off back-to-back stoppages of previously undefeated Jorge Luis Gonzalez and two-time world champion Holyfield, yet questions still linger about his stamina, his desire, and now even his chin after a tiring Holyfield knocked him half-unconscious with one shot two rounds before Bowe would twice floor his rival on the way to a knockout victory.

That turn of events at Caesars Palace left Virgets even more convinced of his position, one he has developed not entirely because of the lack of ability he sees in Bowe or his chief rivals, but because of their sheer size.



Holyfield's knockdown of Bowe was the most surprising moment of the fight. It was the first fall of "Big Daddy's" career. He seemed vulnerable after rising, but Holyfield couldn't finish him off.

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

BOWE-HOLYFIELD III: THE FINAL CHAPTER

On November 4, Evander Holyfield's body finally broke down in the midst of his third war with Riddick Bowe outdoors at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas.

The two-time heavyweight champion has put great demands on that body, but he finally asked too much of it, and just as it appeared it might yet again carry him to victory against a younger and far bigger man, it deserted him, and with that traitorous act, the 33-year-old Holyfield was undone.

Just seconds into the eighth round of their third meeting, Holyfield walked into a crushing counter right that dropped him straight down on his face. He toppled forward like a broken tree, his eyes dead before he hit the canvas.

Somehow he struggled to his feet at the count of nine, but he had no idea what was happening beyond the fact that he was in deep trouble. Two right hands later he was down again and it was over, both the fight and probably his time at the top of the heavyweight division.

"When he stayed down that long, I knew I'd get him," said Bowe, 38-1 (32), Fort Washington, Maryland, via Brooklyn, New York. "He just didn't have it after that. Once he was hurt, 240 [pounds] against 213 was too much."

Referee Joe Cortez (USA) didn't even bother to begin a count when Holyfield went down the second time from two clubbing rights. The former champion tumbled haphazardly onto the bottom rope, one arm trying desperately to hold off the dark as it flailed away at a single strand for support. With a wave of Cortez' arms at the 58-second mark of the round, both the fight and the trilogy of warfare had ended.

The judges were Chuck Giampa, Bill Graham, and Jerry Roth, all from the USA.

It was a dramatic finish to a night that Holyfield, 31-3 (22), Atlanta, Georgia, had begun in dominating fashion. He used his jab to keep a sluggish Bowe at bay in the first several rounds before suddenly turning the bout into a battle of infighting from the third round on. When one is at a 27-pound disadvantage, this is not often a wise move, but he led by a point on all three cards at the time he was rendered semi-conscious.

By then Bowe, 28, had begun to score heavily to the body—both above and below the belt—and Holyfield had tired noticeably, but the reason for the odd shift in Holyfield's fight plan didn't become clear until the fight was over.

"I was trying to get to him, and it was draining my energy," Holyfield said. "I lost a lot of energy throughout the fight and my [left] shoulder was hurt about the third round. It wasn't hurt before I started, but I was fighting a big man throwing some big punches.

"I was leading by a round, but in my mind I was struggling at times. He was the best man."

That something had gone wrong with Holyfield was obvious by the fifth round. When he answered the bell, his face was drawn and he looked exhausted and in pain. Even Bowe immediately noticed the difference in his rival.

"My bodyshots took their toll," Bowe said. "I could hear him wincing. It just felt like he was very weak."

After several rounds of complaining about low blows, Holyfield was hit below the demilitarized zone a third time (by Cortez' count, and for the ninth time by unofficial count), and it resulted in a point being deducted from Bowe. Holyfield sagged in a neutral corner, and when he came back out, he looked like he was finished.

Bowe came to the same conclusion, which was a bad mistake. Holyfield ended the fifth round with a blistering combination that Bowe thought was his last gasp. The next round "Big Daddy" decided to open up, and when he did, Holyfield again landed a right hand and a smashing followup hook that exploded in Bowe's face and knocked him off his feet for the first time in his career.

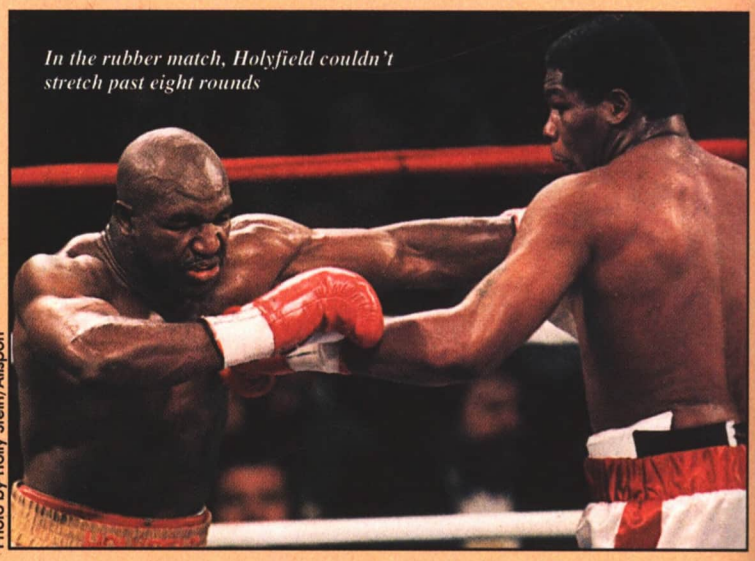
"I knew I was down and I thought, *That ain't right,*" Bowe said. "I thought maybe Evander would punch himself out, and that's what he did."

Bowe struggled up at the count of seven, tottered into a neutral corner, and appeared out on his feet, but Holyfield was unable to finish him. After a few wild punches, the two men stared at each other, Bowe leaning forward with unclear eyes, and Holyfield feinting but unable to throw another punch.

"The only chance I had was that knockout punch," Holyfield said. "I was bone-tired."

With Bowe tottering on the edge of extinction, Holyfield could ask no more from his body. It was finished. Two rounds later, so was he.

–RB



In the rubber match, Holyfield couldn't stretch past eight rounds

Photo by Holly Stein/Allsport

"These men are so big today," Virgets said. "They are much, much bigger than heavyweights of the past. Jack Dempsey weighed 185 pounds! These men, like Tommy and Bowe and Lennox Lewis, weigh 225, 235, 245 pounds. When they connect, something happens."

What has happened lately is that someone ends up unconscious or nearly so. A former sparring partner named Oliver McCall did it to then-WBC champion Lewis. Lewis did it to Morrison, dropping him four times in the process. Bowe did it to both Gonzalez and Holyfield. Holyfield floored both Ray Mercer and Bowe. And everyone remembers what George Foreman did to Michael Moorer, knocking him cold after arguably losing nine straight rounds of their title fight more than a year ago.

These recent outcomes have convinced Virgets there is no dominating heavyweight today, despite the instance of Rock Newman that the win over Holyfield left Bowe the uncrowned champion, and therefore the baddest boxer on the planet.

Bowe may even be all of that, but in this day, what does being the best heavyweight mean? It surely doesn't mean what it did in Louis' era, or Ali's, and some will tell you it doesn't mean much more than being the *second*-best heavyweight. Yet to Newman it means everything.

"Bowe-Holyfield dwarfed any other fights," said Bowe's bombastic but exceedingly clever manager. "The winner became the star of the

show in heavyweight boxing. That was Riddick."

Newman thinks so, but don't tell that to Emanuel Steward. From his perspective, the future of the heavyweight division is clear—and it is not in Bowe's hands. It is not in the hands of Mike Tyson, either, broken thumb or no broken thumb. And it is most certainly not in the hands of the 47-year-old Foreman, or the man he seems destined to meet in his final fight, Moorer.

What Steward concluded after watching the most recent round of heavyweight housecleaning, in which Bowe stopped Holyfield, Tyson broke his right thumb before he could stop Buster Mathis Jr., and Foreman and Moorer simply stopped fighting altogether, was the emergence of his heavyweight, Lewis. Or so he would have you believe.

"I saw Bowe staggered [and dropped] by a weak guy, Holyfield," Lewis' trainer said. "Evander has had too many tough fights. Everything hurts now, his arms, his shoulders. What I saw was two declining fighters in there. That made for a good fight, but both are beginning to slide.

"It's a mismatch with all of them now. Lennox is so far superior, they'll all be like sparring partners. He's much better on the outside, and a much stronger fighter on the inside than Bowe. He'll knock Bowe out whenever he wants. He'd knock Tyson flat and step right over him and go on before anybody knew what happened."

As far as Steward and Lewis' multi-national supporters are concerned (the heavyweight holds British, Canadian, and Jamaican passports), on the very night when Bowe believed he proved himself number one by stopping Holyfield, he actually brought upon himself new questions, or echoes of old ones.

First and foremost was the fact that at 240 pounds, he seemed to quickly tire early in the fight. And he was clearly out on his feet in the sixth round, when a badly fading Holyfield, outweighed by 27 pounds, caught him with a right hand followed by a massive left hook that drove him to the floor for the first time in his career.

That he got up, survived the round against an exhausted Holyfield, and finished him off two rounds later said something about Bowe and his heart, which many mistakenly had questioned early in his career. But exactly what did it say? If you ask Newman, it said he belongs at the head of the heavyweight class. But if you're

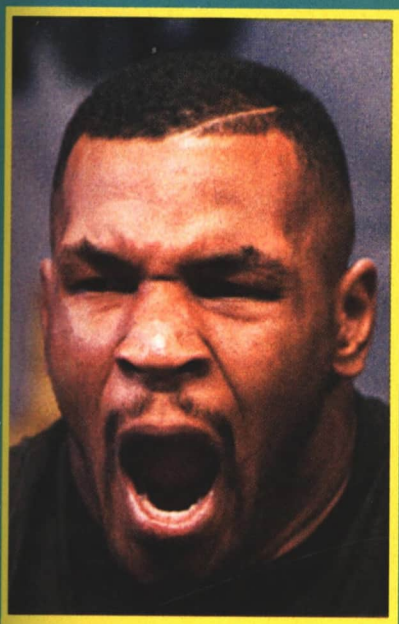


Photo by Holly Stein/Allsport

Is Mike Tyson bored by boxing? "Iron Mike's" mood and motivation will be significant factors in the division's future.

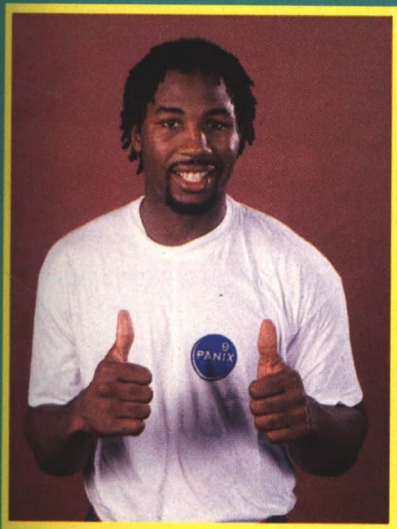


Photo by Bill Apter

Unlike Tyson, former champion Lennox Lewis can say thumbs up. Lewis' stoppage of Tommy Morrison moved him back into the heavyweight sweepstakes.

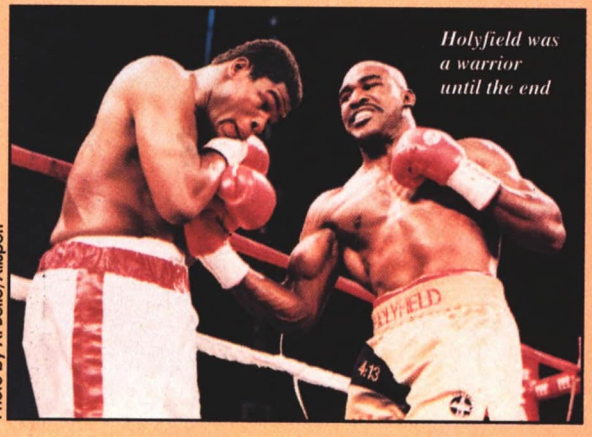
EVANDER HOLYFIELD: A RETROSPECTIVE

Whether two-time former heavyweight champion Evander Holyfield re-retires or not, it's apparent his days as a championship-caliber fighter are over. With that in mind, here's a look back at boxing's first $100-million man.

Best Fight: Bowe-Holyfield I was special, but "The Real Deal's" first world title fight, a 1986 points win over defending WBA cruiserweight champion Dwight Qawi, gets the nod. That Holyfield was able to fight at such a level after only 11 pro bouts is remarkable.

Worst Fight: In non-title fights, we'll go with Holyfield's 1989 stoppage of Alex Stewart. It should never have been that tough. In title fights, Holyfield seemed without a clue in his losing effort vs. southpaw Michael Moorer. And the postfight (mis)diagnosis was a disaster.

Biggest Night: On April 19, 1991, Holyfield outpointed George Foreman in one of the most successful promotions in history. For Holyfield, it was a no-win situation. In hindsight, the fact that he was roundly criticized for failing to stop the then-42-year-old Foreman seems grossly unfair.



Holyfield was a warrior until the end

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Greatest Moment: Winning the undisputed heavyweight title in style by knocking out Buster Douglas with one punch. Not bad for a manufactured heavyweight. His rematch victory over Bowe, arguably the defining moment of his career, is a close runner-up.

Biggest Disappointment: That he never fought Mike Tyson. The first time around, Buster Douglas got in the way. The second time, Tyson suffered a rib injury. If the fight materializes in 1996, with Holyfield long past his prime, it will be poetic injustice.

Scariest Moment: The knockdown—the first of his career—suffered in his heavyweight title defense vs. Bert Cooper. Had "Smokin' Bert" successfully followed up, Holyfield would have been humiliated in his hometown of Atlanta. Runner-up: the cut he sustained in his 1992 bout vs. Larry Holmes.

Strangest Scene: Holyfield fainting at the feet of faith-healer Benny Hinn, who, The Real Deal said at the time, helped heal what was believed to have been a stiff heart.

–Steve Farhood

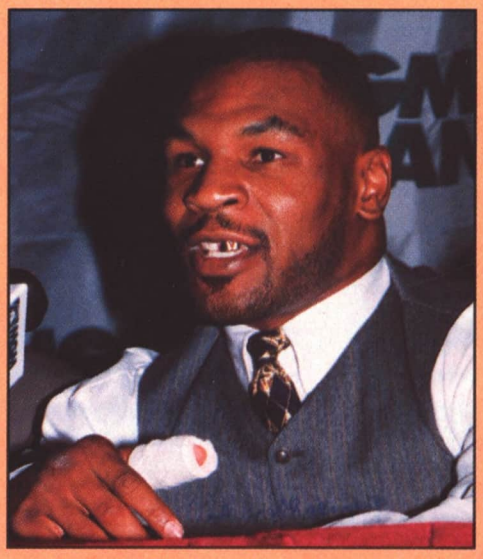
In winning his rubber match against Holyfield, Bowe again proved he has the tools to be the division's dominant fighter. But will he ever again be as sharp as he was in the first Holyfield fight?

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

TYSON'S INJURY: WAS THUMBTHING ROTTEN?

If there are two things we've learned about The Sweet Science, it's that nothing is as it appears to be, and given a chance to help itself, boxing will make sure to instead shoot itself in the foot.

November 4 was supposed to be a glorious and spectacular night, with Mike Tyson in the first prime-time bout on free TV in 10 years, followed by the Bowe-Holyfield rubber match. But four days before Tyson was to meet Buster Mathis Jr. in Las Vegas, the bout was called off when "Iron Mike" suffered a broken right thumb.



Boxing being boxing, there was instant cynicism. Was Tyson's thumb really broken? If it had been initially injured three weeks earlier, why had he been sparring in a public workout the day before the cancellation? Couldn't he beat the limited Mathis with nine good fingers? Had disappointing ticket sales at the MGM Grand precipitated the cancellation?

Dismiss the conspiracy theorists; Tyson indeed had a broken thumb, and given the lucrative bouts that lay ahead, he would have been foolish to have fought at less than 100 percent.

After a sparring session three weeks before the fight, Tyson went to a pair of orthopedic surgeons, Dr. Gerry Marrone and Dr. Gerald Higgins, who took X-rays that showed a break between the main joint and the top of the thumb. They decided that three weeks would likely be enough time for the thumb to heal, but in the aforementioned public workout, Tyson refractured the thumb while sparring with Tyrone Evans. A second set of X-rays were taken by Marrone and Clark, and Dr. Flip Homansky of the Nevada State Athletic Commission confirmed that the fracture was legitimate enough to cancel the fight.

–Steve Farhood

more objective, you left Caesars Palace wondering about Bowe—and about the entire division's top practitioners.

"In my mind, that fight was a perfect parallel to what Riddick endured after losing to Holyfield in 1993 [in their second fight]," Newman insisted. "He had to climb his way back up the ladder, he had to deal with the embarrassment of losing the heavyweight title, and he had to go through the process of getting back to the top.

"I think that experience fortified and prepared him for that moment with Holyfield. Right now, Don King and I fully recognize that a Bowe-Tyson fight would by far exceed any other match that could be made for either or us in terms of generating revenue. Right now is the perfect time."

Newman may feel that way not because he alone believes Bowe is again approaching the fighter he was when he first dethroned Holyfield, but rather because few believe Tyson is anywhere near ready to fight the division's heavy iron after a four-year exile in an Indiana prison and an 89-second kayo of a less-than-journeyman opponent named Peter McNeeley.

Mathis was supposed to be a slightly tougher test, but that bout was canceled when Tyson broke his thumb, and now the talk is of a March 16 fight with Frank Bruno for the WBC title. It is a clear reflection of all that is wrong in boxing that while many questions surround Tyson's comeback, few doubt he will easily dethrone an existing champion.

(Continued on page 54)

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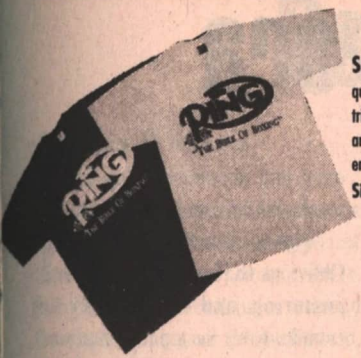

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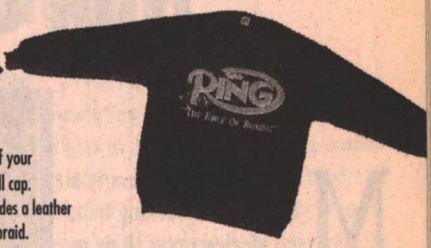

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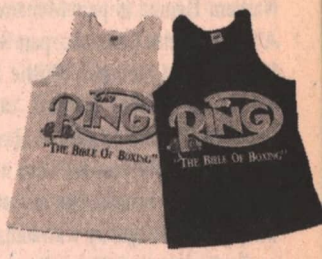

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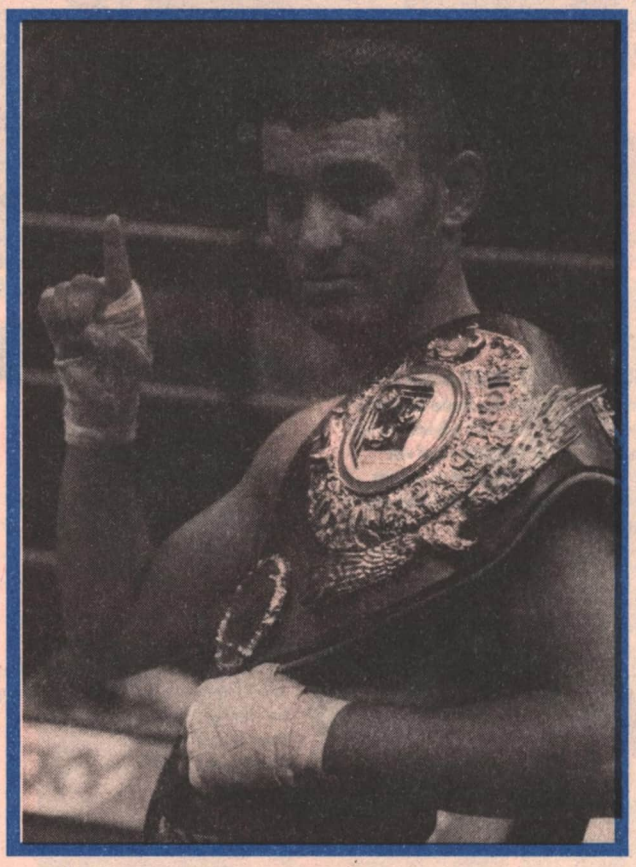
Why Naseem Hamed Will Beat Marco Antonio Barrera

By Steve Farhood



Marco Antonio Barrera is a 122-pound wrecking ball, the Mexican most likely to succeed Julio Cesar Chavez as the best of the boys from below the border. You won't find much criticism of the barrister-to-be in this space. In fact, Barrera has been listed in THE RING's pound-for-pound ratings for two or three months now.

Still, in this duel, Barrera rates second-best. England's "Prince" Naseem Hamed is part Muhammad Ali, part Hector Camacho, part Sugar Ray Leonard, and part Willie Pep. The *good* parts. Barrera could become a great fighter. Hamed already is, and if you don't see it that way, it's only because the rest of the world hasn't caught up with him yet.

In September, Hamed crushed featherweight Steve Robinson in his opponent's backyard. Pretty impressive stuff for a 21-year-old who was campaigning at bantamweight only a few months ago. By the time you read this, The Prince will already have made a successful defense. He's expected to drop back down to junior featherweight early in 1996. Maybe he'll face Barrera, maybe not. Let's hope it happens. Outside of Riddick Bowe-Mike Tyson, Pernell Whitaker-Felix Trinidad, and Chavez-Oscar De La Hoya, there's not a better matchup to be made.

In analyzing the matchup, the key is power. Barrera's punch is overrated and Hamed's underrated. And without an edge in power, Barrera has no edge at all.

There's a common misconception that Hamed is nothing more than a speed-demon southpaw who overwhelms his opponents with punches from a variety of angles. He is every bit that ... and much, much more. Consider the evidence: He's halted Freddy Cruz and Sergio Liendo, neither of whom had ever before been stopped in 56 and 48 fights, respectively; he's halted Armando Castro, who hadn't been stopped in seven years; he's twice floored full-fledged featherweight Robinson, finishing him with a single hook; and he regularly spars with middleweights. No way Barrera intimidates *this* guy.

Barrera has compiled an impressive kayo record of his own. But as was suggested by his points wins over junior featherweights Daniel Jimenez and Agapito Sanchez, he overwhelms his foes with pressure, and not one-punch power. Jimenez, and especially Sanchez, found the strength to fight back, and Barrera was wide-open and accommodating. In other words, his defense is his offense.

This is how the fight will unfold: Oblivious to Hamed's prefight bluster, posturing, and extraordinary ring entrance (over the top rope, *backward*), the stoic Barrera will apply instant pressure. Anxious to score psychological points, Hamed will initially frustrate the Mexican with nonstop movement. But that by itself isn't going to win him the fight. After a couple of rounds, The Prince will begin to counter with typical Hamed stuff, wicked long rights and sweeping, leaping hooks. Barrera won't decelerate; if anything, he'll attack with even more intensity. By concentrating on Hamed's body, however, he'll give the Englishman further opportunities to counterpunch. The fight will be close at the halfway mark, but Barrera will already be busted up. Here's the Catch 22: If the Mexican attempts to adjust, he'll become tentative and lose whatever chance he has of winning. If he fails to adjust, he'll expedite the beating.

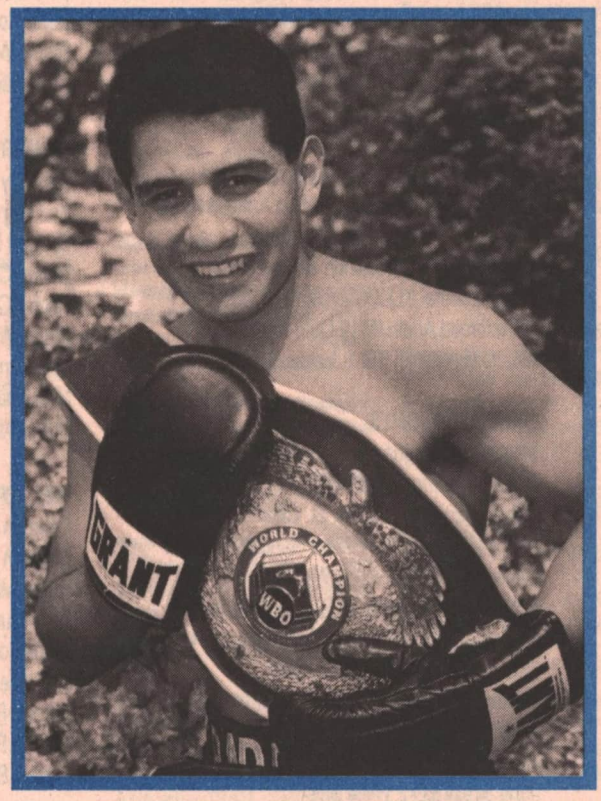
In the late rounds, Hamed will begin to nail Barrera with alarming regularity. One shot or another will force Barrera to pause and stand erect, and Hamed will know just what to do. Punches will pour in until the referee will be left with one reasonable option.

Granted, Hamed has never met an opponent as gifted as Barrera. But instead of exposing Hamed's weaknesses, the Mexican will serve to underline his strengths. A unique talent who seems destined for a lasting greatness, Hamed will fight his very best. A good thing, too, because nothing less will conquer Barrera.

Sorry, *aficionados,* you're allowed only one Chavez per generation. Hamed by ninth-round TKO. ■

Why Marco Antonio Barrera Will Beat Naseem Hamed

By Bruce Williams



If there's one thing that infuriates a Mexican champion, it's an opponent who's all mouth and no respect. Julio Cesar Chavez' best fights included the whippings he gave Edwin Rosario, Hector Camacho, and Greg Haugen, all of whom had spouted off once too often. Chiquita Gonzalez twice humbled an overanxious Michael Carbajal when the Mexican allowed his intelligence and skills, and not his machismo, to rule. Alejandro Gonzalez let Kevin Kelley do all the talking outside the ring, then showed who was the better man when it counted.

That's how it will be if Marco Antonio Barrera ever gives in to the lure of big bucks and lets Naseem Hamed have a match. That's if, not when. While it's an appealing battle of unbeaten budding superstars, there's no guarantee the fight will ever materialize.

Barrera doesn't need Hamed, but Hamed needs Barrera to legitimize himself. Hamed is rapidly rising in weight, having advanced from bantamweight to junior featherweight to featherweight since August 1994. And he's still growing. Barrera, on the other hand, moved from junior bantamweight to junior featherweight in mid-1994, and one of his goals is to drop back down to bantamweight for a title fight, something he and his handlers say will be no big deal. As a result, Barrera and Hamed may never cross paths.

There's little for the highly skilled Barrera to prove by unmasking Hamed's ring vulnerabilities. In Barrera's most recent fight, he knocked out Eddie Croft on the Bowe-Holyfield III undercard. That was his fourth major bout in five months. And the Mexican won't be 22 until January 1996. Clearly, his potential is unlimited. And to think he's already seriously considered retirement so he can pursue a career as a lawyer.

Who is Haseem Named anyway? Excuse me, *Naseem Hamed*, right? Sure, he's racked up 20 wins in four years as a pro, but by the time Hamed took his first fight, Barrera had already registered 17 wins and captured the Mexican super flyweight title. While Hamed has intimidated and confused overmatched foes with his power and awkward left-handed attack, Barrera has dissected and defeated the likes of world champions Eddie Cook and Carlos Salazar, as well as numerous top-10 contenders.

Hamed may turn out to be one of Barrera's easiest challenges. Hamed will repeatedly be compared to Hector Camacho, especially if he wears his trademark leopard trunks. For his part, Barrera will ignore all the prefight hype and use Hamed's taunts and insults to stoke his inner fire until the right time. And like Chavez vs. Camacho, the sound of the opening bell will tell him that time has arrived.

Barrera likes to start fast, and a southpaw is made for his attack of rights to the body and followup combinations. Just ask Frankie Toledo. If Hamed tries to make an early impression, as he surely will, he'll be unpleasantly surprised when Barrera beats him to the punch, takes the Englishman's best, and gives back even better.

Barrera is such a skilled ring technician, and talented beyond his years, that he can choose among several plans for bringing Hamed down to earth. If Hamed survives the early exchanges, the Mexican may choose to pile up points with movement and counterpunching, as he did in his bouts vs. Cook, Daniel Jimenez, and Agapito Sanchez. Barrera will dig punches to the body, slip his opponent's awkward lunges, and answer with fast hands to the head. It may draw boos if he turns the fight into a masterful boxing exhibition, but the crowd's reaction will not faze him. He'll just continue taking care of business.

After a few rounds of Barrera's mastery, Hamed will begin to get worried and desperate. He'll complain of low blows, lead with his head, and swing wildly. The only way the bout will go the distance is if Barrera chooses to punish the Englishman and allow the judges to hand down the final embarrassment. More likely, by the eighth or ninth round, a worn-down and frustrated Hamed will be ripe for a kayo finish. By the 10th or 11th, there'll be a sudden ending, either by surrender or furious flurry.

Barrera is something extremely special. With Ricardo Lopez recovering from hand surgery, it may be time to recognize a new number one in Mexico—and a new entry at the top of the pound-for-pound lists. To that end, Naseem Hamed is merely a steppingstone. ■

Bruce Williams is The Ring's correspondent for Mexico.

SUMMARY

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Riddick Bowe KO 8 Evander Holyfield
Lennox Lewis KO 6 Tommy Morrison
Tim Witherspoon KO 7 Everton Davis
Danell Nicholson KO 8 Jesse Ferguson
Jorge Luis Gonzalez KO 4 Jason Waller
Peter McNeeley KO 2 Mike Sam
Brian Nielsen KO 3 Tony Tubbs
Zeljko Mavrovic KO 4 Michael Murray
Jose Ribalta KO 1 Carlton West
Jose Ribalta KO 1 George Harris
Adilson Rodrigues KO 2 Porfirio Antonio Rosa
Mike Hunter W 10 Arthur Weathers
Jeff Wooden W 10 Marion Wilson
David Izonritei KO 7 Cleveland Woods
Muhammed Addin W 10 Quin Navarre
Alonzo Highsmith KO 1 James Martin

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Marcelo Dominguez W 12 Sergei Kobozev
(Retains Interim WBC Title)
Robert Daniels KO 5 Tim St. Clair
Ralf Rocchigiani W 12 Marc Randazzo
Chris Okoh KO 8 Franco Wanyama
Ginger Tshabalala W 10 Roman Santos
Dennis Andries W 8 Artis Pendergrass
Brian LaSpada W 10 Jimmy Bills
Yosukezan Nishijima W 12 Leonardo Aguilar
Jacob Mofokeng KO 7 John Kiser
William Guthrie KO 3 Jeff Bowman
John Scully KO 2 Willie Ball
Bash Ali KO 3 Wamegne Blaise

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Merqui Sosa KO 3 Benito Fernandez
Dariusz Michalczewski W 12 Philippe Michel
Alexander Gurov KO 5 Patrick Aoussi
Michael Nunn W 10 Charles Oliver
Frank Tate KO 8 Dominick Carter
Duran Williams KO 2 Fabian Garcia
Nicky Piper KO 9 Noel Magee
Eddy Smulders KO 4 Jan Lefeber
Yawe Davis KO 4 Rick Enis
Leslie Stewart KO 1 Tyrone Bledsoe
Richard Frazier KO 6 Ken Wallace
Maurice Core KO 5 Frankie Minton

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Vincenzo Nardiello KO 3
Jose Antonio Bayon-Vargas
Frederic Seillier KO 3 Gaston Cool
Charles Brewer KO 2 Mark Buchanan
Mark Delaney W 12 Andy Flute
Joe Gatti KO 1 Tim Bonds

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Jorge Castro W 12 Reggie Johnson
(Retains WBA Title)
Julio Cesar Vasquez KO 1 Carlos Martin Leturia
Dana Rosenblatt W 12 Floyd Williams
Richie Woodhall W 12 Zdravko Kostic
Karl Willis KO 3 Roosevelt Booth

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Yori Boy Campas KO 2 Anthony Jones
Yori Boy Campas KO 1 Manuel Rojas
Emmett Linton W 12 Steve Martinez
Hector Camacho W 10 Danny Chavez
Hector Camacho KO 4 Richie Hess
Winky Wright KO 9 Young Dick Tiger
Luis Santana KO 2 Kevin Sedam
Nika Khumalo KO 2 Rusty Derouen
Arthur Allen W 10 Curtis Mombelly

WELTERWEIGHTS
Eamonn Loughran W 12 Angel Beltre
Dingaan Thobela KO 8 Rocky Balboa
Roger Mayweather KO 3 Clifford Hicks
Gary Murray KO 5 Luis Maysonet
Ralph Jones KO 2 Kenneth Kidd
Sal Lopez W 12 Tony Martin
Vernon Forrest KO 1 Jesus Mayorga
Vernon Forrest KO 3 Roberto Chala
Giorbis Barthelemy D 12 Alex Quiroga

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Sammy Fuentes KO 4 Juan Soberanes
Jan Bergman KO 6 Rodney Wilson
Darryll Tyson KO 10 Anthony Suggs
Ross Hale KO 2 Charlie Kane
Leonardo Mas KO 7 Andres Sandoval
Jose Barboza W 12 Gustavo Serrano
Isaac Cruz KO 4 Pedro Saiz
Ray Collins W 10 Juan Quiroz

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Miguel Angel Gonzalez KO 5 Omar Ramirez
(Non-Title Bout)
Ivan Robinson W 12 Demetrio Ceballos
Billy Schwer KO 8 Ditau Molefyane
Jose Vida Ramos W 12 Jorge Paez
Billy Irwin W 12 Jesus Rodriguez
Michael Ayers KO 7 Dave Anderson

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Yong Soo Choi KO 10 Victor Hugo Paz
(Wins Vacant WBA Title)
Victor Hugo Paz W 10 Miguel Albarado
Orlando Soto KO 3 Carlos Gerena
Aaron Zarate W 10 Carlos Hernandez
Julien Lorcy KO 3 Mark A. Smith
Justin Juuko W 12 Tony Pep
Jimmi Bredahl W 8 Harry Escott

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Cesar Soto KO 2 Antonio Hernandez
Louie Espinoza KO 3 Arnulfo Romero
Luisito Espinosa KO 1 Raul Perez
Billy Hardy W 12 Mehdi Labdouani
David Santos W 12 Rodrigo Cerda
November Ntshingila KO 6 Teofilo Tunacao
Juan Manuel Marquez KO 10 Julian Wheeler
Edwin Santana W 10 Barrington Francis

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Daniel Zaragoza W 12 Hector Acero-Sanchez
(Regains WBC Title)
Marco Antonio Barrera KO 7 Eddie Croft
Orlando Canizales KO 2 Julio Portillo
Vincenzo Belcastro W 12 Richie Wenton
Daryl Pinckney KO 2 Luis Valenzuela
Enrique Sanchez KO 1 Alejandro Landeros

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Johnny Tapia W 10 Raul Rios
Daniel Jimenez W 12 Al Kotey
Jose Luis Bueno W 10 Luis Enrique Adame
Johnny Bredahl KO 1 Jeffrey Love

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Domingo Sosa KO 9 Jeff Chaves
Alejandro Montiel W 10 Jose Quirino
Jose Alonso Moreno W 12 Armando Salazar
Luis Benavides KO 3 Francisco Tejedor

FLYWEIGHTS
Saen Sow Ploenchit KO 10 Hiroki Ioka
(Retains WBA Title)
Mark Johnson KO 1 Ernest Sneed
Alberto Jimenez KO 2 Zolili Mbityi
Leo Gamez KO 1 Alvaro Mercado
Miguel Martinez W 10 Sammy Stewart

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Jakkrit L.G. Gym W 12 Jesus Chong
Jesus Manuel Herrera W 12 Carlos Rodriguez
Juan A. Torres W 10 Leon Salazar
Manny Melchor W 10 Javier Varguez

INTERNATIONAL BOXING
BACK ISSUES

Feb. 1979: Why Ali May Never Fight Again. Also: Rossman, Gregory, Stevenson, Lopez, shame of boxing.

April 1979: Mike Rossman's First Title Defense: An Easy Win ... And A Difficult Future. Also: Benitez, Franklin, Zamora, Duran, Holmes.

June 1980: Interview With Gerry Cooney: The Heavyweight Contender Answers His Critics. Also: Davis, Gomez, Hagler, Pintor-Sandoval, Briscoe.

Feb. 1981: Gerry Cooney: One Fight Away From The Heavyweight Title. Also: Verderosa, Weaver-Coetzee, Spinks brothers, Ali.

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Oct. 1981: Middleweight Champion Marvin Hagler: Undisputedly The Best. Also: Leonard-Kalule, Arguello-Watt, Gonzalez-Ganigan, Holmes, Sanchez-Gomez preview.

Dec. 1981: Heavyweight Contender Greg Page: Is He Better Than Gerry Cooney? Also: Taylor, Duran, Sanchez-Gomez, Villa.

Feb. 1982: The Only Man Sugar Ray Leonard Is Afraid To Fight. Also: Sims, Escalera, Benitez-Duran, Robinson-LaMotta.

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April 1983: "The Pain From The Tragedy Has Passed," By Ray Mancini. Also: Broad, Hearns-Benitez, 1982 in review.

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RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHTER *of the* MONTH

Riddick Bowe-Evander Holyfield III wasn't as compelling as the first two fights, but it nonetheless contributed to the legend of the rivalry by producing a most unlikely scenario: Bowe getting off the floor to win.

Surprises never cease. In his last two bouts, Holyfield, the blown-up cruiserweight with the feather-fists, has dropped Ray Mercer and Bowe. And "Big Daddy," who was presumably lacking in the intangibles, showed a championship heart by surviving a left hook that seemed Tysonesque, but was indeed the real deal.

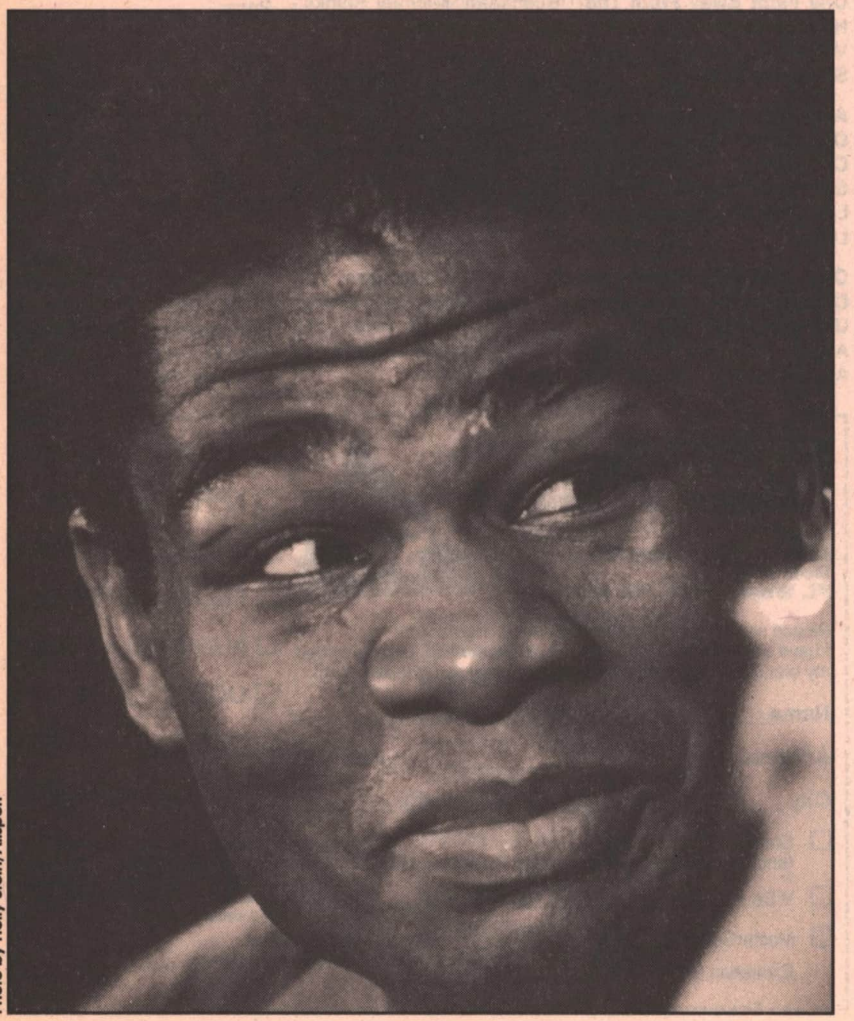


Photo by Holly Stein/Allsport

Developing Bowe into a world-class big man with exceptional skills has been a long and at times painful experience. But it was much more difficult to eradicate the image of the lazy, fleshy blob that fought so ingloriously in the 1988 Olympic gold medal match vs. Lennox Lewis. If the first and second Holyfield fights didn't prove Bowe to be a warrior, the third offered indisputable proof.

Fighters don't change. As it turns out, Bowe had it in him all along.

• • • •

Riddick Bowe

Naseem Hamed KO 9 Steve Robinson

Cardiff, Wales: With an exhibition of some of the most unorthodox skills ever displayed in a British ring, "The Prince" signaled the dawn of an era that some suggest will last well into the 21st century. The most precocious talent in British boxing, featherweight Hamed demonstrated the potential to be a major force in *world* boxing by effortlessly overwhelming Robinson in nine one-sided rounds before 17,000 vociferous fans at Cardiff Rugby Grounds.

Hamed, 125¼, Sheffield, England, not only won every round, but every 10 seconds of every round, silencing Robinson's supporters by the second stanza.

While many will question the caliber of a fighter whose record included nine defeats, Robinson, 125¼, Cardiff, Wales, has beaten, among others, Paul Hodkinson, Colin McMillan, and Duke McKenzie. But it was not beating Robinson that impressed most about Hamed's victory. It was the manner in which he entered an acutely intimidating atmosphere and thoroughly outclassed a man who was expected to at least give him a fight. Hamed will fight better opponents, but on this evidence, it will take a profoundly better opponent to beat him.

Bravery sustained Robinson long after the result had become a formality. He caught Hamed in the face with a counter in the opening round, but The Prince rode with the punch to neutralize its effect. It was one of the few clean shots with which Robinson connected. Hamed, on the other hand, landed with power and precision. Still, he was frustrated at times by Robinson's constant observance of a tight guard. Hamed, 20-0 (18), took the opening round, and more clearly the second, during which he landed a right uppercut that made Robinson's legs quiver. By the middle of the third, Robinson's right eye sported a swelling that worsened as the fight progressed.

The 21-year-old Hamed played a dangerous game by hanging out his jaw in an attempt to lure Robinson out of his shell. But panther-like reflexes ensured that when Robinson, 21-10-1 (10), fired a punch, Hamed was no longer there, instead spraying shots of his own from the most unimaginable angles.

Robinson, 26, was finally floored in the fifth by a wicked four-punch combination punctuated by a right uppercut. He fell onto his back with his feet flying into the air and raised himself by Puerto Rican referee Wiso Fernandez' count of three. From this point on, his sole objective was survival.

Hamed toyed with his foe during the next three rounds and brought an end to Robinson's misery with a perfect left hook that prompted Fernandez to call a halt at the 1:40 mark of the ninth.

"This guy is going to be as good, if not better, than Muhammad Ali," predicted Hamed's trainer, Brendan Ingle.

The judges were Samuel Biruev (USA), Walter Cavalieri (USA), and Paul Thomas (England).

Promoter: Frank Warren

(9-30-95)

Brian Doogan

Vuyani Bungu W 12 Laureano Ramirez

Hammanskraal, South Africa: Defending the IBF junior featherweight title for the fourth time, Bungu scored a dull and disappointing unanimous 12-round decision over Ramirez before a crowd of 3,000 at the Carousel gambling resort.

Bungu, 121½, East London, South Africa, looked jaded and only boxed in flurries against his southpaw opponent. Ramirez, 122, Dominican Republic, was a substitute for Puerto Rico's Rafael Del Valle, who fell out because of an abscess on his nose.

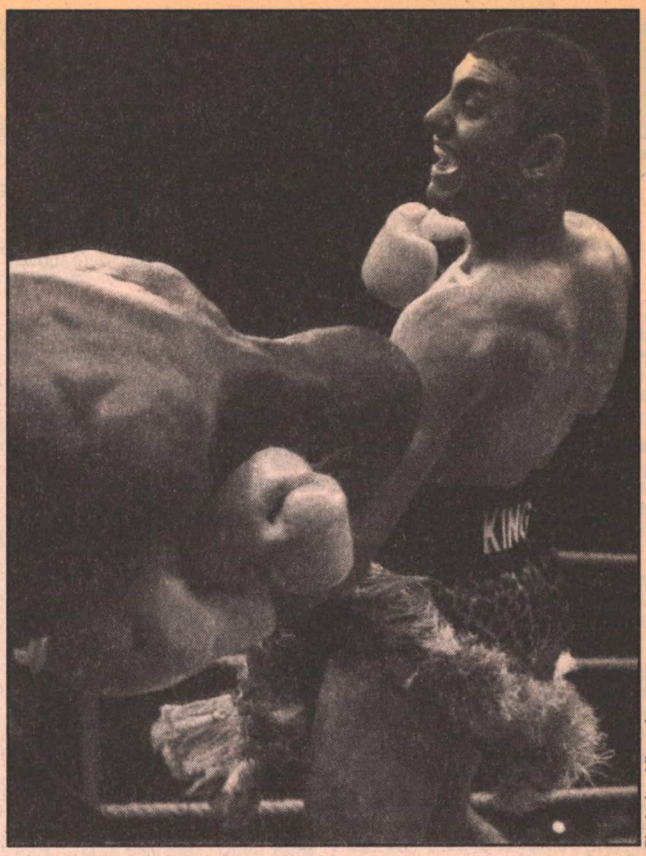


Photo by Allsport

Hamed sparkled against Robinson

Al Rothenburg (USA) and Cesar Ramos (Puerto Rico) both scored 117-111 and Sinton Tsekeletsi (South Africa) 118-111. The referee was Clement Martin (South Africa).

Though Bungu won easily enough, the fight was closer than the cards suggested, with Ramirez putting up a spirited challenge, making Bungu fight on the outside, and connecting with looping lefts to the body.

Luckily for the champion, the stockily built Ramirez, 19-3-1 (7), did not carry much power in his punches. Bungu, 28-2 (17), was always the stronger and more aggressive of the two. Each round was the same—active but never exciting.

Bungu remains a skilled craftsman. Based on this performance, however, he'll have to pick up his workrate to recapture the form of his title-winning bout against Kennedy McKinney.

Promoter: Rodney Berman

(9-26-95)

Ron Jackson

Henry Maske W 12 Graciano Rocchigiani

Munich, Germany: Rematches rarely live up to the quality of the original, and IBF light heavyweight champion Maske prodded his way to a laborious unanimous decision over uninspired countryman and fellow southpaw Rocchigiani before a crowd of 12,240 at Olympic Hall.

It was Maske's eighth defense. In his previous bout, he won a close decision over former IBF super middleweight champion Rocchigiani in May.

There was a strange lack of motivation and urgency about Rocchigiani, 173¼, Berlin, Germany, for almost the entire fight, which resulted in an

all-too-predictable encounter. The rematch was in stark contrast to the pre-fight entertainment, during which a singer was raised about 150 feet into the air by a crane. Round after round, Maske, 173¾, Frankfurt, Germany, controlled matters with his thumping jab, while Rocchigiani failed to establish any rhythm or venom. Indeed, he seemed more fired up *before* the opening bell, when he twice fired kicks at photographers who were trying to steal precious inches under the bottom rope. Referee Robert Byrne (USA) would not allow the bout to begin until the cameras were moved back from the edge of the canvas.

There was little action for them to record anyway, as the two left-handers spent as much time feinting as punching. The 31-year-old Rocchigiani maintained a tight guard, which, in the opening round, Maske, 28-0 (12), found difficult to penetrate. The champion's punches lacked authority, and Rocchigiani, 37-3-1 (19), was allowed to assume the role of aggressor in the second. Apart from a left uppercut to Maske's jaw, however, he landed nothing of note. When he repeated the punch in the third, it proved much more effective and might have been the best single punch of the fight. But it was also Rocchigiani's last notable effort.

Maske, 31, began to assume control by keeping busier and fending Rocchigiani away from the inside, where the challenger could do his best work. Rocchigiani blocked a lot of Maske's blows, but he offered very little in return. And a sufficient number of Maske's punches were getting through to score points. Increasingly, Maske would tie Rocchigiani up whenever he threatened to shorten the distance between them. That tactic made an already dull bout even worse.

The champion was warned for pushing down on his opponent for the first time in the seventh, and was fortunate to escape more considerable punishment. But it would hardly have mattered. Maske took charge with his jab, and Rocchigiani became less and less interested. Even though he must have realized he was well behind on points, and despite the fact that he had almost stopped Maske toward the end of their first fight, the challenger could not raise anything more than a whimper over the last three rounds.

Richard Villani (Italy) scored 117-111, Roberto Ramirez (Puerto Rico) 116-112, and Al Bennett (USA) 115-113. THE RING had Maske in front by 117-112.

A record 17.6 million television homes tuned in to RTL's coverage of the fight.

Maske will next defend against mandatory challenger Duran Williams in Dortmund on February 4.

Promoters: Cedric Kushner, in association with RTL

(10-14-95)

Brian Doogan

Yuri Arbachakov W 12 Chatchai Elite-Gym

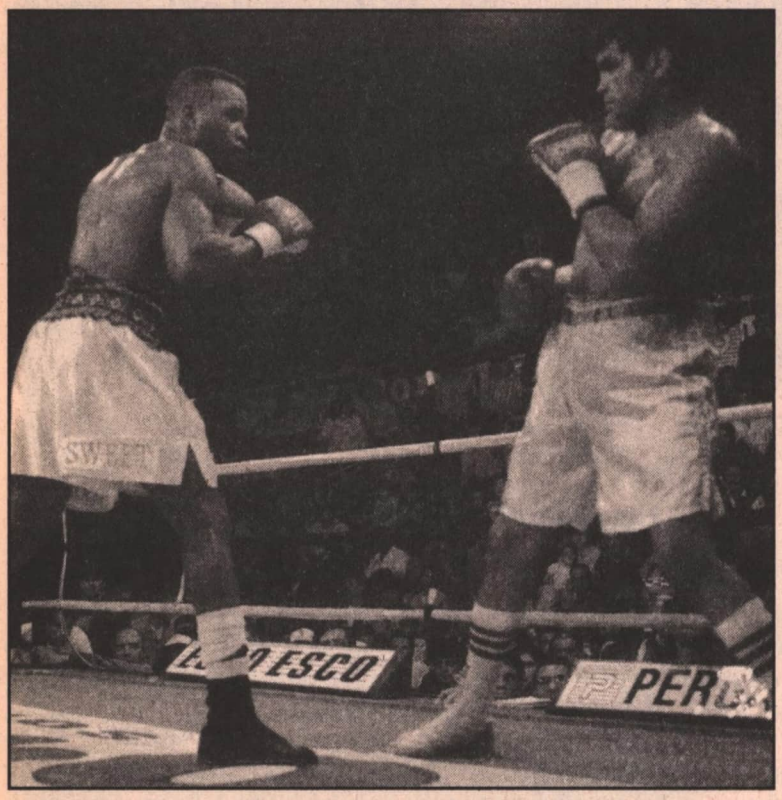
Tokyo, Japan: Having predicted a kayo in his seventh defense of the WBC flyweight title, fan favorite Arbachakov settled for a unanimous decision victory over the previously unbeaten Elite-Gym at the Nihon Budokan martial arts hall.

Arbachakov, 112, Japan, launched hundreds of jabs and one-twos in an effort to make his prediction come true, but Elite-Gym, 112, Thailand, concentrated on eluding the champion's vaunted right cross. The fight was fast-paced but boring, as both flyweights missed often. Arbachakov was the aggressor throughout, while the 25-year-old Elite-Gym, 20-1 (15), remained cautious and in a defensive mode.

From the ninth round to the finish, the 28-year-old Arbachakov, 21-0 (15), accelerated his attack and occasionally moved inside. His strong finish clearly impressed the judges. Rudy Ortega scored 117-113, Chuck Hassett 116-112, and Tony Castellano 116-114. All three judges are from the USA. The referee was Richard Steele (USA).

(9-25-95)

Joe Koizumi



Johnson and Castro have gotten to know each other well

Jorge Castro W 12 Reggie Johnson

Comodoro Rivadavia, Argentina: Making his fourth defense of the WBA middleweight title, local favorite Castro retained the crown by split decision over mandatory challenger Johnson before a crowd of 4,500 at Gimnasio Socios Fundadores. It was Castro's second win over Johnson; in August 1994, he defeated the southpaw by split decision to win the vacant WBA title.

Castro, 160, Caleta Olivia, Argentina, fought for the first time since suffering injuries in a car accident in July. He looked to be in poor condition. Johnson, 160, Cincinnati, Ohio, wasn't aggressive enough and lost a critical point for butting in round six.

As in their first fight, the difference turned out to be the last two rounds, when Castro, 98-4-2 (68), accelerated and Johnson, 35-5-1 (22), faded. The champion was rewarded for his rally, with Manuel Rodriguez (Colombia) and Thomas Aldwyn (Trinidad) scoring for Castro by 115-113 and 118-113, respectively. Philippe Verbeke (Belgium) had Johnson ahead by 115-112. The referee was John Coyle (England).

It is anticipated Castro's next defense will come against Shinji Takehara in Tokyo.

(10-13-95)

Carlos Irusta ■

The RING '60s & '70s ISSUES

When Cassius Clay made his pro debut in 1960, THE RING was there. When "The Greatest" fought Joe Frazier for the heavyweight title in 1971, THE RING was there. Before Carlos Monzon, Jose Napoles, and Roberto Duran made names for themselves, the readers of THE RING were already talking about them. THE RING covered all the boxing events of the 1960s and 1979s as no other magazine could—and now a limited supply of back issues from those two decades are available for $10 each (including postage and handling).

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Feb. 1965: Where Do Our Heavies Stand Now? Plus: James J. Braddock, Emile Griffith, Jose Torres, Willie Pastrano, Oscar Bonavena, Eder Jofre.

July 1965: Jose Torres, Puerto Rico's New Hero. Plus: Clay-Liston II prefight, Gene Tunney, Joey Giardello, Bonavena-Folley, George Chuvalo.

Nov. 1965: Giardello Title Tenure Over? Plus: History of middleweights, heavyweight situation, Johnny Persol, Luis Rodriguez, Mathis & Frazier's pro debuts.

May 1966: Who Will Tame Dick Tiger? Clay-Terrell preview, James Norris, Emile Griffith, Vicente Saldivar.

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April 1967: Death Stalks The Tiger. Plus: Cassius Clay, Emile Griffith, Mike Jacobs, Barney Ross, Joe Clark.

May 1967: Cassius Clay: "Louis Clobber Me? He Must Be Joking!" Plus: Frazier-Jones, Floyd Patterson, Carlos Ortiz, Frazier-Mathis preview, Nino Benvenuti.

June 1967: They're Talking Frazier Now!!! Plus: Ali-Folley, Joe Louis, Ismael Laguna, Clay-Ellis?, Joe Gans.

Dec. 1967: Jack Dempsey Picks Next Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Griffith-Benvenuti II, Joe Frazier, Gans-McGovern controversy, Buster Mathis.

Jan. 1968: Corbett-Dempsey Computer Fight. Plus: Joe Frazier, Jerry Quarry, Jimmy Ellis, Thad Spencer, Vicente Saldivar retires.

May 1968: Quarry Revives White Hope Cry!!! Plus: Frazier-Mathis, Jimmy Ellis, Joe Frazier, Dick Tiger, Bob Foster, Nino Benvenuti.

June 1968: Boone Kirkman: Heavyweight Threat. Plus: Ken Buchanan, Sonny Liston, Ernie Terrell, southpaws, Nino Benvenuti & Frank Sinatra.

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May 1969: Frazier-Ellis—A Knockout For 1969! Plus: Mando Ramos, Bob Foster, cornermen, Marty Servo.

Aug. 1970: Robinson, Saldivar Only Two To Do It. Plus: Cassius Clay, Benvenuti-Bethea, Jose Ibar Urtain, Leotis Martin, David Vasquez, Bugner-London.

Feb. 1972: Will Tax Bite KO Foreign Invasion? Plus: Clay-Mathis, Quarry-Bodell, Mando Ramos, Ruben Olivares, Foreman-Pires, Foster-Hicks.

May 1972: The Time Has Come, Says Foreman. Plus: Joe Frazier, Patterson-Bonavena, Bennie Briscoe, Duane Bobick, Peter Jackson.

Aug. 1972: Joe Frazier: "Clay's Jab Gone, I'll KO Him." Plus: Frazier-Stander, Quarry-Middleton, Eddie Perkins, Ben Villaflor, Esteban DeJesus.

Oct. 1972: Fleischer Exclusive: All-Time Choices (96-page collector's issue): Plus: Clay-Lewis, Patterson-Agosto, Bold Bendigo, Tony Licata, controversial punches, Jose Luis Garcia.

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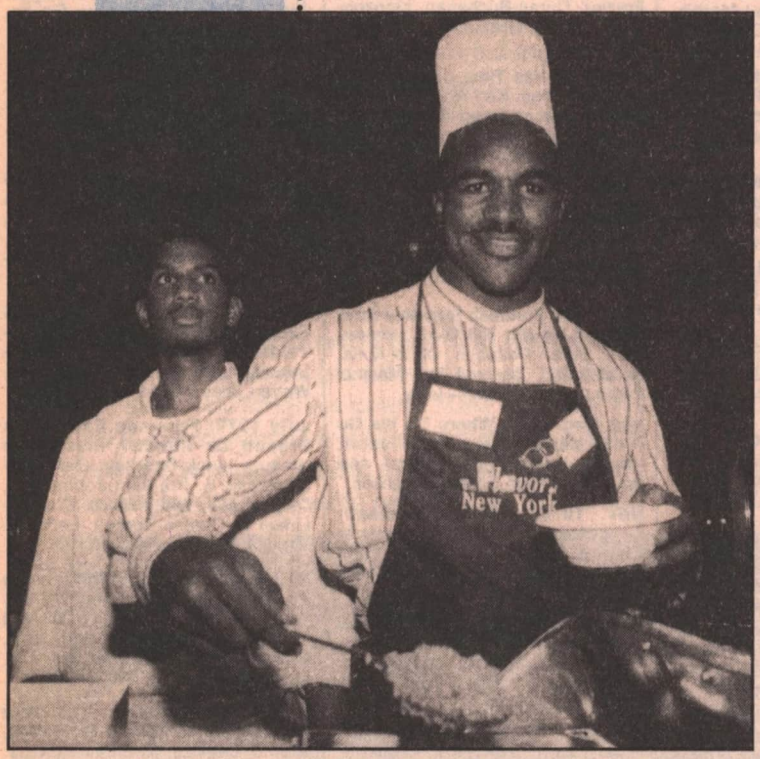

Photo by Teddy Blackburn

Talented guy, that Evander Holyfield. We all know "The Real Deal" can take it, but this photo suggests he can dish it out as well.

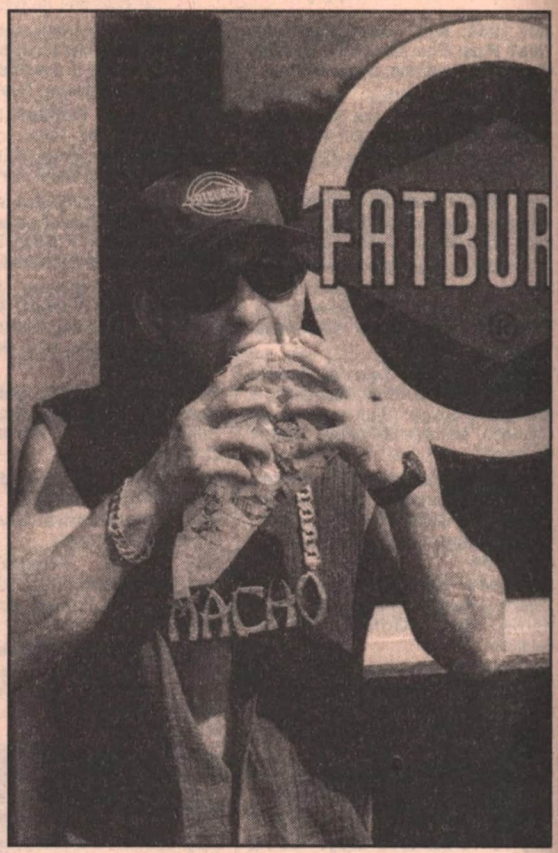

Photo by Rick Beckers

It takes a "Macho Man" to eat a Fatburger, and Hector Camacho was up to the task. According to the press release that accompanied this photo, Camacho downed his Fatburger in record time. A few more of these and he'll be a heavyweight.

Photo by Ray Bailey

Sometimes we publish boxing photos just because they're good photos. This might have been the only punch Tomas Valdez landed in his Atlantic City bout vs. former bantamweight champion Junior Jones in October. Jones won by second-round TKO.

Photo by Scott Romer

Life's been tough for Ray Mancini since he hung up the gloves. Maybe these Hooters girls think Boom Boom will put them in his next movie.

What's boxing coming to when a fighter with three bouts worth of pro experience wins a world title? In September, Thailand's Veeraphol Sahaprom, 4-0, was crowned WBA bantamweight champion after outpointing countryman Daorung MP Petroleum.

NOSTALGIA CORNER

Photo by Theo Ehret

No, the WBC hasn't created a new division. The funny-looking guy on the right is Romeo Anaya, who, when this photo was taken in 1973, was the bantamweight champion of the world. His opponent is unidentified, but we can tell you this: He really needs work on his left hook.

Bowe-Holyfield

(Continued from page 42)

himself, still seem to wonder what the future holds for him, as well as for Bowe and Lewis, who are at least generally accepted to be the other top two contenders.

"I'm still pretty much confused over what I want to do in boxing in general," Tyson said 48 hours before the Mathis fight was canceled. "I'm back in civilized life and it's difficult. At this point I'm very confused, not just about boxing, but about life in general.

"I'm like someone who graduates college cum laude and now has to go out in the real world. I still love to fight, but I have trouble adjusting to life as I am in it now. You have to understand, I'm coming off a four-year layoff. People say, 'Throw him in with this one ... throw him in with that one.' That's not fair.

"Give me a year of straight fighting, these guys are going to have a problem. If I'd been active the past four years, there wouldn't even be a doubt."

Perhaps not, but he had indeed been inactive those four long years, and now he's surrounded by a group of young advisers with no experience in the thin air at the top of the heavyweight division. While many question whether the millions of dollars Bowe has made may have dimmed the flame of ambition inside him, those same people loudly question whether the 29-year-old Tyson will ever approach the fighter he was in 1988, when he destroyed Michael Spinks.

"I feel kind of sorry for Mike," said veteran trainer Lou Duva. "He's like a young kid crying his heart out in a dark corner. How does he overcome that? There's no Cus D'Amato around. There's no Jimmy Jacobs around.

"He doesn't have anyone except yes-men on the payroll. My gut feeling is that he doesn't know if he's going to be able to handle this [comeback]. Evander has his own mental strength. Bowe has [trainer] Eddie Futch. Mike Tyson doesn't have anyone."

No one but promoter Don King and young men like co-manager John Horne and chief trainer Jay Bright. Whether they are strong enough to hold off a rush to put Tyson in over his head, as the public is likely to soon demand, is as big a question in the division as is Bowe's motivation and discipline and Lewis' willingness to continue listening to Steward and finally throwing his jab more than once a round.

If Team Tyson cannot stand up to the public's appetite for seeing "Iron Mike" in a blockbuster extravaganza and he is rushed into a fight with Bowe or trapped into one with Lewis, who is the WBC's number-two contender behind Tyson, the results, at least one keen eye believes, could be disastrous for him.

"Tyson wasn't that great when he fought Razor Ruddock before he went to jail," Futch said. "Now, with 3½ years of inactivity, he's got to prove to me he can fight. He's an unknown quantity now.

"He'd be fifth or sixth in the world on the basis of what he used to be, but this injury will take him time to get back. It will take at least a year more for him to get ready for the top heavyweights. He needs some opposition that will stand in front of him for a few rounds before he can come back and give himself a chance to get into the picture in a logical way. But it's quite possible the people won't let him. Bruno in March could be dangerous for him the way he is now."

The way he is now is off. Off his timing, off his training, off his game. When Tyson's first trainer, Teddy Atlas, who split with D'Amato over Tyson while he was still an amateur, considers the heavyweight picture, he doesn't see Tyson in it to its logical conclusion—the undisputed championship.

"Tyson depended on power, speed, and technique," explained Atlas, who now trains Moorer. "Timing and reflexes you don't often get back 100 percent when you've been off a long time. The things that rely on timing you don't get back.

"His style, Cus' style, is very formatted. It's very strict. It only works for a certain physical and mental makeup. Tyson was just right for it, but there's not a lot of room for error.

"His distance always has to be right. When you come out of the weave [a low crouch favored by D'Amato fighters that moves you into punching position], if you're too far away, your opponent can time you and you're a sitting duck. You need to make your opponent miss and move close and put him under pressure to restrict what he can do. It's not nearly as easy to perfect as people think.

"Tyson had already lost a lot of that before he went to jail. By the time he fought Bruno [in February 1989], he was throwing one punch at a time. His excuse for looking bad [but winning] against Bruno was he'd had a long layoff. It was eight months. Now it's been four years."

That might explain part of the reason Newman favors a quick Bowe-Tyson match. Bowe-Tyson would be worth $60-million or more, and if Bowe wins, it would surely solidify his hold on the division in the mind of boxing fans because of the mystique Tyson still carries, whether he deserves it or not.

But that is not the position of HBO executives, who have television contracts with Bowe and Lewis and want to see them matched as quickly as possible to secure the network's hold on the division.

"Bowe-Lewis is a big fight," said HBO Sports Vice President Lou DiBella after Bowe had kayoed Holyfield. "Bowe has alternatives now. He's sitting on top of the division."

Bowe may indeed be sitting atop the division, but it is not a comfortable seat these days. Not if Virgets is right. Not if the best Bowe can hope for in that mythical matchup with the rest of the world's best heavyweights is 7-3.

Naturally, Bowe thinks otherwise. He believes he has learned his lesson about taking care of his body. Today, he insists, he is a better fighter and a new man, one who will not allow his vast skills to be frittered away.

"That was my biggest mistake," Bowe said when talking of his lack of mental and physical preparation for that second Holyfield fight two years ago. "I didn't give myself the best opportunity to win. But that was a blessing.

"I went back to doing some of the things I did in the first fight that allowed me to win. Using my jab. Throwing counter shots. I'm a much wiser fighter today. I know what my limitations are."

What no one knows yet is just how limiting Bowe's limitations, as well as those of the rest of the division's top contenders, may yet prove to be. ■

Ron Borges is a boxing writer and columnist for The Boston Globe.

New Faces

(Continued from page 16)

"That was the turning point of my career," he said. "Bell was just as fast as me, just as good a boxer, and in just as good condition. It was a battle of wills, and I outwilled him. I knew I could fight after that win. It got me over the hump and will help me when I fight for the title. I always look back on that fight for

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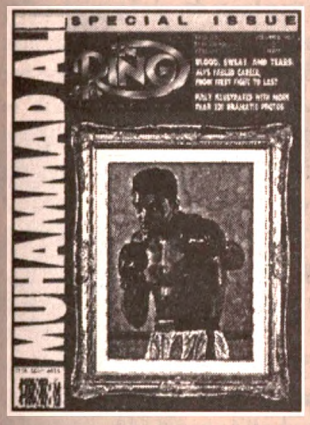

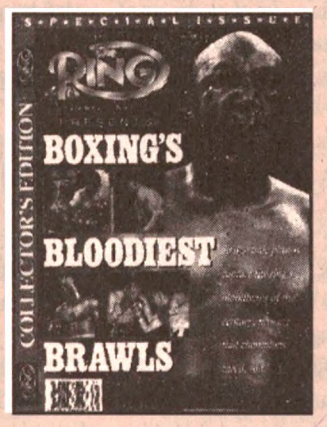

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New Faces

(Continued from page 54)

inspiration."

The 27-year-old southpaw from the Bronx, New York, is 21-0 (14), and rated fourth by the WBA, where Virgil Hill reigns as champion. He is in the shadow of the top 10 of the other organizations. It would seem a world title fight is inevitable. As far as Del Valle is concerned, the sooner the better. First, however, a showdown with two-division former champion James Toney may soon be made.

"I always wanted to fight Toney," he said. "I was sitting with Roy Jones when Toney fought Montell Griffin. I had sparred a lot of rounds with Roy, and he said, 'What are you waiting for? You could beat both of these guys in one night.' I know the Toney fight might be tough, but he better be in shape. I thought he was losing it before he even got beat by Jones. Now he's clumsy, lazy, and fat. I should be able to box him silly."

As for WBA champion Hill, Del Valle is no less blunt in his assessment.

"Hill is nothing," he said. "He's a one-handed fighter, and a one-handed fighter can't beat me. I'm just as fast as Hill and could beat him easily. I just hope he doesn't get beat before I get my chance with him."

Del Valle's confidence was spawned in the projects of Long Island City in Queens, New York, where he said he was the best athlete in the neighborhood. At age 15, he was chosen to travel to a basketball clinic in North Carolina that Lloyd Daniels had attended. His team was called The Outlaws, and he was the star. But he couldn't stay out of trouble, and shortly after returning home he was arrested for robbery. He served 11 months in an upstate adolescent facility. It was there that he vowed to go straight, although he had no frame of reference on how to do it.

"When I got out, I needed something," he said. "Most of my friends were dead, in jail, or were crack addicts. I knew there was something better for me. I just didn't know what."

Del Valle moved to the Bronx to live with his grandmother, and one day passed the Morris Park Boxing Club while walking through his new neighborhood. He was 20, and his only experience was as what he calls having been "the best streetfighter in Long Island City." On a lark, he entered the gym and encountered a grizzled boxing curmudgeon with a heart of gold named Joe DeGuardia Sr. The gym was so tattered, it still had the ring from the original Gleason's Gym on 149th Street in the Bronx, which had departed the borough decades earlier.

"He started from scratch with us," says DeGuardia's son, Joe Jr., a lawyer who is Del Valle's manager. "We could tell right away he had natural ability. He was really quick and was a born fighter. But he was a wild little cowboy in the ring and out. Down deep, though, I liked him and knew he had what it takes to be a winner."

DeGuardia knew a bit about having what it takes as well. In 1981, he entered the New York Golden Gloves as an 18-year-old and made it to the semifinals. He was subsequently in a car wreck that left him seriously injured. He managed to recover enough to earn a law degree, but always yearned for one more shot at boxing's brass ring. In 1988, he beat Larry Barnes, now a world-rated welterweight, for the Golden Gloves title, then embarked on a five-year run as an assistant district attorney in the Bronx. He now handles criminal and personal injury cases, as well as a stable of amateur and pro fighters, including former welterweight champion Aaron Davis.

"There is no harder worker in boxing," he said of Del Valle. "Lou has a lot of quirks out of the ring, but he is dedicated enough to become a champion. He was only in our gym for eight months when he dug down and won the Golden Gloves title. He knows how to pull through when the chips are down. He was actually molded in the pros, and has already beaten lots of people with much more experience. Louis had only 28 amateur fights. He is such a natural streetfighter, though. All we had to do was redirect that anger into boxing."

In March 1993, Del Valle met another prospect, Daren Zenner, on the Pernell Whitaker-Buddy McGirt I undercard at Madison Square Garden. Del Valle hit the deck, but was in command all the way and won a six-round decision.

"It was a great moment for me," Del Valle recalled. "It was a surprise to go down, but I'm glad it happened. It got worrying about going down out of the way. It was great fighting on such a big card. Pretty soon *I* will be the main event on the big cards."

While not a pulverizing puncher, Del Valle is a slick, savvy boxer who can fight in a multitude of styles, which is testament to the training of DeGuardia Sr. and co-trainer Victor Machado. His natural talent has made him a favorite sparring partner for a host of champions and top contenders, including Roy Jones, Al Cole, and Frederick Seillier.

While preparing Seillier for his title challenge of WBA 168-pound champion Frankie Liles, Del Valle said he had to hold back. "I was banging him around so bad, I couldn't believe he was the number-one contender," he said.

Against Cole, he said he pitched "a five-round shutout," and added, "I don't remember getting hit once."

But his best days were spent in the Jones camp in Florida, as the IBF super middleweight champion prepared for his defense against Antoine Byrd. "If you watch the tape, you won't even know who the sparring partner is," said Del Valle. "He was paying me $750 a week, plus $120 to eat. I worked with him for six weeks and held my own. He's the greatest fighter in the world, but he gave me respect. With all the other sparring partners, he played and danced. With me he always kept moving. I took that as a great compliment."

It is easy to decide that Del Valle is a cocky, arrogant showman. Actually, he's thoughtful, introspective, and engaging. He has a deep sense of loyalty, whether in regard to the DeGuardias, whom he reveres, or his girlfriend, Nancy Garcetti, whom he credits with "giving me more confidence than I ever thought I would have."

He is also unconventionally eloquent when discussing where he came from and where he's going. "I've been involved in crazy stuff," he said. "Until I found boxing, I didn't think I had a shot in life. But from the first day, I knew that if I stuck with it, it was my ticket. It was the only sport that never came easy for me, but I never thought about walking away.

"In the beginning, I would get so beat up every day that my grandmother would say, 'What are you, a punching bag?' But I came a long way in only six years. And when it's over, I'm going to be light heavyweight champion of the world. I won't leave the ring without the belt. It's been a hard struggle, but I'm gonna show why boxing is the best sport in the world. I mean, it saved my life." ■

Robert Mladinich is a freelance writer based in New York City.

Paul Banke

(Continued from page 23)

few years, probably as a result of his frequent drug use and careless sexual activity.

Although he never officially retired, Banke's last fight was December 6, 1993. He fought listlessly and lost a decision to Juan Soto at the Forum. That was while he was separating from his wife Christina, who now lives in San Bernardino with their children—Marty, 7, whom Banke considers his own although he is a stepson, and his two children, Paula, 5, and Bobby Jay, 3.

Banke, who says his former wife has already tested negative for HIV since hearing the news and will continue to be tested, moved to Las Vegas after the separation. He got a job in construction and rejoined the world of drugs and sex that he had embraced as a young fighter and never really left.

"Was it drugs that was the cause? I want to say no, but yes," Banke says. "It was the start of it. And I've done my share of going out on my wife, four or five times.

"I was a dipper, just like that guy [actor] River Phoenix. A dipper's someone who just dips into it. I snorted the speed up my nose. I never shot my veins. And I did have a lot of sex. I was very popular in my young life."

He started fighting at 12 and quickly became one of the hottest amateur fighters in Southern California, traveling all over the world with international teams. By the time he was 16, he had been to Russia, been on national television.

"Paul was raised in front of a mirror," Yolanda Miranda says. "The gym was a second home, the ring was his playground, the other boxers were his playmates. He was constantly trained and told what to do.

"But outside the ring, and outside that environment, he lacked the skills to live life. He was very, very sheltered. For him to come out and socialize, it was like a candy store."

Banke failed to make the star-laden 1984 Olympic team, and as a young professional, joined Bob Richardson's All-Heart Gym in Riverside [California], where his left-handed, face-first, slug-it-out style became the fulfillment of the gym's name.

He became a Forum and Jerry Buss [the owner of the Forum] favorite, winning $100,000 in a super bantamweight tournament in 1988, then working his way to a WBC title shot against Zaragoza at the Forum on June 22, 1989. In perhaps the most memorable, fiercest Forum fight ever, Banke knocked Zaragoza down in the ninth, but lost a split decision when Zaragoza surged back at him during the last three rounds.

In the rematch 10 months later, Banke and Zaragoza battered each other for eight rounds at the Forum. Then Banke trapped the taller Zaragoza in the ninth, put him down once, then knocked him out.

Six years later, watching a tape of that bout, Banke nods in admiration of Zaragoza, whose face was a mat of blood well before the knockout.

"I love that guy," Banke says. "Look at him. That guy is just a warrior."

Banke lost the title to unheralded Pedro Decima in November 1990, in his second defense, and never really got the fire back. Zaragoza, someone points out, is still fighting at age 37. But so, in a far different arena, is Banke.

Banke is believed to be the first major American boxer to publicly acknowledge that he has AIDS. A few years ago, before a scheduled title challenge in Las Vegas, middleweight

(Continued on page 58)

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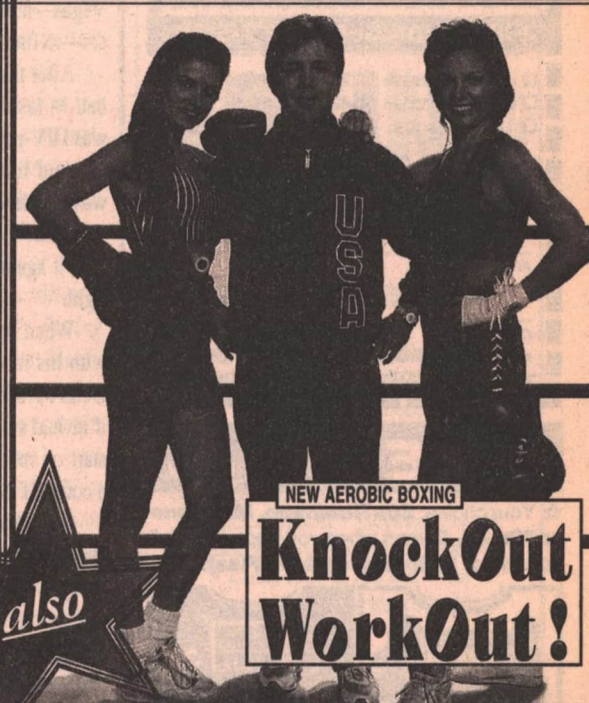

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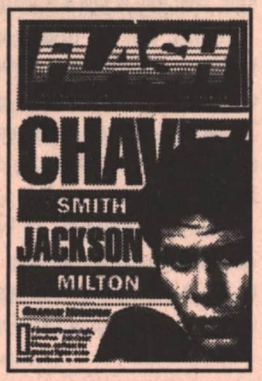

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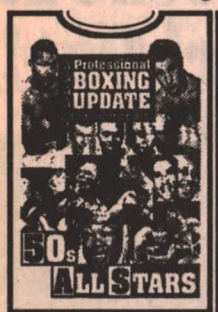

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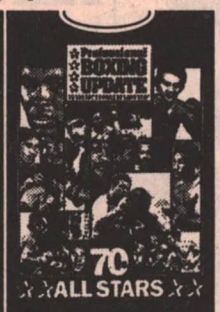

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Paul Banke

(Continued from page 57)

Lamar Parks refused to take Nevada's mandatory AIDS test, then later was reported to have tested positive for HIV.

Banke, who started calling himself "The Real" Paul Banke in the middle of his career, says he still runs into fans who ask him why he isn't fighting anymore, and that, he says, is one reason he needed to go public. The others have to do with being honest with himself, and with his condition.

"You know what? When I was champion, people listened to me," he says. "Now that I'm a former champion, I've got this thing ... If I put the word out, that'd be good."

***

... I have found a spiritual peace, and it's exactly what I was searching for. I've turned my life over to Jesus Christ and have become a member of Victory Outreach Ministries ...

He suspected he was sick in May, when a strange cough did not go away. But it took a brief jail stint for a traffic violation in Las Vegas—and Nevada's AIDS-testing of prisoners—to find what was wrong.

After the test, Banke says he was told that he had to take another one. And that one said he was HIV-positive.

And like a true fighter, all Banke wanted was a rematch.

"That's the boxer's dream, right?" he says. "Do it again! Do it again! And this time it'll be right."

When he came home to Los Angeles to be with his mother, he took a third test at Harbor-UCLA Hospital on August 21. He was told that if he had a T-cell count of 500, he would need to start on medication immediately. And if he had a count of 200, he had AIDS.

"So what do I have? She says, '8-0.' What? Boom! I jumped up," Banke says. "I wasn't ready to hear it. Because I was walking in feeling strong. I was, *Man, I'm going to beat this. I'm going to have, like, 2,000 T-cells. I'm going to blow these doctors away.* I was strong.

"But I had full-blown AIDS, and it happened *like that.* I got up, three doctors tried to hold me down, and I was ready to fight right there. I'll never forget how that hurt. I ran out crying. I think that's where God turned me around, because I turned around. I said, 'You know what? I'm tired of running. It's time to take care of my problems.'"

With the help of his brother Steve, who has been involved in the evangelical Victory Outreach Ministries for more than a decade, Banke embraced religion. For him, the disease became the ultimate sign to change his life—and to get off drugs.

"Thank you, Jesus. I guess he put me in this spot," Banke says. "He tried everything else to get me clean. I couldn't get clean. I am now because I'm scared. I heard people say they're not afraid to die. Well, I'm afraid to die.

"God brought me all this way, and He's not going to let me get to the end, you know what I'm saying? I have to go through this to go straight."

At his lowest moments, Banke has turned to Bill Roberts, a 62-year-old friend of Miranda's who has lived with AIDS for 10 years, has never slowed down, and runs a non-profit program called "Fight Back Against HIV And AIDS."

Banke has already asked Roberts to teach him how to go into the community, speaking about living with AIDS, about beating it for as long as he can.

"He's got the light to want to live," Roberts says. "I can tell you almost within 15 minutes with anybody whether they're a fighter or not, whether this is somebody who's just going to sit back and take it or whether this is somebody who's going to say, 'No, that's not *my* future.'

"He has the additional advantage of having been a professional fighter, and he's not afraid of getting hurt physically. And some of this stuff is very physically uncomfortable, I'll tell you."

Roberts sees tremendous potential for Banke as a bridge to the Latino community. Although he is of mixed ancestry and does not speak Spanish, Banke claims Mexican-American as his strongest ethnic link.

"I think he's in a very valuable position because the Hispanic community is so lost with this disease," Roberts says. "There are little or no Hispanics who can stand up and say, 'I know what I'm talking about because I have it.'"

Most boxers have no medical insurance beyond a $20,000 limit for injuries inflicted in the ring. Banke is dependent on the Los Angeles County medical system for the drugs and care he needs.

Roberts says Banke must find a primary-care physician he trusts. But how can he do that on what he makes as a mechanic's assistant at a gas station in Marina Del Rey?

"God, as simple and as corny as it sounds, it has been just one day at a time," Miranda says.

"If you stop to think about it, it's just so overwhelming. So, he's well today ... "

***

... Please remember me and my children, Marty, Paula, and Bobby Jay, in your prayers. They are healthy, and with God's grace, I'll see them grow up and have families of their own. Thank you, [signed] 'The Real' Paul Banke

Banke was silent for 20 seconds when asked if he was afraid that he might one day give up his battle against AIDS and become like the listless, quiet souls he encounters on his visits to the AIDS clinic. A few minutes later, with the Zaragoza bout in mid-rampage, he is quiet again, immersed in the battle. It's a jarring contrast: the victorious smile in the ring vs. the sadness and doom he describes in the AIDS clinic waiting room.

"I was blessed," Banke says. "I've been very, very lucky. I had a good life. I've done the good, and I've done the bad. I just want to have more time with my kids. Boxing took good care of me. God, I had a good life. But I don't want to go right now. I want more time with my kids.

"I don't want to give up. Right now, I'm strong, I have no symptoms, but if I get sick ... "

Then he turns and speaks directly to his mother, kneeling on the floor beside him.

"Mom, I know I won't make it. When I get sick, that'll be it. I don't like talking like that. But it's true."

Later, as the bout unwinds on tape, his mother yells to him, "Paul, look at you in that fight and tell me you're going to give up now! Tell me you're not a fighter!"

Banke remains silent, staring at the TV screen in the bedroom. The breeze is still blowing. The fight continues. ■

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Endorsements

(Continued from page 27)

"Gillette offered him free lessons, a tutor, anything he needed. But he refused."

Boxers' endorsements come in all sorts of shapes and sizes, most of them relatively lightweight compared to the millions earned by Tyson, Leonard, and Foreman. One of the most common agreements is between fighters and the makers of boxing equipment and ring apparel. Often, all the fighter gets is free gear. But major stars can also earn money and company stock for agreeing to exclusively wear the manufacturer's brand.

The logical extension of this merchandising method is to attach additional trademarks to boxers' trunks and robes. Today, some fighters enter the ring with so many logos plastered on them, they look like a Formula One race car. And the products don't have to be boxing-related. When he was world middleweight champion in the late-'60s, Nino Benvenuti proudly wore the cachet of Desportive, a laxative. Today, you see many Mexican fighters wearing trunks emblazoned with the Maseca (flour) emblem.

Advertising is no longer restricted to small patches sewn onto boxers' trunks. An ever-growing array of logos has blossomed everywhere, from corner pads to ringside banners to the canvas itself. Although the old joke about a knockout-prone stiff selling advertising space on the soles of his shoes has yet to become a reality, McNeeley might want to give it some serious consideration.

The big money really starts to flow when a sponsor totally involves itself in both the fighter and the promotion. Perhaps the best example of this marketing strategy was Kentucky Fried Chicken's "Punch n' Munch" campaign that maximized the promotional capacity of the George Foreman-Tommy Morrison fight in June 1993. KFC began airing TV commercials featuring Big George more than a month before the fight, and paid to have its logo on the ring mat, two of the four corner pads, the program cover, and the TV billboard outside the Thomas & Mack Center in Las Vegas, the site of the bout.

There is a definite international flavor to the pug-as-pitchman phenomenon. According to Claude Abrams of the British weekly *Boxing News*, IBF light heavyweight champion Henry Maske is everywhere on TV in his native Germany. "He does everything from razor blades to cars," Abrams said. Britain's own Frank Bruno has appeared in print ads for Nike in the U.K., but is best-known for his hilarious TV spot for H.P. steak sauce. That's the one where Bruno, dressed as a commando, crashes through a window to deliver a bottle of the sponsor's product to someone who looks suspiciously like a member of the British royal family. Henry Cooper, Bruno's predecessor in the hearts of English boxing fans, was a longtime TV spokesman for Brut aftershave.

But it is Thai boxers like Chokchai 3-K Battery (Chorniwat) and Daorung MP Petroleum (Chuwatana) who have made the ulti-

(Continued on page 61)

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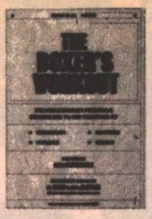

The Boxer's Workout clearly and systematically presents all the elements of a sound boxer's workout program, with unprecedented step-by-step photo-illustrations of the essential moves and punches. It was written by writer-boxer Peter DePasquale, with veteran coaches Al Gavin and Bob Jackson of New York's Gramercy Boxing Gym.

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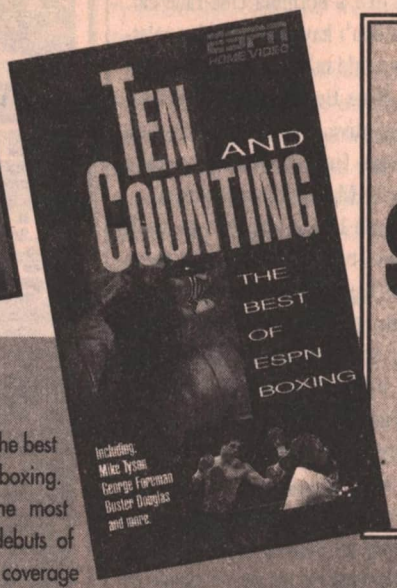

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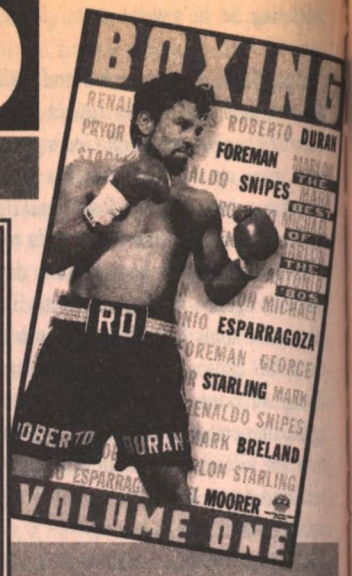

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Endorsements

(Continued from page 59)

mate commitment to their patrons by adopting the corporate name. If this trend crosses the Pacific Ocean, Kentucky Fried Foreman and Julio Cesar Corona will surely be forthcoming. We're not sure about Nike Jones yet. But if Libby's or DelMonte is looking for a new posterboy, we know a *super* heavyweight named Butterbean who's a natural. ■

What If ...

(Continued from page 29)

Sugar Ray was the media darling, smiling, articulate, wholesome, and a stylish boxer with good power. Former lightweight champion Roberto Duran, on the other hand, was the prototypical anti-hero, Dirty Harry in boxing gloves. A violent, proud, and sometimes vulgar Hispanic warrior, Duran attracted attention with his ferocity, his savage attack often overshadowing his many other skills.

In a classic 15-round war, Leonard chose to declare his manhood and fight Duran in ring-center, toe-to-toe, just the way the Panamanian wanted him to. Leonard proved his courage—and lost the title in the process. The loss humanized him, however, and his popularity grew as a result. When Sugar Ray met Duran in the rematch, it was Gary Cooper going out to face the gunman in *High Noon*. Leonard's star had never shined brighter than it did that night in New Orleans. He frustrated Duran, and the champion did the unthinkable when he uttered *"no mas"* in the eighth round.

Sugar Ray wasn't through. Almost on a whim, he moved up in weight and grabbed the WBA junior middleweight title from a respected, if somewhat faded, Ayub Kalule. Then he dropped back down to welterweight, and in one of history's greatest bouts, unified the title by coming from behind to kayo Thomas Hearns.

Less than a year later, Leonard retired because of surgery to repair a detached retina. His subsequent comebacks included a controversial draw in a rematch with Hearns, an unlikely points victory over dominant middleweight champion Marvin Hagler, and a 1988 kayo of Don Lalonde that allowed Leonard to become the first fighter in history to win world titles at five different weights.

After a hall of fame career, Leonard's final record would not include Aaron Pryor's name.

For his part, Pryor kept beating everyone who would get in the ring with him. Dujuan Johnson fell in seven, Miguel Montilla in 12, and Akio Kameda in six. Finally, in 1982, Pryor faced a big name, clashing with Alexis Arguello, who was seeking to become the first fighter in history to win titles at four different weights. Arguello was favored, but Pryor rallied to score a 14th-round kayo in what THE RING named The Fight of the Decade. Pryor then proved the bout was no fluke by stopping Arguello in the rematch.

Pryor's career was choppy after that, with a series of retirements and ill-fated comebacks. His reputation as one of boxing's best little men is secure, but so many what-might-have-beens remain. What might have been had Pryor defeated Davis at the 1976 Olympic Trials? What might have been had Pryor, and not Davis, received the title shot against Jim Watt? And what might have been had Pryor challenged Sugar Ray Leonard? We'll never know.

THE WAY IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN

It is June 1981. WBA junior welterweight champion Pryor stops Lennox Blackmoore, and Leonard adds a second title, dethroning WBA junior middleweight champion Ayub Kalule. Rumors run rampant as to whom each champion will choose as his next opponent. Both have numerous options.

Pryor considers dropping back down to lightweight and taking on former world champion Hilmer Kenty. However, Kenty, while highly regarded, doesn't carry a high profile. Junior welterweight contender Dujuan Johnson also beckons, but the young slugger won't make Pryor rich, either. The fight that appears to be the most intriguing, as well as the most dangerous, is against Thomas Hearns. Hearns' promoters have reportedly offered Pryor $1-million to move up to welterweight for a match against "The Hit Man."

Leonard is also considering a bout against Hearns, and the thought of unifying the welterweight title appeals not only to his ego, but his wallet as well. Leonard is also pondering a rubber match with Roberto Duran.

Then fate steps into the picture. Duran suffers a cut in an exhibition bout and drops out of the picture. Hearns' management balks at every

(Continued on page 62)

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What If ...

(Continued from page 61)

offer put on the table. So when Leonard runs into Pryor at the Donald Curry-Eddie Campbell fight in Atlantic City, a casual conversation turns into much, much more, and after brief negotiations, the stage is set for a fight both the public and fight fraternity have been craving for more than a year.

Pryor wants Leonard so badly, he'd probably take the fight for free. That aside, money is never an issue, with The Hawk signing for $500,000 and Leonard four times that amount. The key issue is weight. Leonard has no desire to drop down to 140 pounds, and Pryor, while willing to fight at welterweight, doesn't want to face a 147-pound Leonard. The problem is solved when Angelo Dundee, representing Leonard, and Buddy LaRosa, Pryor's manager, agree that Sugar Ray will weigh in at no more than 143 pounds.

The fight is scheduled for August 13 at the Dunes Hotel and Country Club in Las Vegas. Pryor insists he'll stop Leonard inside of 12 rounds. "I've waited too long for this day," he says. "If Ray thinks Duran pressured him in their first fight, he won't know what to think when he sees me in his face three minutes of every round. I'm quicker than Duran, and I hit harder than that old man. And I ain't going to quit, Ray. No easy out against The Hawk!"

In response, Leonard simply smiles that famous smile. "Aaron's an excitable guy, isn't he?" he says. "Ask him what it's going to be like getting hit by a legitimate welterweight. He's a good fighter at junior welter and maybe a great fighter at lightweight, but if he's reading his Bible, tell him not to count on the David and Goliath thing."

Answers Pryor, "Is Ray banking on this weight thing? You think it's going to stop me from throwing 100 punches a round?"

THE FIGHT

South African referee Stanley Christodoulou gives the final instructions. The 5'10" Leonard scales 143, though he looks bigger. Pryor, 5'6" and stocky, comes in at 141. Awaiting the opening bell, Pryor seems ready to burst into flames. Leonard, on the other hand, stands casually in his corner.

Round 1: Pryor applies immediate pres-

sure, but as he windmills forward, his punches seem to carry little steam. Leonard blocks and slips most of the blows and quickly moves away. Pryor chases him. Leonard lands a pair of straight rights. Leonard jabs twice and adds a left hook. Pryor is busy but missing. A combination connects, but Leonard is unfazed. Leonard sticks The Hawk with another jab. Pryor misses wildly at the bell.

Round 2: Pryor works inside. He starts with a right to Leonard's midsection and follows with a three-punch combination. Sugar Ray dances out of range, moving to his right. He stops, stings Pryor with two sharp jabs, then reverses his direction, darting left. Leonard suddenly stands flatfooted and drives home a wicked hook that stuns Pryor. He chooses not to follow up. Dancing again, Leonard steps directly into the path of an overhand right. As if to acknowledge the punch, Leonard smiles, then begins to clown with his hands by his sides. Leonard clinches, and Pryor has trouble moving the larger man. Christodoulou moves in to separate the fighters.

Round 3: Leonard waits in ring-center, ready to counter any wild leads. Pryor goes to the belly, prompting Leonard to complain about a low blow to Christodoulou. Pryor seizes the moment and scores with two quick punches to the head. Sugar Ray fires back, landing with both hands. Pryor tries to muscle inside, but Leonard drills him with a beautiful uppercut. Pryor takes a step back. Leonard shoots home a hard right. Pryor misses amateurishly and almost goes down. The bell sounds with Pryor protesting to Christodoulou about rabbit-punches.

Round 4: A portion of the crowd begins to chant, "Hawk! Hawk! Hawk!" Leonard's fans respond, screaming, "Ray! Ray! Ray!" Both fighters appear anxious to trade. Leonard reintroduces his straight right, doubling up with it. Pryor rushes in, but Leonard smothers his barrage. With a stinging, flashing jab, Leonard disrupts Pryor's timing. Pryor bangs Leonard with a right to the body, a hook, and then another right, as Leonard is trapped along the ropes for the first time. Leonard punches back, then spins out, leaving Pryor on the ropes. Leonard rains blows, with Pryor somewhat overwhelmed at the sound of the bell. He returns to his corner with a small cut on the hairline.

Round 5: Pryor accelerates, rolling his shoulders and windmilling his right hand. Leonard motions for him to come forward. Sugar Ray pops him with two jabs, then drives a right into the middle of The Hawk's face. Pryor goes down! After sitting on the canvas, he rises at the count of seven. Pryor instinctively attacks, and Leonard measures him for one final blow. Blood is now flowing into Pryor's right eye. Leonard lands a four-punch combination. Pryor erupts with a volley, and a solid right gets through. But Leonard brings the action to a halt by holding on.

Round 6: Pryor flies out of his corner. However, Leonard doesn't stand around to meet him. Leonard sticks a jab and disappears. The Hawk is trying to cut off the ring, but he clearly can't contain Leonard. Leonard backs to the ropes and invites Pryor in. Pryor obliges, but Sugar Ray again manages to reverse their positions. A tremendous hook leaves Pryor tottering sideways. Leonard swarms, and Pryor looks helpless. A right high on the head topples Pryor. The Hawk rises at the count of six. Christodoulou halts action, but he's not stopping the fight. With Pryor bleeding badly, he calls timeout and asks the ringside doctor to examine the fighter. Seconds later, Leonard and Pryor are waved back together. Pryor punches in bunches, but only Leonard lands with significant shots. Sugar Ray beats Pryor to the punch with another big hook, hurting him again. A right and a left downs The Hawk again. This time, Christodoulou doesn't bother to count, waving the bout over at the 2:28 mark.

THE AFTERMATH

Leonard is his usual gracious self at the postfight interview. "Aaron hit me with some devastating shots," he says. "He hit me harder than Duran did in either fight. Honestly. The little guy is tough. And he can take a punch, too. Forget the knockdowns. My hands hurt from hitting him so often with so many clean shots. Another fighter is outta there in three rounds."

Pryor isn't as accessible. "Don't talk to me," he begins. "He's the guy that won. Go interview him some more. I need a shower, then I'm going to get this cut taken care of."

After being stitched at the hospital, Pryor talks with a single reporter from his hometown of Cincinnati. "He was stronger than I thought," he says. "I couldn't bully him. I thought I caught him with some good shots, but they didn't move him. It wasn't much of a fight."

Then, with a touch of humor and more than a bit of irony, The Hawk asks, "Anyone know Howard Davis' number? Maybe he'll want to fight me now." ■

Vince Phillips

(Continued from page 31)

"He uses the jab a lot more now to set up his other punches," Adams said. "Vince always liked to get on his opponent. But I want him to work on defense even more. Sometimes fighters don't really understand defense until later in their careers."

And it's definitely later in Phillips' career.

(Continued on page 64)

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Vince Phillips

(Continued from page 63)

The Phillips team, of course, is working on the assumption that it's not *too* late, that there's still time to grab a world title and hold it a while.

In early-1993, Phillips was designated to fight Charles Murray for the IBF 140-pound title that had been vacated by Whitaker. But after he kayoed Julio Flores, Phillips tested positive for marijuana. Rodney Moore stepped in, and Murray won the title on points.

"That was January 16, 1993, in Reno, when I tested positive," Phillips said. "I remember everything. It broke my heart."

Shortly before that, Phillips had celebrated his one-year anniversary of being clean from crack. "This one woman I know, she said, 'You should smoke a joint to celebrate,'" he recalled. "'Just a little marijuana.'"

After that, Phillips smoked marijuana regularly, and the weed eventually led him back to crack.

"Vince would have stopped Murray," Adams said. "I had trained Murray, and believe me, Vince would have taken him easy."

The lost title shot wasn't Phillips' first monumental screw-up. Having wiped up the amateur ranks, he had had a better-than-even chance to make the 1988 Olympic team. All he had to do was keep on winning at the Olympic Trials, where he would be going up against fighters he'd already licked. But he was too lazy to make weight at 132 or 139, where he'd been campaigning. He competed instead at 147 and, predictably, lost.

"I was doing drugs," Phillips explained. "I really didn't care about the Olympics, I just didn't care. Can you believe that?"

His past problems aside, Phillips remains an impressive fighter—so impressive that he may not get a title shot until he's a mandatory challenger, if then. It's no secret that the alphabet ratings are created in dark corners of the planet, protected by an impenetrable wall of distortion, favoritism, grudges, and outright lies. Seeking reason or fairness in the process would be about as productive as askinq O.J. to pretty please hand over his other glove.

Mandatory bouts are only mandated some of the time, depending on who you know and what you've got on them. Managers who really work at getting their fighters moved up spend so many hours trying to ingratiate themselves with the right people that after a while they can no longer wipe the smile off their faces. They all start to look like ex-Mouseketeers auditioning for another break from Disney.

"Hey, I understand the game," said Muhammad. "Moving your fighter along—that's management. And we're not all equal at it. What's the use of managing a guy if you're not capable of moving him up to the title?" He noted with some satisfaction that even if there were a federal commission—which he favors—there would still be deals to make. So the negotiations go on.

The 5'8" Phillips has spent most of his pro career at junior welterweight. After taking him up to 147, his team has tried aiming him back down toward 140, and the rather meaningless WBO belt held by Sammy Fuentes. But Fuentes, also past 30, knows his career can't go on forever, and he's targeting Oscar De La Hoya, who is sure to move up to 140 soon.

So Phillips has shifted gears and started talking Whitaker, who stands at number one or two on the pound-for-pound lists. "I know how to beat Pernell Whitaker," Phillips said. "I knocked out every left-hander I ever fought but one. That was Rene Hererra, who went 10 rounds. Pernell won't fight me unless he has to."

Muhammad wants Whitaker, too, but he doesn't completely agree with his fighter. "Whitaker is the kind of guy it's hard to solve," the manager said, "because he doesn't necessarily do the same things. A guy like him, you've got to put enormous pressure on him or he's going to dictate, and you are in for a long night. Because when it comes to dissecting a guy and carving him up, Whitaker's a master."

Phillips, Muhammad said, "could be the first guy who wins the 147-pound title, then comes back down to 140 to win a title there. Because really, Vince is strong either way. But he's not getting any younger. So if you're going to catch lightning in a bottle, it might as well be Pernell Whitaker. Beat the best."

A glutton for challenges in the ring, Phillips also gets excited about taking on WBC 154-pound champion Terry Norris. "We could meet maybe at 150," he said. "Or I'd love to take on De La Hoya at 140."

It's impossible to know how much longer Phillips can maintain his skills at this level. But when he talks about future opponents, he smiles like yesterday was beautiful and there's an endless world of good tomorrows. ■

Ivan G. Goldman is The Ring's correspondent in Southern California.

BOXING COLLECTOR'S NOTEBOOK

By Don Scott

This past October marked the 20th anniversary of the last bout of the greatest three-fight series in history. In "The Thrilla In Manila," a game Joe Frazier was bested by Muhammad Ali after some of the most gut-wrenching, action-packed rounds ever. Only Eddie Futch, Frazier's cornerman, could keep "Smokin' Joe" from answering the bell for the 15th round. And only grit held either man up.

Whenever there have been great fights, collectors like to remember them by picking up the bits of memorabilia that are left behind. All three Ali-Frazier fights are hotly collected, but as always, the trick is knowing what's rare and what's not. Here's what's most collected:

Programs: Since the first two fights were held at Madison Square Garden, and New York fans tend to save more (or at least so it seems), the programs can be found. These are so-called souvenir programs, as well as programs for theater showings. The official fight program, however, is worth $100-150 in mint condition and has a distinct look, with a LeRoy Neiman drawing on the cover. The official program of the second fight has a color photo of a scene from the first fight.

I have *never* seen a program from the third fight, and assuming there is such an item, it would sell for about $1,000. There is a commonly found souvenir program that was sold at the pay-per-view showings. This is called the Cutty Sark program because of its sponsor.

Posters: There are first-fight reprints on heavy cardboard. They're easy to spot; both fighters are pictured, and Frazier's foot is cut off at the bottom border. I have not seen any reprints on paper. The poster for the third fight was put out by an airline and shows both fighters' heads. That sells for about $500-700.

At $30-50 each, closed-circuit posters are much more affordable. These are usually window card-sized and sometimes mention the theater locations. These are good buys; they're pretty, and they don't chew up much wall space. The closed-circuit poster from the third fight was the first boxing collectible I ever obtained. I got it the day after the fight from the window of a restaurant, and no, I didn't steal it.

Tickets: Full tickets to any of the three fights are extremely rare; all sell for more than $500 each. The ticket from Manila fetches close to $1,000. Stubs go for about one-third the amount of a full ticket, and closed-circuit tickets, no matter the condition or attractiveness, bring much less than that.

Miscellaneous: The first two fights feature a commemorative boxing glove, signed by both fighters, that gets about $300. Photos from these fights go for $5-10. If they're signed by Frazier, $20, and signed by Ali, $40-60.

There are souvenir pennants for the New York fights that were sold at the fights. They fetch about $50.

There are boxing cards featuring both fighters. In fact, there are probably more different cards of Ali than any other fighter in history. But there's only one card dedicated to the three-fight series. It was put out as part of the Sportscaster set in the late-'70s. There is a card in the 1991 All-World set which portrays the third fight.

All three fights, of course, were reported in various magazines, and several books have been written about these great battles. *Life* ran a big photo spread following the first fight, with the pictures taken by Frank Sinatra. Regarding books, try *The Fight*, by Norman Mailer (about the first bout). The best of Ali books is *Muhammad Ali: His Life And Times*, by Thomas Hauser. And pick up Frazier's bio by Phil Pepe. ■

Don Scott is editor and publisher of ***Boxing Collectors' News*** *and may be contacted through* THE RING.

WORLDWIDE RATINGS

The ratings of the three major governing bodies recognized by THE RING are supplied by the organizations themselves. They are updated on these pages as soon as they are made available to us. In this issue, the WBA and WBC ratings were compiled as of September 1995, and the IBF ratings were compiled as of November 1995.

HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Frank Bruno (GB)	C	–	–
Bruce Seldon (USA)	–	C	–
Vacant	–	–	C
Mike Tyson (USA)	1	1	3
Lennox Lewis (GB)	2	5	9
Oliver McCall (USA)	3	–	5
Tony Tucker (USA)	4	3	11
Evander Holyfield (USA)	5	–	–
Henry Akinwande (GB)	6	4	7
Alexandr Zolkin (RUS)	7	9	–
Larry Donald (USA)	8	–	–
Michael Moorer (USA)	9	6	–
Jeremy Williams (USA)	10	–	–
Francois Botha (SA)	–	2	1
Lionel Butler (USA)	13	7	–
Vaughn Bean (USA)	20	8	10
Tim Witherspoon (USA)	18	10	–
Axel Schulz (GER)	–	–	2
Buster Mathis Jr. (USA)	17	–	4
Corrie Sanders (SA)	11	–	6
Andrew Golota (POL)	12	11	8

CRUISERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Anaclet Wamba (FRA)	C	–	–
Marcelo Dominguez (ARG)	IC	–	–
Nate Miller (USA)	–	C	–
Alfred Cole (USA)	–	–	C
Patrice Aouissi (FRA)	1	5	3
Sergei Kobozev (RUS)	2	1	11
Robert Daniels (USA)	3	4	12
Torsten May (GER)	4	10	2
David Izeqwire (NIG)	5	–	7
Alexander Gurov (UKR)	6	8	–
Akim Tafer (FRA)	7	3	–
Terry Dunstan (GB)	8	–	–
Chris Byrd (USA)	9	–	–
Carl Thompson (GB)	10	–	–
Adolpho Washington (USA)	–	2	1
Orlin Norris (USA)	12	6	9
Przemyslaw Saleta (POL)	–	7	–
Norbert Ekassi (CAM)	13	9	–
Egerton Marcus (USA)	25	–	4
Uriah Grant (USA)	–	–	5
Jacob Mofokeng (SA)	–	–	6
Chris Okoh (GB)	–	–	8
Brian Laspada (USA)	16	11	10

LT. HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	C	–	–
Virgil Hill (USA)	–	C	–
Henry Maske (GER)	–	–	C
Eddy Smulders (HOLL)	1	2	–
Montell Griffin (USA)	2	8	3
Mike McCallum (USA)	3	–	7
Ginger Tshabalala (SA)	4	–	–
Merqui Sosa (DR)	5	–	5
Jose Gomez (BRA)	6	1	–
Crawford Ashley (GB)	7	–	–
Phillipe Michel (FRA)	8	7	–
Eric Nicoletta (FRA)	9	–	–
Noel Magee (GB)	10	10	–
Duran Williams (USA)	–	3	1
Lou Del Valle (USA)	21	4	8
Ernie Magdaleno (USA)	12	5	–
Michael Nunn (USA)	–	6	–
Gary Ballard (SA)	–	9	–
Jeff Harding (AUSTRL)	–	–	2
William Guthrie (USA)	–	–	4
Darrin Allen (USA)	–	–	6
Greg Everett (USA)	–	–	9
John Scully (USA)	19	–	10

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Nigel Benn (GB)	C	–	–
Frank Liles (USA)	–	C	–
Roy Jones (USA)	–	–	C
Thulane Malinga (SA)	1	5	3
Henry Wharton (GB)	2	–	–
Tim Littles (USA)	3	1	2
Michael Nunn (USA)	4	–	–
Luciano Torres (BRA)	5	3	–
Frederic Seiller (FRA)	6	8	–
Bryant Brannon (USA)	7	7	1
Cecil McKenzie (USA)	8	–	–
Mauro Galvano (ITA)	9	–	–
Jean-Claude M'biye (FRA)	10	–	5
Mauricio Amaral (BRA)	–	2	–
Zafarou Ballogou (TOGO)	–	4	–
Tony Byrd (USA)	18	6	7
Henry Wharton (GB)	–	9	–
Mark Delaney (GB)	23	10	–
Frank Rhodes (USA)	–	–	4
Eric Lucas (CAN)	–	–	6
Chris Eubank (GB)	11	–	8
Joseph Kiwanuka (USA)	–	–	9
Reginaldo Andrade (BRA)	20	–	10

MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Quincy Taylor (USA)	C	–	–
Jorge Castro (ARG)	–	C	–
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	–	–	C
Richie Woodhall (GB)	1	6	4
Joe Lipsey (USA)	2	11	1
Julian Jackson (USA)	3	–	–
Agostino Cardamone (ITA)	4	–	–
Dana Rosenblatt (USA)	5	–	–
Otis Grant (CAN)	6	–	12
John David Jackson (USA)	7	5	3
Buddy McGirt (USA)	8	–	–
Silvio Branco (ITA)	9	–	–
Rodney Toney (USA)	10	–	11
Reggie Johnson (USA)	–	1	–
Peter Venancio (BRA)	–	2	–
William Joppy (USA)	14	3	2
Shinji Takehara (JAP)	22	4	–
Segundo Mercado (ECU)	–	7	6
Zdravo Kostic (SERB)	15	8	–
Chongmo Kim (KOR)	–	9	–
Anthony Andrews (GUY)	20	10	–
Robert Allen (USA)	–	–	5
Neville Brown (GB)	12	–	7
Derrick Rolon (USA)	13	–	8
Juan Viloria (COL)	–	–	9
Steve Frank (USA)	–	–	10

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	C	–	–
Carl Daniels (USA)	–	C	–
Paul Vaden (USA)	–	–	C
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	1	4	–
Bronco McKart (USA)	2	6	–
Robert McCracken (GB)	3	3	5
Winky Wright (USA)	4	2	–
Godfrey Nyakana (UGA)	5	9	–
Javier Castillejo (SPA)	6	7	–
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	7	–	–
Ernie Artango (AUSTRL)	8	–	–
Raul Marquez (USA)	9	–	2
Luis Santana (DR)	10	–	–
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	–	1	11
Julio Cesar Green (USA)	–	5	9
Darrin Morris (USA)	–	8	4
Vincent Pettway (USA)	–	10	3
Keith Holmes (USA)	11	–	1
Andrew Council (USA)	22	12	6
Anthony Stephens (USA)	–	–	7
Giovanni Pretorious (SA)	23	–	8
Jose Aguirre (ARG)	–	–	10

WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	–	–
Ike Quartey (GHA)	–	C	–
Felix Trinidad (PR)	–	–	C
Larry Barnes (USA)	1	2	1
Wilfredo Rivera (PR)	2	4	2
Oba Carr (USA)	3	1	3
Vincent Phillips (USA)	4	–	–
Derrell Coley (USA)	5	6	10
Gary Jacobs (GB)	6	7	7
Patrick Charpentier (FRA)	7	9	6
Lonnie Smith (USA)	8	–	–

Crisanto Espana (VEN)	9	3	–
David Gonzales (USA)	10	–	–
Andrei Pestryaev (RUS)	23	5	–
Andrew Murray (GUY)	13	8	8
Guillermo Jones (PAN)	26	10	–
Maxim Nesterenko (RUS)	–	–	4
Yori Boy Campas (MEX)	–	12	5
Rodney Moore (USA)	–	–	9

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Frankie Randall (USA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Kostya Tszyu (AUSTRL)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Jan Bergman (SA)	1	6	2
David Kamau (USA)	2	8	8
Hugo Pineda (COL)	3	4	1
Khalid Rahilou (FRA)	4	1	–
Freddie Pendleton (USA)	5	9	3
Ismael Chaves (ARG)	6	–	–
Ross Hale (GB)	7	10	9
Freddie Ladd (USA)	8	5	4
Giovanni Parisi (ITA)	9	–	–
Soren Sondergaard (DEN)	10	–	–
Juan Coggi (ARG)	–	2	–
Leonardo Mas (FR)	–	3	11
George Scott (USA)	–	7	–
Vernon Forrest (USA)	–	–	5
Pedro Padilla (COL)	–	–	6
Giuseppe Sauli (ITA)	–	–	7
Michele Piccirillo (ITA)	–	–	10

LIGHTWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Miguel Angel Gonzalez (MEX)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Orzubek Nazarov (JAP)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Phillip Holiday (SA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Jean Baptist Mendy (FRA)	1	11	5
Steve Johnston (USA)	2	7	3
Lamar Murphy (USA)	3	–	7
Shane Mosley (USA)	4	–	–
Angel Mona (FRA)	5	10	–
Ivan Robinson (USA)	6	12	2
Arturo Gatti (CAN)	7	–	–
Ricardo Silva (ARG)	8	–	–
Ramon Marchena (MEX)	9	–	–
Hiroyuki Sakamoto (JAP)	10	3	–
Adrianus Taroreh (INDO)	27	1	–
Leavander Johnson (USA)	–	2	–
Racheed Lawal (DEN)	–	4	–
Joey Gamache (USA)	–	5	–
Antonio Rivera (PR)	–	6	–
Dindo Canoy (PHIL)	–	8	–
Billy Schwer (GB)	13	9	6
John Lark (USA)	–	–	1
Miguel Julio (COL)	–	–	4
Demetrius Ceballos (USA)	–	–	8
Eduardo Molina (COL)	–	–	9
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	26	–	10

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Gabriel Ruelas (USA)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Vacant	**–**	**C**	**–**
Tracy Patterson (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	1	–	5
Anatoly Alexandrov (RUS)	2	4	12
Jesse James Leija (USA)	3	7	–
Ulrich Johnson (TRIN)	4	12	–
Carlos Hernandez (USA)	5	–	–
Floyd Havard (GB)	6	8	–
Djamel Lifa (FRA)	7	9	6
Boris Sinitsin (RUS)	8	–	4
Fred Liberatore (USA)	9	–	–
Julien Lorcy (FRA)	10	6	10
Victor Hugo Paz (ARG)	–	1	–
Yong Soo Choi (KOR)	–	2	–
Orlando Soto (PAN)	–	3	–
Carlos Gerena (PR)	–	5	–
Edson Suxa Nacimento (BRA)	–	10	–
Arturo Gatti (USA)	–	–	1
Wilson Rodriguez (DR)	–	–	2
Jaime Rangel (COL)	–	–	3
Calvin Grove (USA)	–	–	7
Ed Hopson (USA)	–	–	8
Cliff Samardin (AUSTRL)	18	–	9

FEATHERWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Manuel Medina (MEX)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Eloy Rojas (VEN)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Tom Johnson (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Cesar Soto (MEX)	1	–	–
Alejandro Gonzalez (MEX)	2	–	–
Ever Beleno (COL)	3	3	1
Jose Badillo (PR)	4	7	7
Mehdi Labdouni (FRA)	5	9	5
Carlos Rios (ARG)	6	–	–
Hector Lizarraga (USA)	7	–	3
Kevin Kelley (USA)	8	5	–
Tsuyoshi Harada (JAP)	9	–	–
Yuji Watanabe (JAP)	10	8	–
Miguel Arrozal (PHIL)	12	1	2
Wilfredo Vasquez (PR)	–	2	10
Yung Kyun Park (KOR)	–	4	–
Cesar Soto (PAN)	–	6	–
Victor Polo (COL)	23	10	6
David Santos (USA)	14	–	4
Orlando Soto (PAN)	17	–	8
November Ntshingila (AUSTRL)	–	–	9

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Hector Acero-Sanchez (DR)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Vuyani Bungu (SA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	1	–	–
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	2	–	–
Erik Morales (MEX)	3	6	–
Julio Gervacio (DR)	4	–	–
Reynaldo Hurtado (COL)	5	–	–
Jesse Benavides (USA)	6	–	–
Yuichi Kasai (JAP)	7	3	7
Junior Jones (USA)	8	7	12
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	9	8	–
Guty Espadas (MEX)	10	11	–
Ramon Guzman (VEN)	25	1	–
Yober Ortega (VEN)	–	2	–
Alex Pak (THAI)	–	4	–
Jesus Salud (USA)	–	5	5
Tsuyoshi Harada (JAP)	–	9	–
Arnulfo Romero (PAN)	–	10	–
Pablo Ozuna (COL)	–	–	1
Welcome Ncita (SA)	12	–	2
Anton Gilmore (SA)	13	–	3
Nurhuda (INDO)	–	–	4
Daniel Alicea (PR)	–	–	6
Salim Medjkoune (FRA)	18	–	8
Aristead Clayton (USA)	–	–	9
Victor Llerena (COL)	–	–	10

BANTAMWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Wayne McCullough (IRE)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Veerapol Sahaprom (THAI)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Mbulelo Botile (SA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Yasuei Yakushiji (JAP)	1	–	12
Khaoyai Mahasarakam (THAI)	2	–	6
Nana Konadu (GHA)	3	1	–
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	4	–	–
John Armour (GB)	5	9	2
Pastor Maurin (ARG)	6	–	–
Ancee Gedeon (USA)	7	–	1
In Jin Chi (KOR)	8	–	–
Jose Luis Bueno (MEX)	9	–	–
Paul Ayala (USA)	10	12	5
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	–	2	–
Johnny Bredahl (DEN)	–	3	–
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	–	4	–
Lukhin CP Gym (THAI)	–	5	–
Jorge Eliecer Julio (COL)	12	6	10
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	–	7	–
Abraham Torres (VEN)	17	8	–
Chang Kyun Oh (KOR)	–	10	–
Harold Mestre (COL)	–	–	3
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	–	–	4
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	–	–	7
Sergio Reyes (USA)	26	–	8
Alex Yaqupoe (RUS)	–	–	9

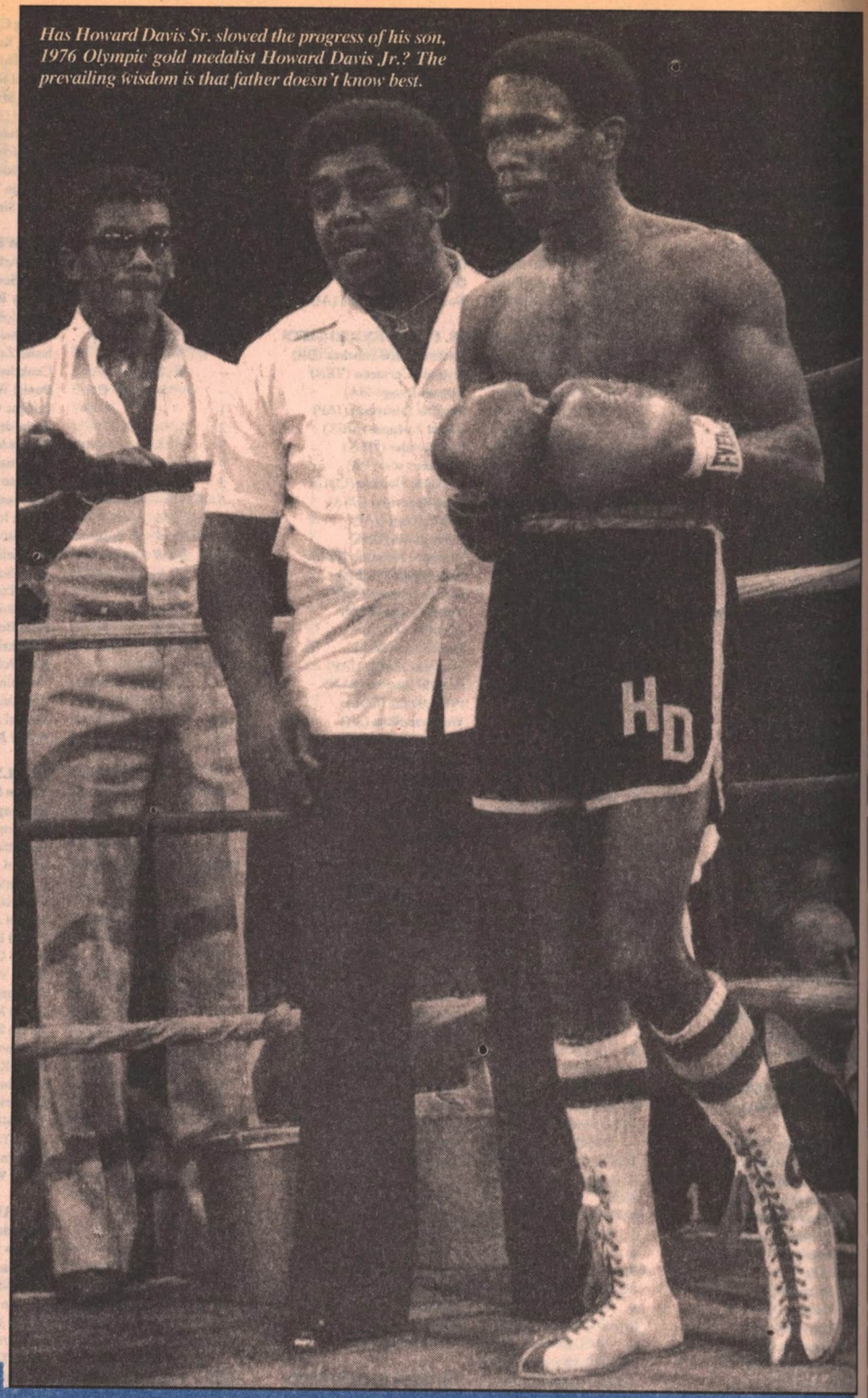
JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Hiroshi Kawashima (JAP)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Alimi Goitia (VEN)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Carlos Salazar (ARG)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Cecilio Espino (MEX)	1	6	6
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	2	4	–
Johnny Bredahl (DEN)	3	–	–
Luis Bolano (COL)	4	–	–
Joel Luna Zarate (MEX)	5	–	–
David Griman (VEN)	6	1	–
Satoshi Iida (JAP)	7	2	–
In Joo Cho (KOR)	8	–	–
Boy Aruan (INDO)	9	9	–
Adonis Cruz (NIC)	10	10	–
Julio Gamboa (NIC)	13	3	–
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	–	5	–
Hyung Chul Lee (KOR)	–	7	–
Seung Koo Lee (KOR)	11	8	–
Jaji Sibali (SA)	26	–	1
Ubadel Soto (COL)	–	–	2
Ricky Matulessi (INDO)	–	–	3
Harold Grey (COL)	–	–	4
Jose Diaz (USA)	28	–	5
Ratanachai Sor Voraphin (THAI)	19	–	7
Julio Borboa (MEX)	17	–	8
Orlando Tobon (COL)	–	–	9
Cesar Singo (EQU)	–	–	10

FLYWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Yuri Arbachakov (RUS)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Saen Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Danny Romero (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Mark Johnson (USA)	1	–	2
Chatchai Elite-Gym (THAI)	2	–	–
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	3	11	–
Chokchai 3-K Battery (THAI)	4	3	–
Daniel Ward (SA)	5	9	–
Enrique Orozco (MEX)	6	6	–
Alejandro Montiel (MEX)	7	–	11
Alexander Mahmutov (RUS)	8	–	–
Raul Juarez (MEX)	9	–	–
Ladislao Vazquez (MEX)	10	–	–
Leo Gamez (VEN)	–	1	–
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	–	2	–
Francisco Tejedor (COL)	18	4	3
Evangelino Perez (PAN)	–	5	5
Yong Soon Chang (KOR)	–	7	–
Sung Tae Lim (KOR)	29	8	–
Jesus Rojas (VEN)	12	10	–
Ferid Ben Jeddou (TUN)	13	–	1
Chatchai Sasakul (THAI)	–	–	4
Abdi Pohan (INDO)	–	–	6
Yodchingchai Sornthong (THAI)	–	–	7
Jose Luis Zepeda (MEX)	–	–	8
Manuel Jesus Herrera (DR)	–	–	9
Arthur Johnson (USA)	–	–	10

JR. FLYWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Saman Sorjaturong (THAI)	**C**	**–**	**C**
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	1	7	2
Chiquita Gonzalez (MEX)	2	–	6
Manuel Jesus Herrera (DR)	3	8	–
Eric Griffin (USA)	4	11	–
Michael Carbajal (USA)	5	2	3
Miguel Angel Granados (MEX)	6	–	–
Yuichi Hosono (JAP)	7	5	5
Hadao C.P. Gym (THAI)	8	6	–
Javier Varguez (MEX)	9	–	–
Phanieng Sasiprabha-Poontarat (THAI)	10	–	–
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	–	1	1
Jin Ho Kim (KOR)	–	3	–
Pichitnoi Sithbangprachan (THAI)	–	4	–
Puma Kanehira (MEX)	–	9	–
Jose Garcia (COL)	–	10	–
Mauricio Pastrana (COL)	–	–	4
Yani Malhendo (INDO)	–	–	7
Shiro Yahiro (JAP)	20	–	8
Onewin Chareon (THAI)	–	–	9
James Wanene (KEN)	19	–	10

STRAWWEIGHTS	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Ratanapol Vorapin (THAI)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	1	3	6
Kermin Guardia (COL)	2	2	7
Rocky Lin (JAP)	3	5	9
Songkram Porpaoin (THAI)	4	6	–
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	5	11	–
Yodsing Saengmorokot (THAI)	6	–	–
Rosendo Alvarez (NIC)	7	1	1
Pichitnoi Sithbangprachan (THAI)	8	–	–
Yamil Caraballo (COL)	9	–	–
Joma Gamboa (PHIL)	10	12	3
Kwanjai Battery (THAI)	–	4	–
Shinichi Tamaki (JAP)	17	7	–
Osvaldo Guerrero (MEX)	–	8	2
Nico Thomas (INDO)	–	9	–
Seo Kjin Yang (KOR)	11	10	–
Ernesto Rubillar (PHIL)	–	–	4
PS Wonjongkam (THAI)	–	–	5
Rafael Torres (USA)	–	–	8
Jack Russell (AUSTRL)	20	–	10

CLASSIC

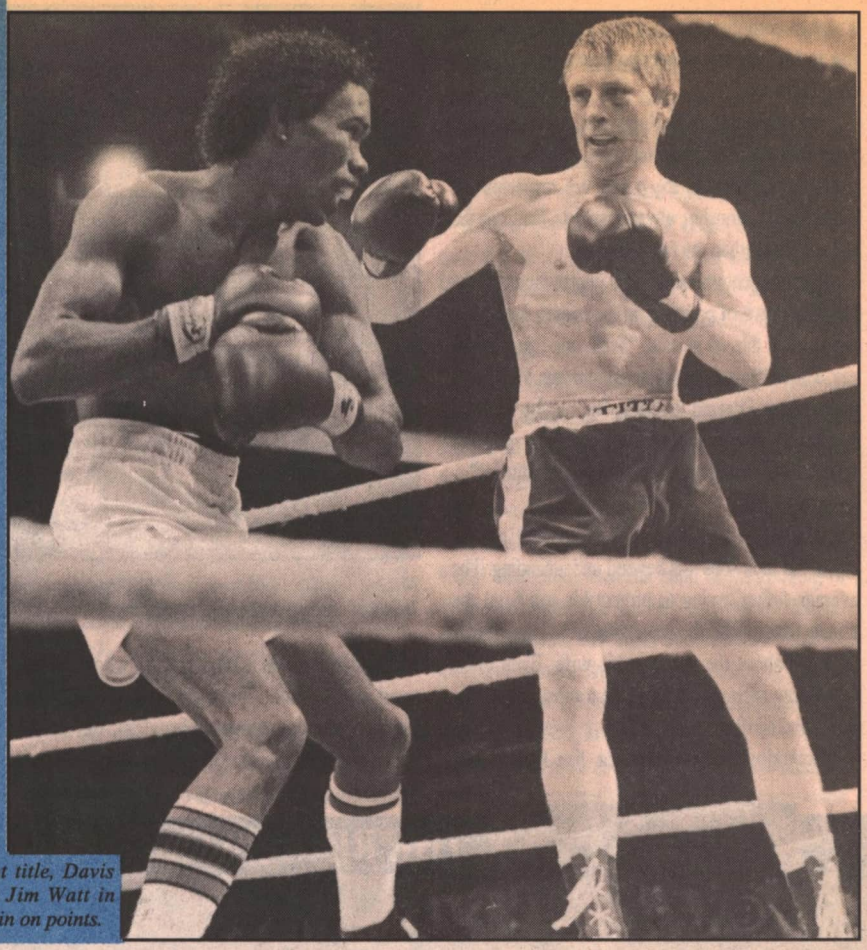


Has Howard Davis Sr. slowed the progress of his son, 1976 Olympic gold medalist Howard Davis Jr.? The prevailing wisdom is that father doesn't know best.

BOXING'S FATHERS & SONS

From The Ring, January 1981

A Real-Life "All In The Family"



Though favored to capture the WBC lightweight title, Davis fought tentatively against defending champion Jim Watt in Glasgow. Watt outboxed the faster challenger to win on points.

By Barney Nagler

When Howard Davis Jr. failed to grab Jim Watt's WBC lightweight championship in Glasgow in June, people interested in the matter began speaking aloud about something they had been whispering about for a long time. Was the splendid Long Islander's career hindered by his father serving as his trainer?

The answer came in loud and clear from all sides and set off a train of thought concerning the negative effect of well-meaning relatives on fighters. The case of Mike Rossman came to mind quickly, along with others, and sent us prowling in the archives. What was learned was that boxing history is replete with such sad stories.

It is often possible to gauge a winning fighter's temperament by his trainer's. A cautious trainer will usually produce a cautious fighter. When the trainer is related by blood and is a cautious man, this is especially true. Howard Davis Sr. is a serious man in most things, and particularly in his relationship with his son. What he has produced is a worrier.

For most of his 15 rounds with Watt, young Davis appeared completely preoccupied with concern for his own security. Instead of taking chances, he fought in a cocoon. His father, as his major second, did not release him until the late rounds, when Davis applied pressure and scored effectively. But by then the hour was late and the cause lost, and the Long Island lightweight came home empty-handed.

What the fighter came home with was $250,000—his purse of $325,000 was nicked for $75,000 and placed in escrow to defray British taxes—but now he must retrace the steps that brought him to a championship juncture. Money is not the only major objective of a boxing career. The other is self-expression.

Just as a painter spends hours, days, a lifetime at his easel to find his own truths, so must a fighter dedicate himself to the search. If there is a great teacher at his elbow, the hunt is made all the easier.

A perceptive teacher can discover the strong and weak points in a student; he polishes the strong points and discards the others. But boxing is in a lean aesthetic period. There are few teachers. Many men in the game can help a fighter attain condition, but they are not teachers. And of those few teachers around, some do not know how to light a fire under a fighter's spirit. Or bottom. It is presumed that Howard Davis Sr. is one of these. He may have found his own truth while failing to convey it to his son.

What the father has brought to the fighter is an abiding devotion to caution. This seems to stem, in part, from the multimillion-dollar contract the young man signed with CBS-TV after he won the Olympic lightweight gold medal in Montreal four years ago.

It will be remembered that Sugar Ray Leonard took Olympic gold in the light welterweight class in Montreal. Soon thereafter, ABC-TV signed Leonard to a contract granting them rights to his fights. Barry Frank, who was running CBS Sports at the time, abated not a step to prove to his superiors that he, too, could come up with a rising star. Reaching into the sky, he clutched at Davis. Under terms of the deal he made, Davis has now collected almost $2-million for 14 televised bouts.

"We made a hell of a deal," Mike Jones, Davis' co-manager, said. "We got only $17,500 for Howard's first bout, but the last six, for example, brought us $185,000 each, and in between there were some $50,000 and $100,000 fights."

As a result, Jones conceded, Davis' education has lagged. While Leonard was taking on one fight after another and acquiring experience and widespread popular support, Davis was reluctant to take chances. Or, to conform with Jones' view of the picture, Davis' father was reluctant to expose his son to the possibility of injury lest it have a negative effect on his multimillion-dollar property, and even went

so far as compromising his son's training by failing to hire the best sparring partners because it cost $10 more.

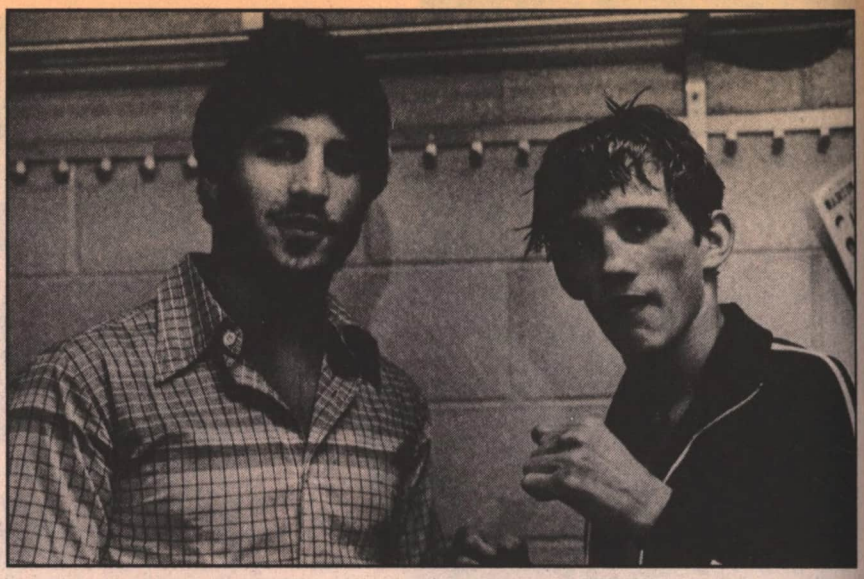
"My partner, Dennis Rappaport, and I disagreed with this program," Jones said, "yet we never pressed the father on the point. We respected the father-son relationship, always saw Mr. Davis as the pillar of strength in the family."

The moment was singularly unpropitious for the breaking down of prejudice in the matter. Jones was trying to be fair, so he said, "Well, one thing I must say. The father is an excellent conditioner. He knows how to keep Howard in shape. But maybe we need somebody else in the training group to give the whole thing a different dimension, a new attitude."

***

Fathers—and why they keep hurting the careers of their sons—is beyond understanding. The average father, trying to protect his son from the ghouls who inhabit the cemeteries of boxing, knows as much about the game as his wife. Even those who know their way among the tombstones somehow wind up disoriented.

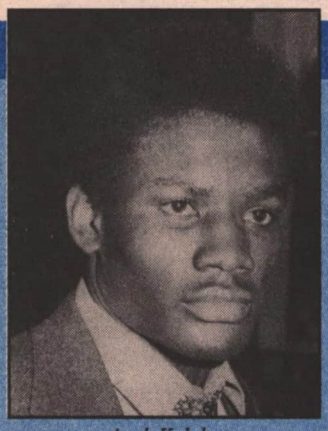
Gregorio Benitez, of St. Just, San Juan, Puerto Rico, had three sons in boxing, all of whom he managed and trained. The first two, Gregory and Frankie, showed remarkable talent, but neither could withstand their father's accusing stare regarding their extracurricular activities. They quit. Only Wilfred Benitez remains.



Mike Rossman (left) and Sean O'Grady have always fought under the watchful eye of their fathers. In all but the rarest of cases, fathers have been negative influences on their sons' boxing careers.

Wilfred was a child prodigy. Infinitely gifted as a boxer, he won the WBA junior welterweight championship before he was 18 years of age. Injured in an auto accident, he was obliged to relin-

THE RING RATINGS, *January 1981*



Ayub Kalule

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Larry Holmes**, Easton, PA
1. **Mike Weaver***, Los Angeles, CA
2. **Gerry Cooney**, Huntington, NY
3. **Leon Spinks**, St. Louis, MO
4. **Michael Dokes**, Akron, OH
5. **Gerrie Coetzee**, South Africa
6. **Marty Monroe**, Los Angeles, CA
7. **Trevor Berbick**, Halifax, Canada
8. **Greg Page**, Louisville, KY
9. **Bernardo Mercado**, Colombia
10. **Leroy Jones**, Denver, CO

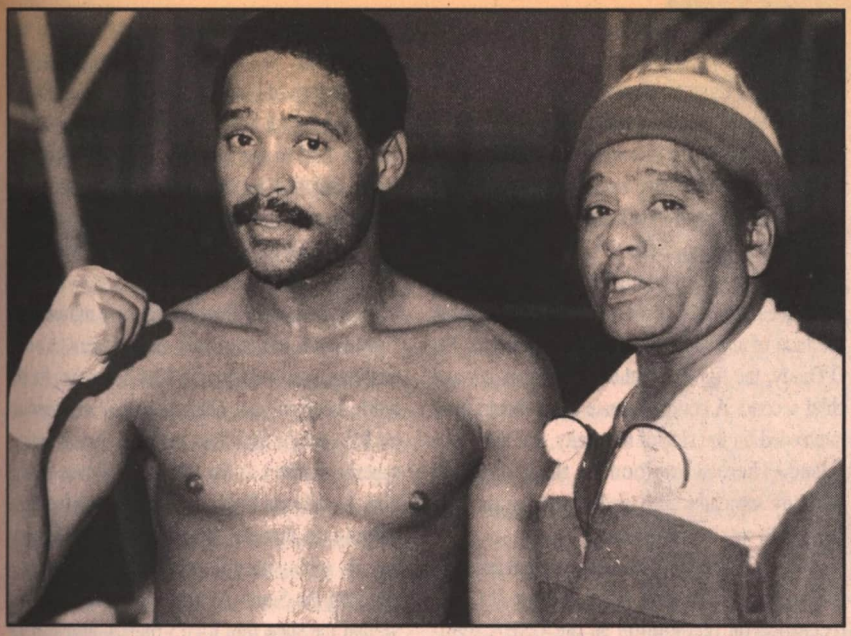
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Matthew Saad Muhammad**, Philadelphia, PA
1. **Eddie Mustafa Muhammad***, Brooklyn, NY
2. **Michael Spinks**, St. Louis, MO
3. **James Scott**, Rahway, NJ
4. **Jerry Martin**, Philadelphia, PA
5. **Lotte Mwale**, Zambia
6. **Marvin Johnson**, Indianapolis, IN
7. **Marvin Camel**, Missoula, MT
8. **Alvaro (Yaqui) Lopez**, Stockton, CA
9. **Jesse Burnett**, Los Angeles, CA
10. **John Conteh**, England

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champ: Marvin Hagler, Brockton, MA
1. **Alan Minter**, England
2. **Dwight Davison**, Detroit, MI
3. **Vito Antuofermo**, Brooklyn, NY
4. **Fulgencio Obel**, Venezuela
5. **Curtis Parker**, Philadelphia, PA
6. **Mustafa Hamsho**, Syria
7. **Ronnie Harris**, Akron, OH
8. **Wilford Scypion**, Port Arthur, TX
9. **Ruben Pardo**, Argentina
10. **Matteo Salvemini**, Italy

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champ: Ayub Kalule*, Denmark
1. **Maurice Hope****, England
2. **Kenny Bristol**, Guyana
3. **Tony Chiaverini**, Kansas City, MO
4. **Roger Leonard**, Palmer Park, MD
5. **Rocky Mattioli**, Australia
6. **Rocky Mosley**, Las Vegas, NV
7. **Carlos Herrera**, Argentina
8. **Tyrone Rackley**, Phoenix, AZ
9. **Walter Gomez**, Argentina
10. **Tidashi Mihara**, Japan

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Roberto Duran**, Panama
1. **Thomas Hearns***, Detroit, MI
2. **Ray Leonard**, Palmer Park, MD
3. **Wilfred Benitez**, Puerto Rico
4. **Pipino Cuevas**, Mexico
5. **Randy Shields**, N. Hollywood, CA
6. **Pete Ranzany**, Sacramento, CA
7. **Adolfo Viruet**, Hoboken, NJ
8. **Jorgen Hansen**, Denmark
9. **Luis Primero**, Venezuela
10. **Greg Stephens**, San Diego, CA

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Aaron Pryor*, Cincinnati, OH
1. **Saoul Mamby****, New York, NY
2. **Jo Kimpuani**, Zaire
3. **Lennox Blackmoore**, Guyana
4. **Sang Hyun Kim**, South Korea
5. **Domingo Ayala**, Puerto Rico



Gifted Puerto Rican Wilfred Benitez didn't rocket to the top of the pound-for-pound ratings until his father Gregorio sold his contract to New York businessmen Jim Jacobs and Bill Cayton for $75,000.

quish the title. A few years later he took the WBC welterweight championship from Carlos Palomino.

A mild digression is required at this point. Gregorio Benitez not only plays the horses, but owns a few middling thoroughbreds in Puerto Rico, which he races at El Comandante. On an abstract view of the situation, he cannot be damned for this exercise in taste, though everybody knows that to indulge in any taste dips sadly into a man's pocket. Horses have been known to keep men of taste in strained circumstances.

Two years ago, Gregorio Benitez "sold" his son, Wilfred, to get himself out of hock. The reason he gave for the sale of his own bloodstock was that Wilfred bridled under his father's hard hand; another man, the father said, would have an easier time with his son.

For $75,000, he handed over his son's contract to Jimmy Jacobs, the former world champion handball player who, as a result of his role as a collector and purveyor of historical fight films, had fallen among boxing people.

At first, Emile Griffith, the former five-time world champion, tried his hand in the training of Wilfred Benitez. This seemed to be a truly delightful arrangement, but it did not work out. In time, Gregorio Benitez was summoned to bring out the good points in his son, whom he had dispatched in exchange for $75,000.

When Benitez fought Sugar Ray Leonard for the WBC welterweight title in Las Vegas some

*WBA Champion **WBC Champion

6. **Miguel Montilla**, Dominican Republic
7. **Teo Ozuna**, Dominican Republic
8. **Sal Lopez**, Sacramento, CA
9. **Willie Rodriguez**, Allentown, PA
10. **Bruce Curry**, Los Angeles, CA

LIGHTWEIGHTS

World Champ: Title Vacant

1. **Hilmer Kenty***, Detroit, MI
2. **Aaron Pryor**, Cincinnati, OH
3. **Alexis Arguello**, Nicaragua
4. **Jim Watt****, Scotland
5. **Howard Davis Jr.**, Glen Cove, NY
6. **Rodolfo Gonzalez**, Mexico
7. **Sean O'Grady**, Oklahoma City, OK
8. **Vilomar Fernandez**, Dominican Republic
9. **Claude Noel**, Trinidad
10. **Ernesto Espana**, Venezuela

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS

World Champ: Yasutsune Uehara*, Japan

1. **Rafael (Bazooka) Limon**, Mexico
2. **Samuel Serrano**, Puerto Rico
3. **Ildelfonso Bethelmy**, Venezuela
4. **Roberto Elizondo**, Corpus Christi, TX
5. **Frankie Baltazar**, Los Angeles, CA
6. **Victor Echegary**, Argentina
7. **Greg Coverson**, Kalamazoo, MI
8. **Oscar Arnal**, Venezuela
9. **Leonel Hernandez**, Venezuela
10. **Ruben Riani**, Argentina

FEATHERWEIGHTS

World Champ: Salvador Sanchez**, Mexico

1. **Wilfredo Gomez**, Puerto Rico
2. **Eusebio Pedroza***, Panama
3. **Ruben Castillo**, Bakersfield, CA
4. **Rocky Lockridge**, Paterson, NJ
5. **Patrick Ford**, Guyana
6. **Juan Malvarez**, Argentina
7. **Roberto Castanon**, Spain
8. **Juan LaPorte**, New York, NY
9. **Luis Avila**, Panama
10. **Noel Arriesgado**, Honolulu, HI

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS

World Champ: Wilfredo Gomez**, Puerto Rico

1. **Sergio Palma***, Argentina
2. **Ricardo Cardona**, Colombia
3. **Leo Cruz**, Dominican Republic
4. **Mike Ayala**, New York, NY
5. **Nicky Perez**, Tucson, AZ
6. **Soon Hyun Chung**, South Korea
7. **Carmelo Negron**, New York, NY
8. **Jose Caba**, Dominican Republic
9. **Jose Cervantes**, Colombia
10. **Carlos Mendoza**, Panama

BANTAMWEIGHTS

World Champ: Julian Solis*, Puerto Rico

1. **Lupe Pintor****, Mexico
2. **Jorge Lujan**, Panama
3. **Alberto Davila**, Los Angeles, CA
4. **Jeff Chandler**, Philadelphia, PA
5. **Roberto Rubaldino**, Mexico
6. **Oscar Muniz**, Los Angeles, CA
7. **Rafael Orono**, Venezuela
8. **Jose R. Narvaez**, Argentina
9. **Eijiro Murata**, Japan
10. **Shuchi Isogami**, Japan

FLYWEIGHTS

World Champ: Shoji Oguma**, Japan

1. **Yoko Gushiken**, Japan
2. **Tae Shik Kim***, South Korea
3. **Hilario Zapata**, Panama
4. **Guty Espadas**, Mexico
5. **Chan Hee Park**, South Korea
6. **Betulio Gonzalez**, Venezuela
7. **Luis Ibarra**, Panama
8. **Charlie Magri**, England
9. **Joey Olivo**, Los Angeles, CA
10. **Miguel Canto**, Mexico

months ago, he was trained by his father. The boy had not been in action for half a year, but Gregorio Benitez got him into the best of all possible shapes by working him hard and disciplining him severely. After all, the boy's purse for the fight with Leonard was a guaranteed $1.2-million, and the prospect of such a payday sent stars dancing in the father's eyes.

Everybody knows by now that Leonard stopped Benitez in the 15th round to take the WBC welterweight title in a bout that brought out the brightest assets of both fighters. By winning, Leonard moved into the enriching recent bout with Roberto Duran in Montreal. In defeat, the Benitez family found cause to smile. The large purse was balm for the setback. Not only did Benitez give his father $100,000 from the purse, but Jacobs handed Gregorio Benitez enough treasure to purchase 62,500 $2 tickets at El Comandante. Heaven can wait. Actually, Gregorio Benitez had shortchanged himself by selling his son in contractual bondage. Had he retained the management of his son, he would have extracted at least one-third of the boy's $1.2-million purse for the bout with Leonard.

Nevertheless, it is a harsh reality in boxing that fathers peddle their sons. Jimmy DiPiano is one who did. DiPiano is Mike Rossman's stepfather, yet he went up and down and around the boxing globe selling "pieces" of his asset.

For a time, Rossman was kept in the dark. DiPiano's wheeling and dealing was known to those who frequent the dark byways of boxing, but somehow the fighter himself remained unfamiliar with the financial fandangos swirling around his handsome head.

Only after he had gained WBA recognition as world light heavyweight champion by knocking out Victor Galindez did his fistic relationship with DiPiano need to be tuned. Things began to fall apart, and when Rossman lost the title and then was knocked out in the Meadowlands in New Jersey by an obscure fighter, the link between him and his stepfather finally did break. Now Rossman is being handled by Vinnie Carlesimo, while DiPiano rests his porcine frame.

***

Actually, there is true tragedy in the case of Rossman. He had all the requirements of stardom when he burst upon the boxing firmament, but he was sorely treated and badly handled. There was a great deal of squalling in his camp, and his talents were drained by the friction. He should have been a great fighter, but instead now stands on the brink of mediocrity. A torrent of reproach issues from both sides, and the disposition in boxing is to invoke a plague on both their houses.

Years ago, when the New York State Athletic Commission was a going concern, it put a rule in the books proscribing the employment of blood relations in a fighter's corner. In this way, fathers were prevented from seconding their sons. Along the way, however, the rule went down the drain. In recent years, fathers have been permitted in their sons' corners, in New York and elsewhere.

Some time ago, Sean O'Grady was seen on television in a bout vs. Shig Fukuyama, an ungracious guest from Japan who proceeded to butcher the face of the Oklahoma City lightweight. Pat O'Grady, the fighter's father, is his manager and chief second. A compassionate hand should have interceded on the side of humanity, but none was raised. There was blood on the moon, but O'Grady somehow managed to survive the pig-sticking to win by a knockout.

Pat O'Grady does not seem to mind being in proximity with his son's wounds. Sean O'Grady recently won recognition as the USBA lightweight champion on the basis of a 15-round decision over Arturo Leon of Phoenix, Arizona. In the course of the bout, O'Grady received severe cuts in the vicinity of his eyes. The old man did not flinch. He prodded his son to keep fighting. It is not recorded whether the experience was an excruciating one for Pat O'Grady.

Even when a father is not a fighter's manager, he can attain a measure of notoriety in connection with his son's profession. Tony Pellone was a rather ordinary welterweight from the Greenwich Village section of New York City. He was managed by Tommy Ryan, an underworld tough who, later, was taken suddenly dead in the trunk of a car on a New York street. But when Ryan, nee Eboli, was active as a fight manager in the '40s and '50s, he got all the work he wanted for Pellone in Madison Square Garden.

One day, in Stillman's Gym, W.C. Heinz, the boxing historian, asked Pellone what he did with his money.

"I take it home to my old man," Pellone said. "At first I didn't make much, but I'd give it to my old man and he'd give me $5 out of it. The time I fought Bob Montgomery in the Garden, I got $8,513 for my end. So I took it home and give it to my old man, and he said to me in Italian, 'How you fixed?' And I said, 'I'm broke.' 'All right,' he said, 'here.' He give me the $13 instead. Then my old man said, 'No, give me one dollar back. That makes 12.'"

Relatives other than fathers have moved in on fighters. Even mothers and sisters. Young Stribling, who once fought Max Schmeling for the world heavyweight championship, was handled by Ma and Pa Stribling, who put him in against superior fighters at the age of 16, almost ruining him. And Gerrie Coetzee's career seems less to be helped than hindered by his father, who failed to cut his son's shoes in his fight with John Tate, allowing the South African heavyweight to skate around the slick ring for 15 rounds, unable to get traction. "His father cost him the championship," one American trainer commented after watching the Sonia Henie lookalike contest.

***

Benny Leonard, when he was the world lightweight champion, had his brothers around him, but they could never get past Billy Gibson, Leonard's respected and crafty manager.

It's tough enough for fighters to deal with their fathers, but Emile Griffith rarely made a move without his mother Emelda by his side. Mrs. Griffith was protective of her son. She was also his number-one cheerleader.

Mannie Seamon, who is in his 80s and is still around, was talking about this at Belmont Park recently. Seamon was Leonard's trainer during the early phase of that great lightweight's career. Only when Leonard made a comeback seven years after his abdication as the lightweight champion did Ray Arcel train him.

Anyway, Seamon insists that Willie Leonard, Benny's brother, came to the fighter after he won the title from Freddie Welsh in 1917 and suggested that he take over the management from Gibson.

"No relatives," Benny Leonard reportedly said. "Relatives are bad for a fighter. They should stand and cheer—but outside the ring."

Willie Leonard finally became his brother's manager, but only during the days of the peerless fighter's comeback. By then it didn't matter. Benny Leonard was long past his peak and going through the motions only to recoup a fortune lost in various business ventures.

Benny Leonard was a hero of New York's ghetto when he was fighting. Years later the Lower East Side had another fine lightweight to cheer. His name was Sid Terris, and he is remembered as a fleet practitioner of the Sweet Science who never became a champion, but who had all the markings of ring royalty. He was managed first by Dan Caplin, whose brother Hymie was a foremost manager on his own. Later, Terris was taken over by Jack (Legs) Diamond, a notorious gangster of the Prohibition Era.

Both Caplin and Diamond gave Terris a fair shake and, as they say, the fighter got every penny that was coming to him. He was a fine young man with a profound sense of family, and every cent he earned in the ring was handled by his mother. When, finally, Terris married, his mother objected to the marriage because she felt the bride was not in her son's class. She refused to give Terris a penny, and the fighter went to court to get back a piece of the fortune he had earned by dint of muscle and mind in the ring. He lost the suit.

***

Gil Clancy, currently the matchmaker at Madison Square Garden and formerly the manager of Emile Griffith, was constantly harried by Mrs. Emelda Griffith, Emile's mother. She is a large woman who, when her son was the welterweight champion and later the middleweight champion shrieked at the top of her large lungs during every fight her son fought in Madison Square Garden.

Before Griffith's third bout with Benny (Kid) Paret for the world welterweight title, Emelda Griffith visited her son's training camp and, after watching him work, told Clancy she didn't like her son's condition.

"My boy ain't in no shape," she said. "If I was you, I'd call the fight off."

"He's all right," Clancy told Emelda Griffith. "He's punching hard and training good. He's in shape."

On March 24, 1962, Griffith fought Paret in Madison Square Garden and scored a knockout in the 12th round. Ten days later, Paret died after undergoing surgery for a brain injury received in the bout.

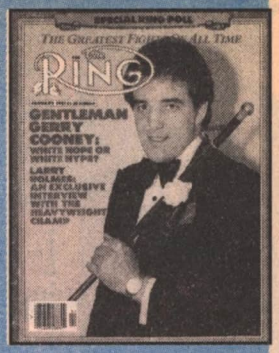
In the '20s and '30s, a Chicago heavyweight named King Levinsky was managed by his sister Lena. She was called "Leapin' Lena" because of her aggressive style. One fight Levinsky lost a close decision in Madison Square Garden, whereupon his sister-manager burst into his dressing room and screamed, "I got screwed!"

Levinsky scowled and screamed, "*You* got screwed? *I* got screwed!"

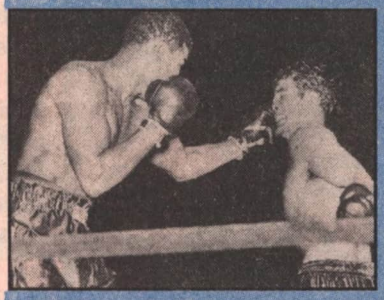
Turns out, it's all relative.

Humorist Harry Hirschfield, whose bloodlines must have been classic, insisted always that a relative was a natural enemy, like fire, flood, or famine, and that when a father or brother turned up in a fighter's faction, disaster was just around the corner. ■

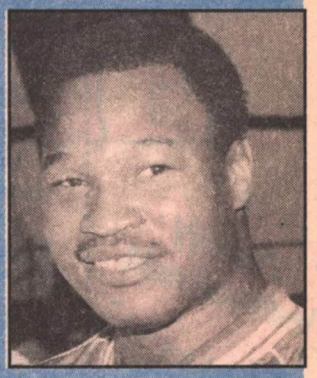
THE RING, January 1981



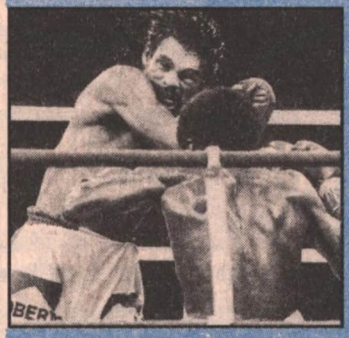
The Cover: Is heavyweight "Gentleman" Gerry Cooney, rated second by THE RING, a White Hope or just another case of white hype? Michael Katz examines the unbeaten Long Islander, who seems destined to secure a title shot.



The Greatest Fights: In an exclusive poll, the first fight between Joe Louis and Billy Conn (pictured) is voted the greatest bout of all-time. The runners-up: Dempsey-Tunney II, Frazier-Ali I, Zale-Graziano I, and Marciano-Walcott I.



The King Speaks: THE RING interviews WBC heavyweight champion Larry Holmes, who says of contender Gerry Cooney, "There are white fans who are praying for a white champion. Those fans believe Cooney is the man who can beat me. If they believe that, then they're dopes, and Cooney is their hoax."

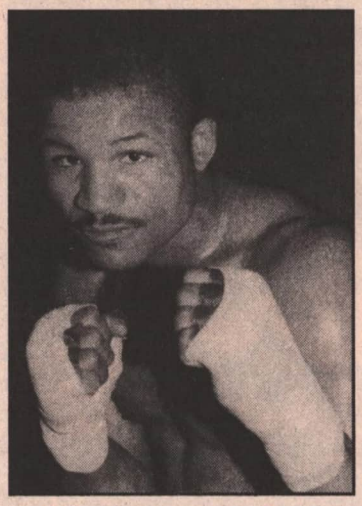


How To Score A Fight: Joe Bruno examines the four points of scoring and the problems inherent in the 10-point must system. An example is the recent Roberto Duran-Sugar Ray Leonard bout (pictured), in which one judge scored 10 rounds even.

Fighter Of The Month: WBA heavyweight champion Mike Weaver is this month's winner based on his successful defense against the favored Gerrie Coetzee. Runners-up include middleweight Norberto Sabater, heavyweight Gerry Cooney, and junior middleweight Tony Ayala Jr.

LOOKING AHEAD

By Steve Farhood



Is Sosa tough enough for Jones?

THE BEST vs. THE TOUGHEST

In the December 1995 issue of THE RING, we rated Merqui Sosa as having the best chin in boxing. But is his chin good enough to survive the nuclear attack of Roy Jones? We'll find out on January 12 at Madison Square Garden. The bout will be televised by HBO, with Tim Witherspoon vs. Al Cole on the undercard.

Jones' original opponent was to be Montell Griffin, but after lengthy negotiations about the contracted weight of the fight were finally settled, Eddie Futch, Griffin's trainer, decided against the bout. Enter NABF light heavyweight champion Sosa, who climbed the ratings after stopping Prince Charles Williams in June. IBF super middleweight champion Jones and Sosa will fight at 171 pounds, give or take a pound, with neither title at stake.

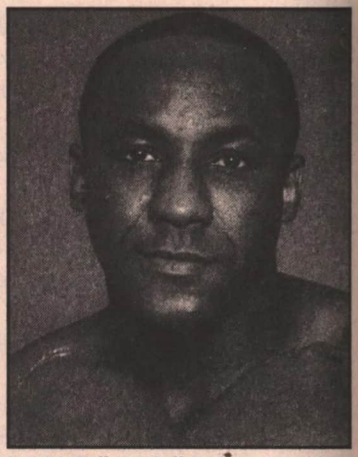
When asked why he wasn't risking his 168-pound title against Sosa, Jones said, "Merqui just sent Prince Charles to the hospital unconscious. [Actually, Williams was conscious when he left the ring.] You think I don't pay attention to that? I'm pound-for-pound the best, but I'm no fool."

Said Arnie Rosenthal, who manages Sosa, "If I managed other fighters, I wouldn't want to fight Merqui. Jones may be the pound-for-pound best fighter in the world, but if there was a pound-for-pound top 10 for the toughest fighters, Merqui would be number one."

Given such sentiment, maybe Jones would be smart not to show up. But forget the hype. Sosa's tough—and Jones is two levels above. Jones by one-sided unanimous 12-round decision.

LISTEN UP

Mike McCallum has been quiet since losing the WBC light heavyweight title to **Fabrice Tiozzo** in June, but that doesn't mean the three-division former champion is going to fade away. "I'd love to do Tiozzo again," said "The Bodysnatcher." "He knows he was lucky. I had a cold, and I took some Nyquil or something like that before leaving for the arena. I was groggy, a little bit sleepy and drowsy." McCallum added that if he secures a rematch with Tiozzo and produces another subpar effort, he'll retire. "There's a time for everything," he said ... There's been talk of unbeaten middleweight **Dana Rosenblatt** squaring off with fellow New Englander **Vinny Pazienza**, but money has been a stumbling block. Paz may instead opt for a challenge of WBC super middleweight champion **Nigel Benn** ... There's talk of a **Tom Johnson-Reggie Tuur** battle early in 1996.



McCallum: Calling for a rematch

Las Vegas Hilton

FUTURE FIGHTS

By Art Manteris

VP/Director of Race and Sports Operations Las Vegas Hilton SuperBook

Favorite	Underdog	Odds	The Skinny
Roy Jones	James Toney	3-1	Added weight won't help Toney in rematch
Roy Jones	Virgil Hill	5-2	Jones will intimidate and outclass Hill
Virgil Hill	James Toney	Pick-'em	A real tossup
Marco Antonio Barrera	Naseem Hamed	8-5	A true dream fight

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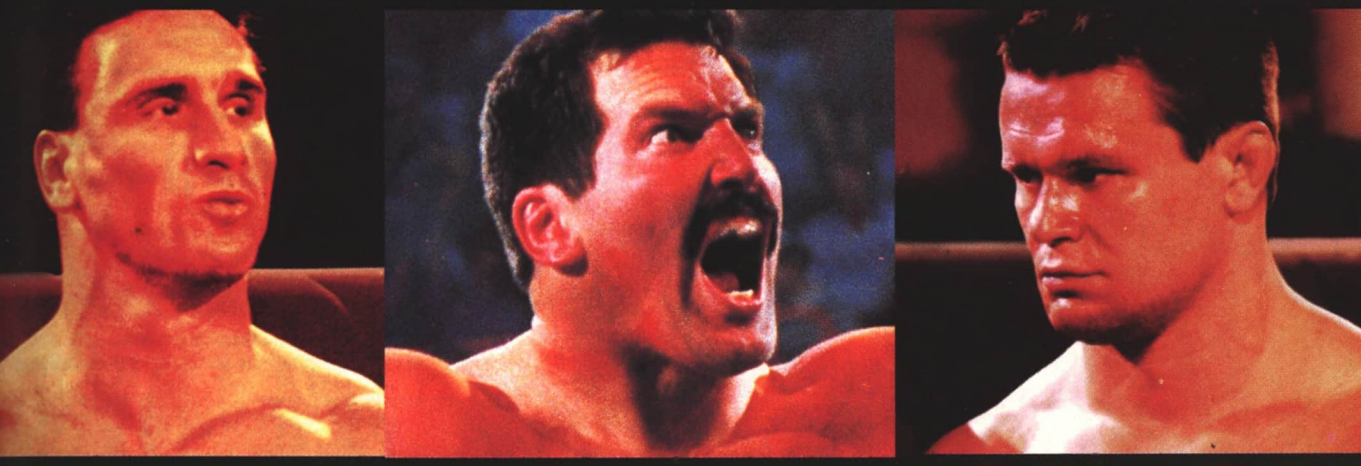

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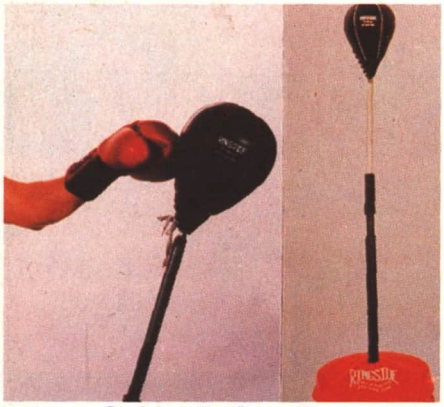

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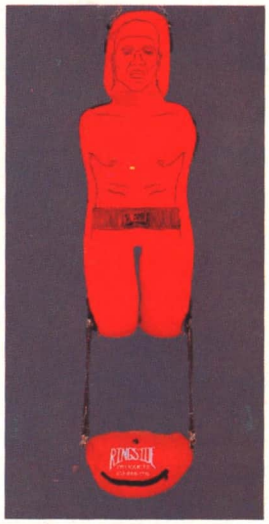

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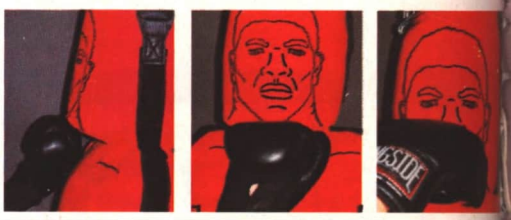

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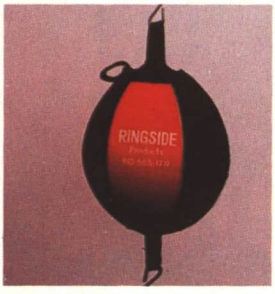

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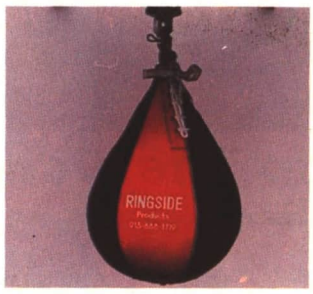

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